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STRANGLERS THREE GIGS

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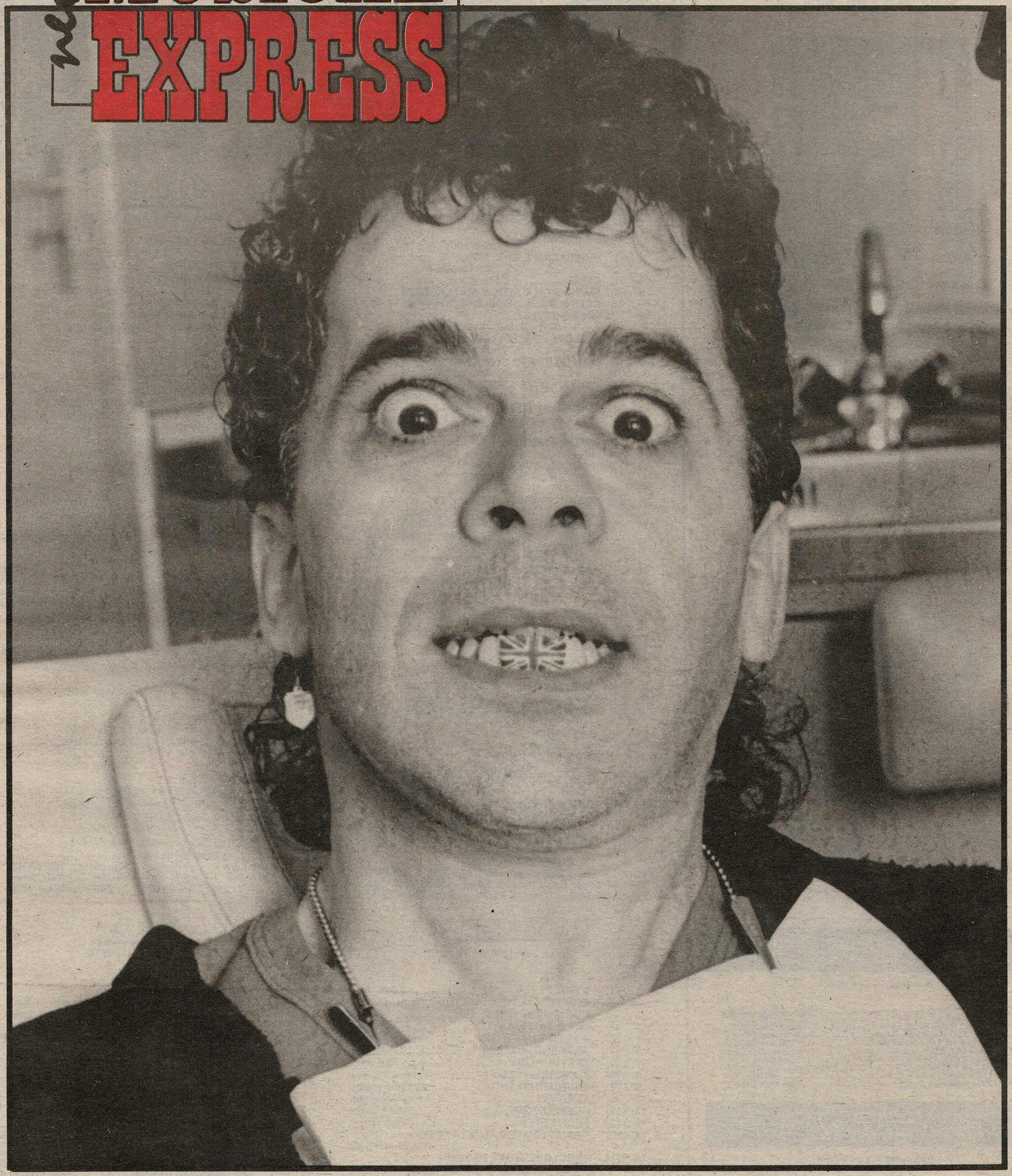

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IAN DURY FLIES THE FLAG

And you'd better Adam and Eve it. Billericay Dickie in the USA — Pages 31/33. Norf and Sarf job — Page 63.

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending — April 14, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	GET DOWN	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
4	2	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
5	3	I'M A CLOWN / SOME KIND OF A SUMMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
1	4	TWELFTH OF NEVER	Donny Osmond (MGM)
3	5	POWER TO ALL OUR FRIENDS	Cliff Richard (EMI)
17	6	TWEEDLE DEE	Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
21	7	HELLO HELLO I'M BACK AGAIN	Gary Glitter (Bell)
12	8	NEVER NEVER NEVER	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
11	9	LOVE TRAIN	O'Jays (CBS)
13	10	PYJAMARAMA	Roxy Music (Island)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending — April 10, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
4	1	CONGRATULATIONS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3	2	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
2	3	DELILAH	Tom Jones (Decca)
1	4	LADY MADONNA	Beatles (Parlophone)
5	5	DOCK OF THE BAY	Otis Redding (Stax)
10	6	IF I ONLY HAD TIME	John Rowles (MCA)
7	7	STEP INSIDE LOVE	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
18	8	SIMON SAYS	1910 Fruitgum Company (Pye Int.)
9	9	IF I WERE A CARPENTER	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
6	10	CINDERELLA ROCKEFELLA	Esther & Abi Ofarim (Philips)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending — April 12, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	HOW DO YOU DO IT	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
3	2	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller (London)
2	3	FOOT TAPPER	Shadows (Columbia)
7	4	RHYTHM OF THE RAIN	Cascades (Warner Bros)
5	5	SAY WONDERFUL THINGS	Ronnie Carroll (Philips)
4	5	SUMMER HOLIDAY	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
9	7	BROWN EYED HANDSOME MAN	Buddy Holly (Coral)
14	8	SAY I WON'T BE THERE	Springfields (Philips)
6	9	LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN GONE	Billy Fury (Decca)
11	10	THE FOLK SINGER	Tommy Roe (HMV)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending April 15, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(6)	I WONDER WHY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	4	1
2	(4)	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE	Suzi Quatro (RAK)	4	2
3	(1)	DENIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	8	1
4	(5)	MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS	Brian & Michael (Pye)	5	4
5	(2)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	8	2
6	(12)	FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME	Genesis (Charisma)	5	6
7	(9)	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)	3	7
7	(17)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings (Parlophone)	2	7
9	(22)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)	3	9
10	(3)	WUTHERING HEIGHTS	Kate Bush (EMI)	9	1
11	(19)	WALK IN LOVE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	7	11
12	(—)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)	1	12
13	(7)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption (Atlantic)	8	4
14	(8)	I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS	Nick Lowe (Radar)	5	7
15	(10)	IS THIS LOVE	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	8	7
16	(13)	EVERY ONE'S A WINNER	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	6	10
17	(25)	MORE LIKE THE MOVIES	Dr Hook (Capitol)	2	17
18	(11)	ALLY'S TARTAN ARMY	Andy Cameron (Klub)	5	11
19	(23)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH	Dan Hill (20th Century)	3	19
20	(27)	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN	Sheila B Devotion (EMI)	4	20
21	(24)	EVERYBODY DANCE	Chic (Atlantic)	2	21
22	(15)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	10	5
23	(14)	I DON'T WANT TO GO TO CHELSEA	Elvis Costello (Radar)	5	14
24	(16)	EMOTIONS	Samantha Sang (Private Stock)	10	11
25	(—)	SHE'S SO MODERN	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	1	25
26	(18)	COME BACK MY LOVE	Darts (Magnet)	11	2
27	(—)	HEY SENORITA	War (MCA)	1	27
28	(—)	IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO	Richard Myhill (Mercury)	1	28
29	(—)	I LOVE MUSIC	O Jays (Philadelphia)	1	29
30	(20)	FANTASY	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	9	14

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

EGO — Elton John (Rocket); LET'S ALL CHANT — Michael Zager Band (Private Stock); JACK AND JILL — Raydio (Arista); KU KLUX KLAN — Steel Pulse (Island).

ALBUMS

Week ending April 15, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(5)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Nat King Cole (Capitol)	3	1
2	(3)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	12	1
3	(6)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	5	3
4	(2)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	7	2
5	(1)	THE KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	7	1
6	(10)	KAYA	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	4	6
7	(4)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	7	4
8	(14)	THIS YEAR'S MODEL	Elvis Costello (Radar)	4	8
9	(13)	LONDON TOWN	Wings (EMI)	2	9
10	(11)	PLASTIC LETTERS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	7	7
11	(16)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	2	11
12	(7)	REFLECTIONS	Andy Williams (CBS)	11	3
13	(8)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	23	3
14	(15)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	7	14
15	(8)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	59	1
16	(12)	FONZIE'S FAVOURITES	Various (Warwick)	5	10
16	(25)	ANOTHER MUSIC IN A DIFFERENT KITCHEN	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	3	16
18	(—)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	62	1
19	(17)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Various (Ronco)	6	10
20	(20)	VARIATIONS	Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	11	3
21	(—)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	32	5
22	(27)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	4	22
23	(22)	DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	7	8
24	(18)	25 THUMPING GREAT HITS	Dave Clark Five (Polydor)	6	9
25	(21)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (Elektra)	22	1
26	(28)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	11	7
27	(—)	BEST FRIENDS	Cleo Laine & John Williams (RCA)	6	25
28	(24)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	13	12
29	(—)	TELL US THE TRUTH	Sham 69 (Phonogram)	1	29
30	(—)	THE RUTLES	The Rutles (Warner Bros)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

GENERATION X — Generation X (Chrysalis); THE STUD — Soundtrack (Ronco); ADVENTURE — Television (Elektra); ANYTIME, ANYWHERE — Rita Coolidge (A & M)

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending April 15, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees
2	(2)	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU	Barry Manilow
3	(5)	DUST IN THE WIND	Kansas
4	(3)	LAY DOWN SALLY	Eric Clapton
5	(8)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman
6	(7)	JACK AND JILL	Raydio
7	(4)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees
8	(10)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
9	(6)	THUNDER ISLAND	Jay Ferguson
10	(9)	EMOTION	Samantha Sang
11	(14)	GOODBYE GIRL	David Gates
12	(13)	EBONY EYES	Bob Welch
13	(15)	THANK YOU FOR BEING A FRIEND	Andrew Gold
14	(21)	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU	Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway
15	(19)	WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE AGAIN	England Dan & John Ford Coley
16	(18)	BEFORE MY HEART FINDS OUT	Gene Cotton
17	(17)	FLASHLIGHT	Parliament
18	(16)	OUR LOVE	Natalie Cole
19	(—)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings
20	(23)	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN	Electric Light Orchestra
21	(24)	COUNT ON ME	Jefferson Starship
22	(12)	ALWAYS AND FOREVER	Heatwave
23	(22)	(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER	Andy Gibb
24	(26)	FOOLING YOURSELF	Styx
25	(30)	IMAGINARY LOVER	Atlanta Rhythm Section
26	(—)	FALLING	LeBlanc & Carr
27	(29)	BABY HOLD ON	Eddie Money
28	(—)	DISCO INFERNO	The Tramps
29	(11)	I GO CRAZY	Paul Davis
30	(—)	YOU'RE THE ONE I WANT	Olivia Newton John/John Travolta

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending April 15, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
3	(3)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
4	(4)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
5	(5)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
6	(6)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
7	(8)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
8	(9)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
9	(7)	AJA	Steely Dan
10	(10)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen
11	(11)	BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT	Roberta Flack
12	(14)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch
13	(12)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
14	(17)	WAITING FOR COLUMBUS	Little Feat
15	(15)	STREET PLAYER	Rufus and Chaka Khan
16	(13)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
17	(16)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
18	(19)	DOUBLE LIVE GONZO	Ted Nugent
19	(20)	ALL 'N ALL	Earth Wind & Fire
20	(—)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
21	(25)	FLOWING RIVERS	Andy Gibb
22	(18)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES LIVE	Bee Gees
23	(27)	EXCITABLE BOY	Warren Zevon
24	(28)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangoine
25	(21)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt
26	(—)	SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR	Jimmy Buffett
27	(29)	INFINITY	Journey
28	(—)	CHAMPAGNE JAM	Atlanta Rhythm Section
29	(26)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd
30	(—)	EMOTION	Samantha Sang

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS Edited: Derek Johnson DESK

HOWARD DEVOTO

MAGAZINE CONCERTS

MAGAZINE begin their second British tour later this month, climaxing in a headlining appearance at London Roundhouse. And as a prelude, Virgin rush out their new single this weekend — it's "Touch And Go" coupled with their version of the James Bond film song "Goldfinger".

Dave Formula, who sat in with the band on keyboards during their last tour, has now become a permanent member — joining Howard Devoto (vocals), John McGeoch (guitar), Barry Adamson (bass) and Martin Jackson (drums).

Dates confirmed so far are Glasgow Satellite City (April 24), Liverpool Eric's (25), Birmingham Barbarella's (26), Bristol Tiffany's (27), Plymouth Metro (28), Croydon Greyhound (30), Manchester Rafters (May 5) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (7).

STRANGLERS
Major dates officially set

THE STRANGLERS have now officially confirmed major concert appearances at Brighton Conference Centre (May 20) and Glasgow Apollo (26), exclusively forecast by NME last week. Any they have also announced a show at Stafford New Bingley Hall on May 30, which is a special concert for the Daily Mirror Rock and Pop Club Awards.

These are the first three dates to be finalised in the band's U.K. tour, which occupies the latter part of May and the first week of June — and which, as previously reported, is a mixture of big concert venues and smaller clubs. And the whole British outing is itself a part of a massive European tour, opening in Iceland on May 3 and taking in 15 countries before closing in the Canary Islands on July 16.

Brighton tickets will be available at various outlets in the town, as well as in Eastbourne, Bournemouth, Crawley and Worthing. Glasgow tickets are on sale now at the box-office. Stafford admission is £3 and tickets are on sale from this Saturday at the box-office and various record shops in the Midlands.

The rest of The Stranglers' British dates — including major London gigs, forecast last week but not yet confirmed — will be announced shortly.

NEW-WAVE ROUND-UP

SHAM 69 and THE ADVERTS each play four isolated gigs this month. Sham 69 are at Manchester Rafters (April 20). Nottingham Sandpiper (21), Plymouth Castaways (24) and Brighton Top Rank (25). And The Adverts visit Aylesbury Friars (this Saturday), London Camden Music Machine (April 17), Sunderland Polytechnic (28) and Bradford University (29).

● TOM PETTY and the Heartbreakers have postponed their British tour, which had been planned for May, but promoter Ian Wright of MAM hopes to re-schedule it during his current visit to the States. It also seems unlikely that The Ramones will now be coming to Britain in the late spring, due to commitments in America.

● X-RAY SPEX have added a major London date to their current British tour. They top the bill at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, May 14, supported by Adam & The Ants and The Automatics.

● THE CLASH join Tom Robinson Band, X-Ray Spex and Steel Pulse in the Anti-Nazi League carnival in London Hackney Victoria Park on Sunday, April 30.

● BLONDIE'S new single "Presence", reported last week, has had its release delayed for a fortnight. It's now issued by Chrysalis on April 21.

● JOHNNY ROTTEN gives his first TV interview since the Pistols break-up in the 100th edition of ITV's "London Weekend Show" (London area only) this Sunday, 16, at 1 pm. There are also interviews with Tom Robinson and Tapper Zukie, plus musical highlights from past shows — including the Pistols and TRB.

PERE UBU U.K. VISIT

PERE UBU — leaders of the Cleveland weirdo set, who achieved a degree of notoriety before near-neighbours Devo sprang to prominence — make their British debut at the end of this month.

They'll be the first band on Phonogram's Blank label to visit this country, and their new album "The Modern Dance" is being rushed out this weekend. Their British visit has been on the cards for some months, and was finally tied up at the weekend — though it's a relatively short one, in view of their U.S. commitments.

They open with gigs at Manchester Rafters (April 28) and Liverpool Eric's (29), then guest with Graham Parker & The Rumour in their two previously-reported concerts at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on April 30 and May 1. After playing Birmingham Barbarella's on May 2, Pere Ubu play Continental dates in Amsterdam, Brussels and Paris, before returning to London for two nights at the Marquee Club (May 8 and 9). Support act on all dates except the Roundhouse are The Pop Group.

To tie in with the visit, Radar Records are also putting out a Pere Ubu release. It's a 12-inch 45 rpm EP with a playing time of 20 minutes, titled "Datapanik In The Year Zero" and retailing at £1.99. It features five tracks, all but one having previously been available as import singles on the band's own Hearthan label.

● The Pop Group also have gigs in their own right at Manchester Rafters (April 28), Liverpool Eric's (29) and Birmingham Barbarella's (May 2).

VANILLA VENUES

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the British tour by Cherry Vanilla and her band, plans for which were reported by NME two weeks ago. She is set for 15 gigs, backed by her co-writer and guitarist Louis Lepore, pianist Zecca Esquibel, bassist Howie Finkel and drummer Michael Mancuso — all of whom play on her newly released RCA debut album "Bad Girl".

Cherry visits Edinburgh University (April 28), Glasgow University (29), Redcar Coatham Bowl (30), Liverpool Eric's (May 5), Liverpool Roc Club (6), Lincoln Theatre Royal (7), Birmingham Barbarella's (9), Leeds 'F' Club (10), Manchester Rafters (11), Nottingham Sandpiper (12), Sheffield Limit Club (13), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (14), Doncaster Outlook (15), London Marquee (16) and Newport Stowaway Club (17).

At the beginning of May, Cherry will be recording a three-track single — "Tear Myself Away" backed with "Liverpool" and "Not So Bad" — to be rush-released to coincide with the tour.

VANILLA and LAPORE

Costello tour hit by injury

ELVIS COSTELLO's tour suffered a setback at the end of last week, when The Attractions' bassist Bruce Thomas cut his right hand on a broken bottle in the dressingroom at Manchester Rafters, and was taken to hospital for the insertion of 18 stitches.

Nick Lowe deputised on bass at Hemel Hempstead (Sunday) and Penzance (Tuesday) but, at press-time, it was uncertain if he could fill in on other dates owing to his European commitments.

There's a 50-50 chance that Costello's gigs at Birmingham Barbarella's tonight and tomorrow (Thursday and Friday) may have to be cancelled.

The London Roundhouse shows on Saturday and Sunday are definitely ON, but a spokesman said he's not sure "how unorthodox" they will be. Ticket money will be refunded if holders don't wish to risk what might be an experimental gig.

NEWMAN TOURING

RANDY NEWMAN returns to Britain at the end of next month to headline a short four-venue concert tour. It's his first visit since 1974 and he appears at Manchester Ardwick Apollo (May 26), Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (27), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (28) and Birmingham Town Hall (30), promoted by Barry Dickins for ITB. He is also showcased in a BBC-2 "Whistle Test" special on June 6.

Tickets for the London gig are available from next Monday (17), priced £4, £3.25, £2.50 and £1.75. Readers should check with the respective box-offices for booking arrangements at the other three venues. Newman's current single "Short People" is being reactivated by Warner Brothers to tie in with his visit.

Diana, Gladys in town — after all

DIANA ROSS and GLADYS KNIGHT & The Pips will be appearing at the London Palladium next month after all — despite the cancellation of the "Golden Festival Of Stars" package in which they were to have appeared. Diana is now confirmed to play there on May 4, 5 and 6, while Gladys & The Pips follow her on May 7 and 8. There will be two performances on each of the five nights, all at 6.30 and 9 pm, except Diana's May 5 show when the houses are at 9 pm and midnight.

Originally the cross-Channel ferry company of Townsend Thorensen were to sponsor an all-star bill at the Palladium, during the first half of May, to celebrate their 50th anniversary.

UP TO £20 ADMISSION

But after much criticism over the method of ticket sales, they scrapped the whole project two weeks ago. Now Derek Block, who was to have staged the festival on their behalf, has arranged to bring in Diana and Gladys in his own right.

Tickets are on sale now to the general public, though those for Diana are sky-high at £20, £15, £10, £7.50 and £5. This is due to the astronomically high fees she commands, plus the fact that she's coming over specially for this short season and will have a full concert orchestra to back her. Tickets for Gladys are somewhat less expensive at £7.50, £5, £3.50 and £2.50.

A spokesman for Derek Block said that he's negotiating with at least one other act from the original Thorensen package — which also included Barry White, Helen Reddy and the Carpenters — with a view to bringing them to Britain as soon as possible.

Diana's new single "Your Love Is So Good For Me", taken from her album "Baby It's Me", is rushed out by Motown this weekend and it's also available in 12-inch form. Gladys has a new single currently on release, the self-penned "The One And Only", to be followed in June by her latest album.

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ON THE ROAD

DEAN FORD spends most of this month rehearsing with his new band, before setting out on a series of gigs at **Liverpool** Rock Garden (April 28), **Derby** Bishop Lonsdale College (May 6), **Sheffield** Limit Club (11), **Norwich** East Anglia University (12), **Kirklevington** Country Club (19), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (20), **Bristol** Granary (25) and **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (26 and 27). Further gigs are being finalised.

THOSE FOUR go on tour next month with their tribute to The Beatles. Confirmed dates are **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (May 4), **Winchester** King Alfred's College (5), **Cheltenham** St. Mary's College (6), **Oxford** Polytechnic (8), **Manchester** Rafters (9), **Buckley** Tivoli (10), **Birkenhead** Hamilton Club (11), **Retford** Porterhouse (13), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (14), **Nottingham** Trent Polytechnic (16), **Barnstaple** Chequers Club (18), **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (19) and **London Kensington** West London Institute (20).

JOHN COOPER CLARKE and Slaughter & The Dogs co-top a Rabid Records package at **Manchester** Polytechnic this Saturday (15), to mark the label's first birthday. Also appearing are new signings Gyro, Jilted John and Ed Banger.

REGGAE REGULAR are to support The Gladiators on their debut British tour, announced last week, opening at **Brighton** Top Rank on April 19.

JUNE TABOR plays a handful of dates next month with musicians Martin Simpson and Jon Gillaspie. So far confirmed are **Worcester** College of Education (May 12), **Lancaster** Dukes Theatre (13) and **Manchester** Royal Exchange (14).

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES have switched their gig at **High Wycombe** Town Hall from April 24 to 28, and new bookings for the group are at **Newport** Stowaway Club (May 3), **Plymouth** Metro (4) and **Croydon** Greyhound (7). Their gig at **London Camden** Music Machine next Wednesday (19) also features The Table and Spizz Oil.

THE REAL THING extended their current tour through May with dates at **Glasgow** Tiffany's (1), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (2), **Wakefield** Tiffany's (3), **Norwich** Samson & Hercules (4), **Ipswich** Gaumont (6), **Stafford** Top Of The World (8), **Shrewsbury** Tiffany's (9), **Liverpool** Pavilion (10), **Blackpool** Tiffany's (12), **Bristol** Locarno (14), **Bournemouth** Tiffany's (16), **Newport** Tiffany's (18), **Canterbury** Odeon (19), **Manchester** New Ritz (21), **Burnley** Cat's Whiskers (22), **Purley** Tiffany's (23), **Southend** Zhivago's (24), **Portsmouth** Locarno (25) and **Southampton** Odeon (29). Support act is The Hippolytes.

TONY McPHEE and his new band Terraplane headline a massive 55-venue concert, college and club tour during the spring and summer. First confirmed dates are **Plymouth** Castaways (May 15), **Sheffield** Top Rank (21), **Barrow** Maxim's (28), **Blackpool** Jenkinson's (29), **Colwyn Bay** Dixieland Showbar (June 1), **Liverpool** Eric's (2) and **Wigan** Casino (3).

NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET play a 14-venue British concert tour next month visiting **Oakengates** Town Hall (May 13), **Paignton** Festival Theatre (14), **Reading** Hexagon (15), **Warrington** Parr Hall (17), **Stockport** Davenport Theatre (18), **Preston** Charter Theatre (19), **Liverpool** Philharmonic Hall (20), **Nottingham** Theatre Royal (21), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (22), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (23), **Eastbourne** Congress (24), **London** Royal Festival Hall (26), **Cambridge** Kelsey Kerridge Hall (27) and **Sunderland** Empire (28).

THE PLEASERS' dates for the rest of this month are **Retford** Porterhouse (tomorrow, Friday), **Purley** Tiffany's (Saturday), **Leighton Buzzard** Bossard Hall (19 and 20), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (21 and 22), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (26), **Penzance** The Garden (27), **Bournemouth** Village Bowl (28) and **Coventry** Warwick University (29).

BRASS CONSTRUCTION have added **Chatham** Central Hall (May 11) to their British tour, reported last week. Rokotto again support.

SLADE have added two nights at **Lincoln** Theatre Royal (April 25 and 26) to their current tour schedule.

THE LATE SHOW, newly signed by Decca to a three-year deal, play **London Kensington** Nashville with Squeeze (April 17) and subsequent **London** gigs at North-East Polytechnic (21), the Marquee (22), Nashville again (24), Covent Garden Rock Garden (26) and Stoke Newington Pegasus (28).

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News Round-up

WILKO TOUR CHANGES

WILKO JOHNSON has made a few changes and additions to his debut tour with his new band. Their Sheffield gig is switched from the Polytechnic on April 19 to the Top Rank on April 23, Plymouth Castaways on April 24 is cancelled, and Bradford University is brought forward from May 6 to 3. They have new bookings at Leeds Polytechnic (May 4), Sheffield University (6) and Wolverhampton Lafayette (12). Wilko's double-A single "Walking On The Edge" / "Dr. Dupree" is issued by Virgin on May 5.

SABBATH, MADDY ADD

BLACK SABBATH have added yet another date to their British tour — at Liverpool Empire on June 17. This now becomes the last of the 26 concerts in their itinerary, which opens in Sheffield on May 16, though it's possible that one final gig may still be added. The band's show in Bristol on May 26 has been switched from the Hippodrome to the Colston Hall (tickets on sale May 8).

● *MADDY PRIOR has added Ipswich Gaumont (May 11) to her debut solo tour, reported last week. And her concert at Eastbourne Congress is brought forward from May 28 to 18.*

AMAZOR-LESS BLADES

THE BLADES, the new version of durable new-wave band Amazorblades, make their debut at Scarborough Penthouse (April 21) and Brighton New Regent (22). A few more gigs have still to be confirmed before they begin a lengthy European tour. They now comprise Rob Keylock (vocals and guitar), Ben Mendlesson (lead guitar and violin), Ray Cooper (bass) and Luke (drums). Other newly-set Saturday-night shows at Brighton New Regent include The Depressions (this weekend), The Banned (April 29), 90 Degrees Inclusive (May 6) and Yachts (13).

MARTYN JOINS WAKES

JOHN MARTYN has now been confirmed for the 1978 July Wakes Festival to be staged at the Parkhall Leisure Centre in Charnock Richard, Lancashire, from August 4 to 6. Other new bookings include June Tabor with Martin Simpson and John Gillaspie, the Tannahill Weavers, Earl Okin, Wally Whyton and Jeremy Taylor. First names, including Ralph McTell and Fairport Convention, were reported three weeks ago. Many more, among them two big U.S. acts, have still to be announced.

NEW MERGER LINE-UP

MERGER, the new-wave reggae band, re-appear on the scene this month despite some reports that they had disbanded. In fact, they've had two personnel changes, with Ivor Steadman and Barry Ford both leaving to go to Jamaica. They've now been replaced by Ever 'Dee' Wellington (bass) and Ras DanJuma (rhythm guitar and vocals), both from trombonist Rico's band — and they join the nucleus of Winston Bennett (lead guitar), Tony Osei (keyboards) and Mike Osei (drums). The band are now preparing for a short tour, starting at Edinburgh Clouds on April 21.

STUKAS FLYING AGAIN

THE STUKAS have undergone two personnel changes, which accounts for their absence from the gig circuit during the past few weeks. Paul Brown and Kevin Allen have both left the band, and they've been replaced by Chris Gent, one time vocalist with The Rage, and former Chelsea bassist Dave Spicer. They've been rehearsing intensively for the past fortnight, and this weekend they begin their first tour of Holland. The band return to resume British gigs at London Marquee on April 27.

DAVE SPICER

ALL-NITE ROCK FILMS

THE ROYAL Cinema in London's Charing Cross Road is presenting a week of all-nighter rock films, starting this weekend. It begins on Sunday (16) and runs for seven nights. The same programme is screened every night, starting at 11pm, and the five movies featured are "London Rock And Roll Show", "Jimi Plays The Berkeley", "Cream's Last Concert", "Joan" (Baez) and "Rainbow Bridge".

ONLY MARY SUPREME!

MARY WILSON is not allowed to describe her present group as The Supremes, under a Court Order obtained by Motown Records in Los Angeles. While still under contract to Motown, she is permitted to identify herself as being "of The Supremes", but the other two singers in her group are barred from this description — because they are not contracted to Motown, who hold all rights to the name The Supremes. So her billing on her current British tour has been carefully amended to read "The Supremes' Mary Wilson with Karen Jackson and Kaaren Ragland".

LIZZY HEAD PINK POP

THIN LIZZY are to top the bill in Holland's celebrated annual open-air event, the Pink Pop Festival '78. It's held on the sports grounds at Geleen, a city in the south of the Netherlands, on May 15. Other acts lined up include Graham Parker & The Rumour, Jonathan Richman & The Modern Lovers, the Greg Kihn Band and Robert Gordon and Link Wray. Last year the festival attracted over 45,000 people.

NEW PUB-ROCK VENUE

A NEW London pub rock venue opens tonight (Thursday) at the Tidal Basin Tavern in Canning Town. It has one of the largest audience capacities of any pub (500) and is licensed until 2am (midnight on Sundays). Tribesmen kick off the seven-nights-a-week gigs tonight, and among upcoming bookings are Siouxsie & The Banshees on April 29.

NUGENT SIDEMEN QUIT

TED NUGENT has lost two members of his band — Derek St Holmes (guitar) and Rob Grange (bass) — after they had been with him for four years. They played their last date with Nugent at the California Jam on March 18, then St Holmes left to form his own group, taking Grange with him. Third member of the as-yet unnammed outfit is ex-Montrose drummer Denny Carmassi; they've already been signed by Warners and start recording soon. Nugent has still to find replacements for his band.

SUZI GIGS

SUZI QUATRO, riding high in the charts with her single "If You Can't Give Me Love", returns to the British gig circuit next week to play a string of 16 dates, and it's likely that more will be added later. She's backed by her regular band, now augmented by second lead guitarist Paul Green.

She visits Blackburn Cavendish (April 17), Derby Bailey's (18), Leicester Bailey's (19), London Camden Music Machine (20), Maidstone College (21), Dunstable California (22), Southampton Gaumont (23), Sheffield Bailey's (26), Gloucester Tiffany's (27), Bournemouth Village Bowl (28), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (29), Bradford Locarno (May 1), Plymouth Castaways (2), Weston-Super-Mare Webbington Country Club (3), Birmingham Barbarella's (4) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (6).

Suzi returns to America in September to film ten more guest appearances in "Happy Days", followed by her own U.S.-TV series. Meanwhile, three more "Happy Days" episodes she's already made are screened by ITV on May 6, 13 and 20.

Cafe Jacques dates

CAFE JACQUES begin a 16-date tour next week, which includes a special concert for the Musicians Union at London's Old Vic Theatre. They'll be previewing new material they've written since Christmas, as well as performing songs from their first album "Round The Back". Dates and venues are:

Edinburgh Tiffany's (April 18), Oxford Polytechnic (20), Slough College (21), Huddersfield Polytechnic (27), Retford Porterhouse (28), Sheffield Polytechnic (29), London Old Vic (30), London Kensington Nashville (May 2), Nottingham Sandpiper (4), Birmingham Barbarella's (5), Manchester Rafters (7), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (8), Bristol Tiffany's (11), Reading University (12) and Oxford University May Ball (13). A venue for May 9 has still to be confirmed.

TOURS BY PIRATES, AC/DC AND GIBBONS

THE PIRATES, who were on the road almost non-stop for over two months in mid winter, begin another tour at the end of this month. This one is of somewhat shorter duration, taking in 21 dates, but it concentrates on the larger-type venues. And it aids promotion of the band's second Warner Brothers album "Skull Wars", issued on April 21. They'll be featuring songs from the new LP, as well as old favourites, in their stage act at:

Huddersfield Polytechnic (April 28), Birmingham University (29), Oxford Polytechnic (May 2), Eastbourne Winter Gardens (4), Cheltenham Town Hall (5), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (6), Bristol Locarno (7), Plymouth Metro (11), Salisbury City Hall (12), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (15), Cardiff Top Rank (16), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (18), Liverpool Eric's (19), Newcastle University (20), Redcar Coatham Bowl (21), Hull Tiffany's (22), Manchester Polytechnic (23), Edinburgh Tiffany's (30), Glasgow Sattellite City (31), Brighton Polytechnic (June 3), London Strand Lyceum (4).

BRYAN FERRY, who returned to this country last week to live here, plans a British tour later in the year. He is now busy house hunting but, according to his spokesman, he'll start making plans for some live work as soon as he's settled down.

A TOTAL OF 28 major venues has now been confirmed for the extensive British tour by Australian band AC/DC, plans for which were revealed last week. The tour, which begins on April 26 and runs through the whole of May, includes a big London show at the Hammersmith Odeon. And to tie in with these gigs, the outfit's latest album "Power Age" — recorded in Australia — is released by Atlantic on May 5.

The itinerary comprises Wolverhampton Civic Hall (April 26), Hanley Victoria Hall (27), Aberdeen Capitol (29), Glasgow Apollo (30), Middlesbrough Town Hall (May 1), Coventry Locarno (2), Liverpool Empire (4), Newcastle Mayfair (5), Manchester Free Trade Hall (6), London Hammersmith Odeon (7), Swindon Oasis (8), Oxford New Theatre (9), Great Yarmouth Vauxhall Holiday Centre (11), Cambridge Corn Exchange (12), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (13), Birmingham Odeon (14), Derby Assembly Rooms (15), Keighley Victoria Hall (16), Colchester ABC (18), Leeds Polytechnic (19), Sheffield Top Rank (21), Bristol Colston Hall (22), Bournemouth Village Bowl (23), Plymouth Metro (24), Blackburn King George's Hall (26), Carlisle Market Hall (27), Edinburgh Odeon (28), and Dundee Caird Hall (29).

Tickets are on sale now for all venues. At Hammersmith they are priced £2, £1.50 amd £1, but readers should check local Press announcements for regional ticket prices. Tour promoters are the Cowbell Agency.

STEVE GIBBONS BAND swing back into action next month, when they set out on a major headlining tour and release their new album. The tour is split into two legs, the first of which has just been finalised, with details of the second leg — including a big London show — to be announced shortly. Confirmed dates and venues are:

Redcar Coatham Bowl (May 12), Nottingham Playhouse (14), Leeds Polytechnic (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Birmingham Odeon (20), Ashington Regal Cinema (21), Coventry Locarno (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26), Gloucester Leisure Centre (27) and Shrewsbury Tiffany's (30). The support act has still to be named. The band also appear on May 18 at Hanley Victoria Hall in the Daily Mirror Rock and Pop Club Awards,

Their new album is "Down In The Bunker", for May 5 release by Polydor, recorded under the supervision of David Bowie and Thin Lizzy producer Tony Visconti. As a preview, their new single "Eddy Vortex" was rushed out this week.

Tubes TV

THE TUBES, Rod Stewart and Dolly Parton are among the guests in a Cher TV special, to be screened in this country by ITV on Friday, April 28. The show — which includes Cher performing with the Tubes in "Smoke" and "Mondo Bondage" — has already been networked across the States to an estimated 75 million audience. The Tubes are also the subject of a BBC-TV documentary, to be filmed throughout the duration of their European and British tour which opens in Holland on April 23, but screening plans haven't yet been fixed.

"WHISTLE TEST", which is off the air on April 18 and 25, returns to BBC-2 on May 2 with the hour-long Bearsville special — postponed from Christmas because of the work-to-rule. Filmed in the States, it includes contributions from Todd Rundgren, Dr. John, Paul Butterfield, Corky Laing, Jesse Winchester and Foghat, among others. "Test" then continues its 1977-78 series until June 20, with a highlight on June 6 when Randy Newman appears in an in-concert special.

RECORD NEWS

● **Darts'** new single, for April 21 release by Magnet, will be "The Boy From New York City." And their mid-May album, to coincide with their previously-reported British tour, is called "Everyone Plays Darts."

● A new **Kraftwerk** album "The Man Machine" is issued by Capitol on April 21, followed by a single taken from it on May 5, titled "The Robots." Plans are under way for the band to tour Britain soon, and details are expected shortly.

● Among other May albums on Capitol are "Return To Magenta" by **Mink De Ville,** who are expected back in Britain in the near future; and "We'll Sing In The Sunshine" by **Helen Reddy,** who flies to London next month to guest in "The Muppet Show."

●**Smokey Robinson's** new single is "Madam X", from his album "Love Breeze", for Motown release on April 21.

●A new **Crystal Gayle** LP titled "When I Dream" comes out on United Artists on April 28. Other April albums from the same label include "Lonely Hearts Club" by **Billie Jo Spears** and "Every Time Two Fools Collide" by **Kenny Rogers & Dottie West.** And U-A issues the **999** single "Me And My Desire" this weekend.

●**The Rubinoos'** new album "Rock And Roll Is Dead" is rush released by Beserkley this weekend.

●**Bobby Vee's** classic "I Remember Buddy Holly" album has been re-titled "A Tribute To Buddy Holly", and is reissued on United Artists' budget-price Sunset label on May 19, price £1.99. His new recording of the Holly song "Well All Right" has just been released.

●The previously-reported new single by **Sham 69** "Angels With Dirty Faces" is now confirmed for April 21 release by Polydor. Out on the same day and label are "Curious Mind" by **Johnny Rivers** and "Give Me What I Cry For" by **Chris Rainbow.** Among Polydor singles this week are "Don't Play Another Love Song" by **Maggie Ryder** and "Whatcha Gonna Do About It" by **The Jolt.**

●The new **Boney M** Single "Rivers Of Babylon" is released by WEA tomorrow (Friday), and **England Dan & John Ford Coley's** U.S. hit "We'll Never Have To Say Goodbye Again" comes out the same day, along with **Gordon Lightfoot's** "The Circle Is Small". WEA albums out this weekend, not previously reported, include **"Eruption"** and the solo LP by Renaissance's **Annie Haslam**

TRB: LP, single

TOM ROBINSON Band have their first album released by EMI on May 5, a nine-track set titled "Power In The Darkness". And it's preceded on April 21 by their new single "Up Against The Wall".

Upcoming

MUD mark their tenth anniversary with a month-long headlining tour of concert, college and club venues throughout June, details to be announced shortly. Their first RCA album will be issued to coincide. Prior to the tour, they play a week at Leicester Bailey's (May 8-13).

HARRY CHAPIN is being lined up for a series of British concert appearances in June, a spokesman for his record company confirmed this week. Dates and venues are already pencilled in, but will not be announced for a week or two.

CHARLEY PRIDE will be touring Britain next month. Details of his concerts are still being finalised and will be announced next week, but it's known that he opens at Ipswich Gaumont on May 5, and that Dave and Sugar are the support act.

NEW SIGNINGS, NEW LABELS

● **Althea and Donna** have signed a long-term worldwide deal with Virgin, who release an album by the duo on April 28 on their Front Line label. It has the same title as their recent No. 1 hit, "Uptown Top Ranking". A new single follows in May.

● Manchester band **The Smirks** have now been signed officially by Beserkley. Their debut single "OK UK" will be out in about three weeks.

● **Andy Mackay** has signed a solo deal with Bronze Records. He goes into the studios later this month to begin work on a new album, to follow his one previous solo LP "In Search Of Eddie Riff". A founder member of Roxy Music, Mackay has recently been concentrating on TV work — including the "Rock Follies" scores and the theme tunes for "Hazell" and "Armchair Thriller".

● Bristol-based company Heartbeat Records make their bow with a four-track EP by local band **Social Security,** marketed in a full-colour sleeve. Available locally or by post (£1.10 including postage) from Heartbeat, 4 Melrose Place, Clifton, Bristol.

● **Maureen and the Meatpackers,** described as a "psychedelic doo-wop combo", are the latest signing to Radar Records. Their debut single "Have A Heart Betty, I'm Not Fireproof" is scheduled for May release. The unusual line-up features Daniel Sparrows (accordion), Airborne Alice (mandolin), Cheryl Fishnet (sitar) and Twilight Bill (sax and trumpet) — and they all sing!

● Top U.S. country artist **Bill Anderson** will have all his future product released in Britain by Ember Records, as the result of a co-operation deal signed between Ember and MCA. A new single and album will be issued shortly, and Anderson plans a promotional U.K. visit to promote them.

● EMI have signed five-piece San Francisco rock band **Spellbound.** They are being produced by Bill Halverson, whose past credits include Cream, Eric Clapton and CSN&Y. Their debut album is expected soon.

● **Japan,** the five-piece British band who will support Blue Oyster Cult on their upcoming U.K. tour, have been signed by Ariola-Hansa. Their debut album "Adolescent Sex" is out this week.

● **The Bleach Boys** debut on the independent Tramp label with a single titled "Chloroform", available from 5 Harkness Way, Hitchin, Herts SG4 0QH, price 75p (including postage).

● B J Cole has launched his own Cowpie Records label, and has signed a three-year distribution deal with United Artists. It's intended as a showcase for British country music and the first album, due out soon, is by Scots singer **Nancy Peppers.**

● A four-piece called **Television Personalities** have their debut single out on GLC Records, titled "14th Floor". They comprise Nicholas Parsons (guitar), Bruce Forsyth (bass), John Peel (drums and vocals) and Russell Harty (guitar)! It's available by post price 85p (including postage) from N Parsons, Flat 26, 355 Kings Road, Chelsea, London S.W.3. Blank postal orders are requested because, said a spokesman, "it would be difficult explaining to the GPO why they were all made out to Nicholas Parsons!"

This week's new band to get the Record News picture treatment are the 2-Timers, who have just been signed by Virgin Records, They hail from New York but are currently in Britain recording their debut material, for release shortly. Line-up comprises ex-Tuff Darts drummer JIM MORRISON and ex-Whizz Kids lead guitarist AUDIE WILLERT, plus JOHN WARNIK (lead vocal), GEORGE FURY (bass) and JOHNNY JONES (rhythm guitar).

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3rd Keele University, Staffordshire
4th Newcastle City Hall
5th Edinburgh, Odeon
6th Strathclyde University, Glasgow
9th Birmingham Hippodrome
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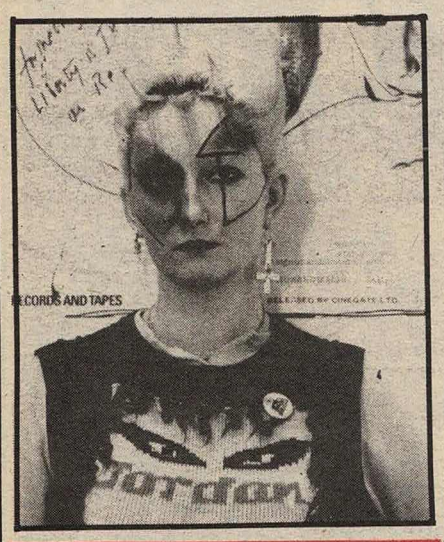

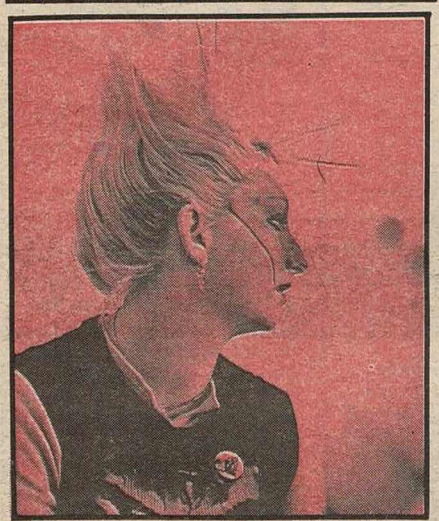

All pix: PENNIE SMITH

THE KID WHO WOULDN'T WEAR CLARKE'S SANDALS

Revolution, huh? The end of the World As We Know It? **JULIE BURCHILL** talks to **JORDAN** and reflects on the general (depressing, natch) state of things

I DIDN'T MAKE a song and dance about going to Chelsea. I've been there at least six times (I like slumming) and I still haven't turned into a pumpkin. They call it swinging when it looks like a shopping precinct.

But the shopkeepers maketh the milieu, I suppose. And I hate the kind of people who keep shops there; the fashion-art-money set (it's all the same to them) and all their worthless merchandise spewn up out of affluence, indulgence, immorality. The soft life — the old life.

To me, that was the one useful function that "punk" "shock" "art" flick *Jubilee* served — it listed these people like a visual *Debrett*. Everyone involved in that film showed exactly where they stood.

Most of them were beyond hope anyhow — Chelsea, Derek Jarman, The Ants (can you *believe* these people?) — but it was a shame that Brian Eno and Wayne County chose to make merkins (pubic wigs, sell very well in the USA) of themselves.

I was glad that the *NME* kept it's angry young head above all the silly slobbering critics who pick up on something 18 months too late and then rave over all of its features, be they good or bad, just to make up for lost time. But though I liked Nick Kent's nasty review, I didn't think he was blunt enough — partly because he's quite an objective "anything for art's sake" type himself and partly because his girlfriend's in the film.

Just after it was released, Tony Parsons and me were travelling to work on the tube at an unpunctual hour. We found ourselves in a long corridor at Oxford Circus station completely alone, walking along looking at the immortal billboards advertising films and clothes and records. Passing a *Star Wars* poster, I made a feeble grab at a loose corner, for moral reasons. It came away easily, like fate, so we ripped it in half.

Just a few steps further we stopped at a *Jubilee* poster. It seemed only natural to do the same.

Wild youth, huh? But in that moment, ripping down that poster, I felt like we were tearing away all the phoney mus-biz egalitarianism, the "down on the Street/we're all in This Together/my Music right or wrong" trash. It was a sentimental moment, real roots stuff — dumb ineffectual proles destroying the fat, ugly face of opulence as best they could.

Now here we are, a few moons later, saying hello to that same face down in World's End.

■ *Continues over page*

JORDAN

■ *From previous page*

JORDAN IS ONE of the few people who look as good in the flesh as they do in photographs. She is an ex-shop assistant, an ex-friend of Johnny Rotten and now a film actress, though the way she looks won her attention years ago — the kind of fame that eating poodle-droppings won Divine.

When she used to make the four-hour round-journey from her parent's seaside home to work at *Sex*, men used to try and get her into the lavatory so they could stroke her rubber skirt, tourists would take snaps of her and she would throw their cameras out the window, and British Rail would move her to a First Class carriage to avoid a disturbance of the peace. She was once arrested in the King's Road for being indecently dressed.

But she talks like a Pamela, which she is. Pamela Hook.

We should be talking in the Sarah Bradley Gallery against a backdrop of *Jubilee* paraphernalia but the door's locked so Jordan agitates inside the fashionable Beaufort Market and jounces in and out the various catacombs in search of a key.

We follow her through the shops, almost empty except for the girls who own the various segments. From the way they look and their listlessness, they're probably the kind of ladies-in-waiting you find in every solvently artistic habitat — the girls who the '60s swung to a standstill and now spend their lives just killing time. It's the impression you get in every "fashionable" situation — that the people are jaded and bored simply because this isn't 1968.

That was the overwhelming aura around *Jubilee*. That they all wanted to be extras in *Blow Up*, rolling around with David Hemmings and Verushka underneath the arc-lights, and that Punk Rock was nothing more than their second chance for a shot at the casting-couch.

Inside the gallery Jordan takes her skirt off for the camera. It's not a real gallery like I imagined, just one room with scripts, fanzines and fag-ends from the film under jeweller's glass and *Jubilee* posters on the wall. I got an uncultured shock. Aren't art galleries meant to broaden your mind? I don't understand art, anyway.

But Jordan's a creative person — just look at that make-up — and I feel a real boor as I get ready to moan on about bolshy, boring hard fact.

Why are there no young, working-class people in *Jubilee*, Jordan, seeing as how this movement was conceived, created and carried into action by them? Why are they all Jenny Runacre, Little Nell, Luciana Martinez types?

"Working class people did not start punk! I'm not working class. It was just kids everywhere, influenced by Vivienne and me, the clothes, the fantasy Vivienne had of a country over-run with kids . . ."

And there was me thinking it started with The Sex Pistols!

"They could have been anyone; it was the way they were marketed that made them big. Steve just pulls girls and Paul just comes from Hammersmith and Sid's just been led up the garden path by his girlfriend — he's just another wreck. And John just wanted to go down the pub before he became a Pop Star . . . do you *believe* that he wrote the lyrics to 'Anarchy'?"

Who was it, then?

"Jamie Reed who works for Malcolm. He used to have a political magazine."

Jordan doesn't like that kind of thing.

"All politics are boring. Everyone hates the NF except the NF, that's all there is to it."

Your boy Adam Ant sings Nazi songs.

"Oh God, he's the last person who'd put on a swastika. He's just an incredibly *sexual* person who's mad about German girls."

Like Ilsa Koch, you mean. You have to be careful what you say these days.

"Yes, yes, it's terrible that you can't say what you want without being misinterpreted. England is still the freest country in the world, though . . . in Italy they'd shoot me on sight."

Why do you choose to look like you do?

"Why did Picasso paint pictures? I *have* to look like this — if I don't I'm so miserable I can hardly move. I never looked like other kids, even when I was very small and wouldn't wear Clarke's sandals, I always looked weird. My mother always told me I was repulsive; she did an interview with a women's magazine a while back and I thought she might change her tack, but it was sprinkled with words like 'repugnant'. I admire her for sticking to her opinion."

Jordan shows a lot of this unnatural, dangerous "objectivity", unhampered by any kind of emotion or instinct. She wallows in a *laissez-faire* as luxurious and blinkered as strawberries and cream in the Queen's enclosure at Ascot. We talk about her starring vehicle, because everyone is proud of their product.

THE BEST THING she says about *Jubilee* is that Buzzcocks, The Slits and The Banshees turned it down. Director Derek Jarman she describes as "very, very clever, very charismatic", pointing out that it was he who wrote her screen monologue on the merits of Myra Hindley — though Jordan, like any good libertarian, feels that Hindley should be let out.

"Though maybe she'd be better off in prison. Someone might kill her if she got out. Though in a way that might be a good thing too, because it would be the voice of the people. The people never get what they want."

Until *Jubilee* was unleashed upon them.

"It's a laugh . . . that's the point that everyone misses. I've seen really straight people literally crying with laughter at it. That's entertainment. Any other director would have done either a boring documentary or a sensationalist sex and violence quicky . . ."

In the mould of *Jubilee*, you mean?

"No! Because *Jubilee* is set six years in the future! It's not saying this is how things are now . . . besides all the sex and violence in the film is there for a specific reason."

The director of *Salon Kitty* gave similar excuses for his gloat over Nazi sex, claiming that *his* little moral tale illustrated the essential evil of Fascism. But I hardly think that it was the serious, concerned souls among us who huddled together in the stalls. I think that *Jubilee* will stimulate the same sort of audience. And that's partly due to the studiedly decadent histrionics of the cast, Jarman's own little art-types coterie who have as much to do with punk rock as I do the Flat Earth Society.

"All right, but we've numbered people in the film. Gene October plays a Roebuck asshole. He actually admits to hanging out in the Roebuck in the film! . . . you have to be an idiot to do that kind of thing.

"Duggie Fields and all the art lot, they're shown as a bunch of Chelsea has-beens . . ."

It sounds more and more asinine as the in-jokes unfold . . . a megalomaniac's big-budget home-movie, pointless kangaroo courts distorting and wasting an opportunity to get some facts straight. That Jordan made the cover of *Ritz* magazine last month says it all.

For a moment she is almost earnest. "I *hate* that set. They just can't understand why I don't want to be a part of them and go to their stupid little parties. They print my picture and use my name and there's not a thing I can do about it. When I worked at *Sex* and bands would ring up to borrow clothes, I would ask them what it was for. And the ones that said *Ritz*, I told them to fuck off."

You might not be tight with them, Jordan, but this film which you think has so much integrity — the credits read like a *Ritz* gossip-column.

"All right — but we number *all* of them in the film. Anyhow, I'm banned from Maunkberrys" (some kind of credibility, I suppose, Maunkberrys being the number one rag-trade watering-hole) "because the guy who owns it . . . I did another club of his £2,000 of damage. I pulled some pipes out of the wall and flooded the place. It wasn't just wanton destruction though — he had hurt a lot of friends of mine, so I flooded him.

"I *hate* that set — all prancing, whining queens. That's what I hated about *Sebastiane* (Jarman's first film, all queer and painful sex with dialogue in Latin — esoteric, no?) — it was so *gay*."

Jordan doesn't like that kind of thing either.

"The ones who don't need to mention it I don't dislike. It's just *Gay News* readers and all that lot. I did an interview with *Gay News* and I was really rude to them . . . all they ever ask, about anything, is 'What is in this for gays?'

"They're so precious about themselves . . . if they get beat up, it's because they're gay, if someone steps on their foot, it's because they're gay . . . they're so *weak*. We played with the Tom Robinson Band once — my God, their audience! They were so old and gay-looking. The Tom Robinson Band are very boring — I think if he didn't make a song and dance about being queer no one would take any notice of them at all."

At about this time, Jordan said a really funny thing. She said: "Gay people can hide it but *I* can't," gesturing at her primitive war-paint and antennae hair. She meant it, too. We were talking at cross-purposes from the moment we met, because the Anarchy as Art-Form Brigade *are* different from us — they think all the world's a stage, and all the people props.

Jordan said earlier, after insisting that class really didn't matter anymore — "The working class dish out and receive violence, and the middle class are the most stupid."

What she *should* have said is that the working class think art is a wank, and that the middle class think wanking is an art.

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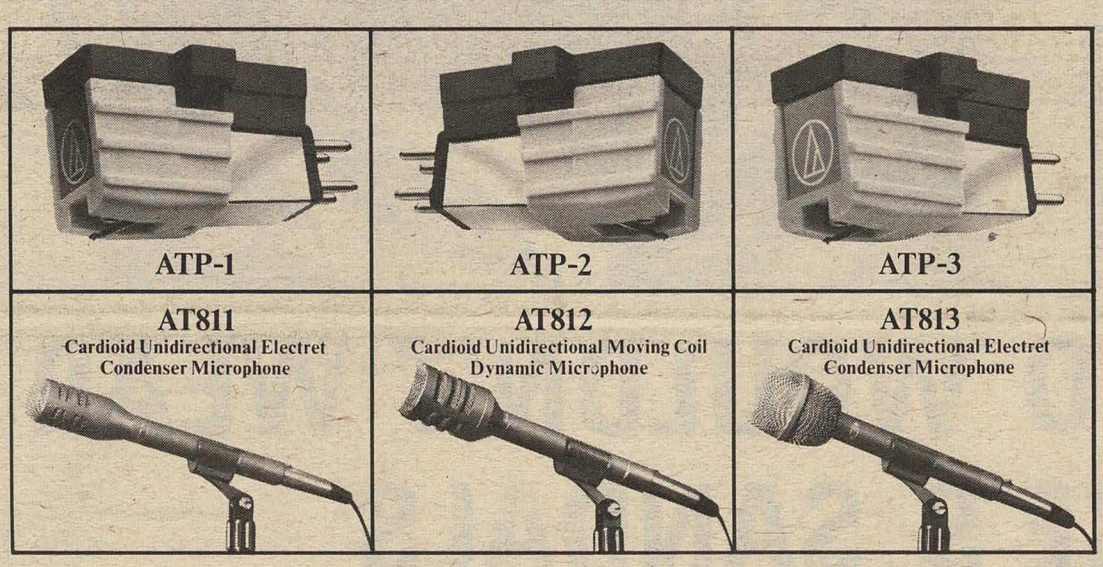

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INTRODUCING

Chris Rea

ALBUM MAG 5021
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SINGLE MAG 111

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THRILLS

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You wanna Eagles, Dylan or Streisand interview? Well ask *them about it.*

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— old Russian proverb

THE REASON why you may never read an in-depth interview in *NME* with either The Eagles or a number of other platinum-conscious American megastars has nothing whatsoever to do with their music. Just two words prevent any face-to-face confrontation — copy approval: a thinly disguised euphemism for press manipulation and censorship.

Basically, this is how copy approval works and why any self-respecting journalist will have no truck with it: If a magazine wishes to interview say, The Eagles, Streisand, Dylan or maybe one of Charlie's Angels, representatives acting on behalf of the interviewee may demand the right to approve the finished copy and illustrative lay-out.

Should something even remotely uncomplimentary appear in the copy, or should a photograph fail to depict the demi-god's best side, it can then be immediately vetoed.

In some instances, either a total re-write could be demanded or the project killed.

In plain English: what's required is a complete white-wash job.

Now, many American public relations consultants and management agencies will vehemently deny this to be the motives, and claim — as in the case of the recent spate of copy-approved Dylan interviews — that it is just a means to ensure accuracy! But you can draw your own conclusions.

In an article in America's *New Times,* Eagles overlord Irv Azoff was quoted as saying: "I only demand it (copy approval) because I want to set some ground rules for the interview" — adding, with forked-tongue, "I can't believe it when they agree right away. I've always felt it wasn't ethical to do things that way."

In the same article, Jay Bernstein, who guides the career of Farrah Fawcett-Majors, didn't mince words.

"When you've reached our level, you're the buyer, not the seller."

Copy approval is not a new phenomenon. In the '40s and '50s, fan mags were regularly fed glib, pre-written features by record company and film studio publicists. It was only when The Beatles emerged as highly quotable raconteurs, and movie stars began to buck the star system, that the media suddenly wised-up and the PR departments lost control.

But now, with a sink-or-swim circulation war raging on America's news-stands, the PR men have again come into their own.

They play one publication off against another, and America's popular press appears almost eager to relinquish both editorial control and integrity to secure exclusive cover stories.

In many instances, the copy approval syndrome has arisen because artists themselves have been quick to capitalise on the fact that not only are Americans reading less, but that the magazine-buying public are more prone to make an impulse purchase if Linda Ronstadt or Robert De Niro is plastered on the cover than if it's Billy Carter or some harbinger of ecological doom.

For instance, last year, *Newsweek* ran twice as many entertainment-slanted cover stories than the previous year.

It's generally agreed that when, a couple of years ago, Bruce Springsteen — then relatively unknown — simultaneously copped the covers of both *Newsweek* and *Time (Time's* Henry Grunwald now admits it was his greatest mistake as managing editor), all hell broke loose.

Overnight every PR consultant was being strongarmed by his/her client to pull off the same coup under threat of having their account promptly terminated.

As a direct result, all kinds of scurrilous deals were plotted, and the fact that more and more record albums were going multi-platinum gave the PR more bargaining power. If you wanted to speak with a particular Superstar, it had to be on a copy approval basis.

Some magazines resisted, others compromised. In exchange for not-demanding copy approval, the magazine was *obliged* to carry any number of interviews (preferably favourable!) with other less-successful artists in whom either the publicist, manager, artist or recording company had a vested interest.

From personal experience, I can relate that when, on a visit to L.A. I approached a corporate with a view to scoring an interview with Neil Young or Joni Mitchell or both, it was *suggested* that first I'd have to interview Judee Sill, David Blue, Jo Jo Gunne and Batdorf and Rodney. And even then, there was absolutely no guarantee that I'd get within interviewing distance of either Neil or Joni.

I declined. Had an interview with either Neil or Joni been forthcoming, I still wouldn't have accepted it on those terms. But I know of one journalist on a rival publication who interviewed practically all one label's also-rans to get an exclusive with a legendary British guitar hero.

In many instances, copy approval takes the form of a written contract.

Here's an example of one agreed between singer Glen Campbell and his wife Sarah and *US Magazine*:—

"The undersigned acknowledges and consents that the interview this date with Glen Campbell, Sarah Campbell is exclusively relative to a story assigned by *US Magazine,* and that the story derived by this and allied interviews will be submitted to Glen and Sarah Campbell for review and approval of accuracy of content prior to publication, with their approval in writing necessary in any and all events to said publication. The undersigned further acknowledges that this agreement is with the full knowledge and understanding of *US Magazine,* its publishers and involved editors, and that no other editorial use of the story or facts developed during the interview is contemplated or intended."

However, at the last minute, *US Magazine* chose to publish the story without sending the proofs to the Campbells for approval. As a result, Campbell promptly fired his publicist of ten years standing — Bob Levinson — and slapped a million dollar-plus suit on *US Magazine* alleging breach of contract, fraud and, as a bonus, claiming all profits accrued from the sale of that specific edition.

Seemingly, the realms of copy approval know no bounds. It is reported that Barbra Streisand and her beau Jon Peters were granted final cut of an unfinished video interview conducted by Barbara Walters for an ABC-TV News Special. However, to save embarrassment, ABC ran the truncated recording as an entertainment supplement!

Needless to say, that the whole practice is odious. It's public ego-stroking of the worse possible kind. As Alice Cooper and Racquel Welch's manager Shep Gordon put it: "We've all come to the realisation that we're all in business and business ain't nice. It's just a matter of how deeply involved in business the press cares to admit to being!"

In the same article, Gordon went on to say. "In the end it's all manufactured. Before, the news was managed by the White House with more death and despair. Now we're managing the news, but we're doing it with stars and the kind of hype everyone wants to believe in. And, nobody dies!"

Therefore, with so much revenue at stake, the only objective of copy approval is to deceive a gullible public that the artist in question is a truly wonderful and sensitive human being — an artisan of the highest magnitude.

As yet, copy approval hasn't infiltrated the British music industry, and Keith Altham, PR consultant for The Who, Status Quo and many other artists, hopes it never will.

"No matter what you call it," says Altham, "copy approval amounts to suppression of free speech. Not only is it counter-productive, it's bad public relations.

"It's an artist trying to dictate precisely what is being written about him — almost as if that artist is either totally incapable of expressing himself articulately or thinks that the media is malevolent towards him.

He continues. "As a publicist, I am a bridge between the artist and the journalist . . . if I became a wall, I would build up tremendous hostility behind that wall. Such would be the level of resentment that one-sided prejudiced opinion pieces would proliferate. The back-lash would be incredible."

This is something that America either hasn't envisaged or prefers to ignore. As all but a few PR consultants work on a short-term basis (invariably based on results) with their clients, they're probably unconcerned about the long term effects on a specific artist's career.

Once the PR has scored an agreed quota of covers and column inches, banked the fee and savoured the peripheral perks, so what if the artist chooses to take the account elsewhere! Quite probably the artist's popularity has peaked.

On a different level, if exclusivity is given to everyone agreeing to a copy approval clause, you have the dilemma that currently plagues Bob Dylan. Seemingly, innumerable magazines were scheduled for a copy-approval crack at The Big Zim, but after the first few close encounters of a third and rather oblique kind were printed, it became evident that Dylan was even more unimpenetrable than the *Renaldo And Clara* movie he'd come out of seclusion to promote. Allegedly, a number of interviews were dropped.

British publicist Tony Brainsby reckons PR is run on goodwill. After being informed about some of the strokes his American opposite numbers regularly pull, Brainsby — whose accounts include Thin Lizzy and Wings — replied, "It sounds utterly outrageous. I would never demand to see a journalist's copy before it goes to press.

"If, in this country, PR ever got down to a matter of contracts it would be a very sad day for the business."

Right now, American PR consultants have managed to manipulate the content of large-circulation magazines. How long it will take before they try to enforce copy approval restrictions on concert and record reviews? Believe me, it has already crossed some people's minds.

Like the man said, don't believe everything you read in the press — especially if it's American!

ROY CARR

THRILLS

How much longer are we gonna take all this crap from Tom Robinson?

BLACKMAIL CORNER

Ahaaaaah! Super-rare shot of now-defunct never-ever-got-no-nowhere-worf-going band ***FLIP CITY,*** *totally devoid of interest except that the nattily-clad lad on the extreme left is Declan McManus, now know to all and sundry as* ***ELVIS COSTELLO.*** *At least, we here at Blackmail Corner* ***think*** *it's Elvis. If it turns out to be his Dad again, we promise to leave him and all the rest of the Riviera circus alone for at least three weeks.*

This picture has not been approved by The Eagles or their manager. This caption has not been approved by The Eagles or Their manager. Neither has this article. Ain't you glad we still got a free press over here ... oh sorry, Irv, didn't see you come in just then ...

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LESTER BANGS: BACK IN THE USA

COLD SHIVERS IN HOT WAX

IS ROCK 'N' ROLL DEAD? Maybe. One would certainly hope so, since the alternative if it proved to be still kicking would seem to be all of us turning into a bunch of nursemaids for the senile. In which case it's dead anyway since senility violates everything rock 'n' roll ever stood for, so we'd all be better off booting the poor old wretch out of its misery than setting up shop as self appointed true believers carrying the Flame. Leave that to old mavens like Patti Smith. A more spirited and fitting response would be The Rubinoos' "Rock 'n' roll is dead, and I don't care!" and me, I was never gladder than when I saw Joe Strummer in that "Chuck Berry is dead" T-shirt a couple of years back.

Reason I bring all this up is that nothing's a surer sign of posthumous putrefaction than the proliferation of parodies disguised as "tributes" or "loving send-ups" or whatever. The other night I smoked grass for the first time in months which was a real mistake 'cause it so incapacitated me that all I could do was turn on my TV where what did I see but Sha Na Na, followed by *Happy Days,* followed by *Laverne and Shirley* trying once again unsuccessfully to lose their virginity, all of which only confirmed the pervasive feeling that most of what's going down in the United States these days merely devolves to a pathetic *attempt* (as opposed to actual time-warps, as many have claimed) to turn the clock back to the '50s. I changed the channel and got Dinah Shore, whom it should not be forgotten recently held open house for Iggy, who *should* be forgotten. You may ask how rock 'n' roll can be dead when there's still all those bands around, but I'll just point to the example of Elvis who as everyone knows was dead in every other respect for several years before his actual heart stopped beating. He had plenty parodists pre-kickoff and even more now — I rest my case.

So if rock 'n' roll is dead, what are we gonna do about it? Well, how about not going to the wake, for starters? That'd be firmly in the tradition and exactly as the deceased would have wished it, for if there was one thing rock 'n' roll was not about it was respect, much less piety. True rock 'n' roll respect would be spitting on Phil Spector's father's grave. But since Phil's not gonna tell you where it's located you'll have to settle for the next best thing, which is not going to see the "biography" of the primal daddy of all rockin' deejays Allen Freed, *American Hot Wax.*

If you believe this movie, rock 'n' roll was virtually nothing until Allen Freed, fired solely by unselfserving adoration of the musical muse, took it upon himself to play *actual* Negro records on white radio. If you believe that you may also believe that Freed even coined the phrase "rock 'n' roll," that his career downfall in the payola scandals was only because the blue meanies employed by Uncle Sam to keep innocent young girls from being deflowered by jungle jimjams via the airwaves engaged in a vast conspiracy to dethrone the bowtied potentate of pubescent plastic, and that at least on the evidence presented herein the god of every teenaged girl and boy in Brooklyn and the Big Apple led a sex life roughly analagous to that of J. Edgar Hoover.

I guess if you're prepared to swallow all that you might as well let sinker follow line and hook: the teenagers of 1959 America were 100% wholesome funseekers, not a juvenile delinquent between the coasts; "Since I Fell For You" was written by a teenage girl in Brooklyn; Connie Francis and Laverne Baker, both unknowns, both auditioned for Freed within five minutes of each other; all recording studios in America in the late '50s were wild hotbeds of raw rockin' energy where a short stroll could let you sit in on sessions for Frankie Ford's "Sea Cruise," The Del-Vikings' "Come Go With Me," and several other eternal classics all running simultaneously; Allen Freed or anybody else in the world would hear four guys singing doo-wop on a streetcorner, immediately whisk them into his limousine and onto the stage of rock festival headlined by the biggest names in the country; at this same festival, Chuck Berry would arrive to be told that they had just learned that nobody was going to get paid, and Chuck would smile and reply, "Well, I guess rock 'n' roll has been pretty good to me, might as well pay it back a little," then go out and perform. (The truth is that Chuck is so untrusting that once when he played London he refused payment in British pounds — the show was held up an hour while they were converted to American dollars.)

Don't get me wrong, I love to watch the good guys beat the bad guys — that's why cowboy movies were invented, not to mention *Star Wars.* And if you don't know anything at all about Allen Freed or the early days of rock 'n' roll or its main performers, or even if you do, this movie can be very enjoyable at least in parts. To see and hear it, you would think the Fabulous Fifties were just one great big nonstop rockin' radio party!

I grew up in the late '50s and early '60, and I remember what it was like: it was in large part literally never knowing when you were going to turn the next corner and run up against some pissed off, frustrated, repressed, vicious asshole who, especially if he had his colleagues on hand, would put the cherry on his day by stomping your ass into the pavement. These were the kind of guys who would think it was a real cool funny idea to walk up to you in the schoolyard and scrape a churchkey point along you forearm making it open up and bleed. That's who Fonzie was whitewash-modelled on, which is one of the main reasons why I've always had a little trouble with *Happy Days.* The other big reason is that I hate nostalgia: it almost invariably betrays the sweetness of true recollection and buries any understanding of what we survived under ten tons of sickly sentimentality. Not to mention it being truly true that he who does not know history *is* condemned to relive it.

Allen Freed was basically just an oldtime independent rough rider, real walking Americana really, which was why he got screwed. But none of that really matters because the movie doesn't begin to deal with the payola scandal or trial on any level — it ends with Freed's supposedly triumphal Jerry Lee Lewis / Chuck Berry headlining concert in Brooklyn.

I don't expect movie biographies to be accurate: Cary Grant wouldn't have been able to get away with, much less pull off, portraying Cole Porter as homosexual. Etc.

A lot of people are gonna like *American Hot Wax* whether they mistake if for their own youth or not, just like *Saturday Night Fever* had almost universal across-the-board appeal, and I have already heard rock critics and other self-appointed arbiters of public taste and cultural vitamin deficiencies put down both movies. The difference, though, is that *Saturday Night Fever* was about people — you really cared about Travolta's character. Like all Robert Altman's recent films, which it also resembles a little technically, as well as lots of other current flicks, this is a phenomenon movie, about institutions and an area of cultural history rather than whatever people might or might not have been actually involved in. Maybe people might or might not have been actually involved in. Maybe people don't wanna see movies about people anymore; could be even innocuous depictions of real life human interaction strike nerves too sensitive.

Anyhow, *American Hot Wax* is *The Girl Can't Help It* without the crazed humour, Jayne Mansfield and accoutrements, the heady trashy vulgarity, or the talent in its prime. No comparison. Obviously it's not the definitive statement on rock's early days or even Allen Freed, but for equally obvious and other more grim reasons having to do with the increasingly incestuous nature of rock's relationship with the Hollywood entertainment industry, that's a flick that will probably never be made.

In the meantime, go see *Phantom of the Paradise* again, if you can find it, or even *Carrie.* The scenes of John Travolta swigging beer and having a pubescently pointless vicious fight with his steady girl while blasting along in his hotrod with Martha and the Vandellas' "Heat Wave" on the radio say more about, no, *are* more rock 'n' roll than this whole movie.

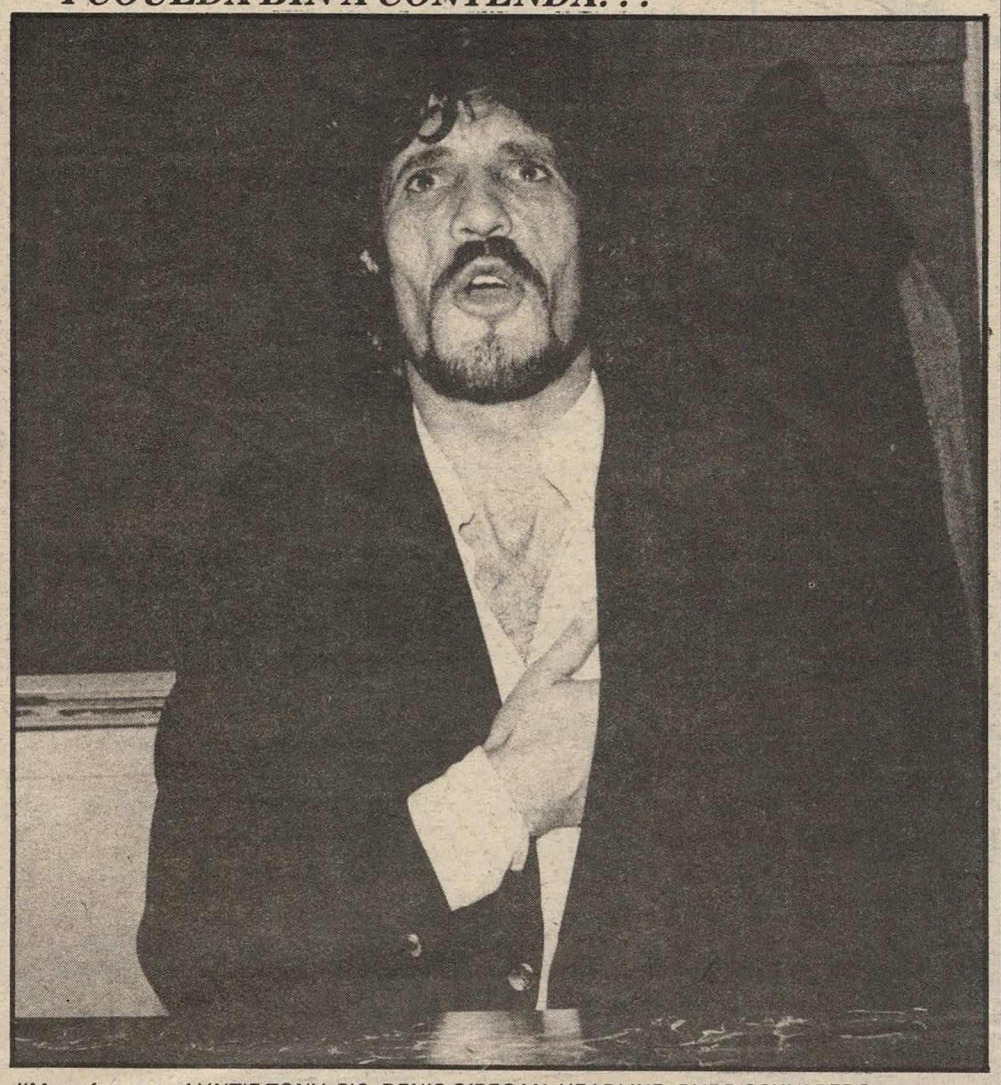
LESTER BANGS

THRILLS

Posing about in his poxy school tie and blazer . . . Rabbitting on about his clapped out grey Cortina . . .

. . . bringing all his big butch lesbian buddies and his limp-wristed pansy boys to his rotten gigs . . .

"I coulda bin a somebody, Tony, instead of a bum, which is what I am. I COULDA BIN A CONTENDA. . ."



JIM confesses to AUNTIE TONY. PIC: DENIS O'REGAN. HEADLINE: BUDD SCHULBERG.

CAPALDI TAKES A ONE-WAY TICKET TO PALOOKAVILLE

ONCE AN IMPORTANT figure in British rock as Traffic's drummer and lyricist, Jim Capaldi's second coming as a solo artist certainly hasn't been that spectacular. Some idea of how he's faring with his band, The Contenders can be gained from the fact that two months ago they headlined their own London show at the Lyceum, but over Easter only supported Kansas at the Hammersmith Odeon.

Another example of how the mighty have fallen? Perhaps.

Even when Capaldi left Island Records last summer very little was ever written about the split, which is a curious omission. After all, Traffic were the company's first major signing in the late '60s and arguably their greatest meal ticket. And the bond was supposedly deeper than any contractural agreement.

Island headman Chris Blackwell never made secret his affection for the group by allowing them to exist on a basis that was at best *casual.* And Capaldi's first solo efforts with the label were not completely unsuccessful.

He recorded three albums with them, two while still with Traffic. After the band's final collapse during an American tour in '74, he released "Short Cut Draw Blood", which contained "Love Hurts", an unexpected hit as a single. His music often bordered on MOR and Blackwell apparently had ideas to exploit this aspect of his work, but Capaldi's own aspirations were greater and he didn't want to know. Because of the resulting conflict, Island allowed him to slip out of the back door and eventually sign with Polydor.

"Me and Blackwell started branching off. He loved all the stuff I did, and then suddenly he went the other way. He started saying that to really make it he saw me as an MOR-ish artist. He had all these ideas on how I should look and what I should do.

"And I was saying, 'Yeah! Great! I want to make it' — in theory," he readily admits. "But then in practice, in your heart, you can't possibly do it; even if somebody hands you it on a plate. You can only go the way of the grain."

It's surprising he should have dismissed Blackwell's suggestion as he's recorded outright pop songs on all his albums, and he even includes "Sealed With A Kiss" on his first set for Polydor, "The Contender".

"Right," he agrees, "and that's why they (Island) *dragged* me into it.

"They could see I had a little bit of MOR, but they wanted me to be totally that way. And it's *not* a total thing.

"Maybe I could make those things more *progressive* MOR. But they're about as far as I want to go in that direction."

And during this interview it's also clear that he had self-doubts about his own talent. For instance when he stopped playing drums with Traffic and acted as their cheer-leader, taking an occasional vocal, he wanted to quit. It was Winwood who persuaded him not to, "But I should've done," he murmers cryptically.

"Because it was pointless," he explains regretfully. "I should've stayed in the background really. I mean I did come up with the "Low Spark" thing, which was the biggest album we *ever* had," he asserts proudly. "I'm not taking credit for the whole thing, but I got the song together. But there again performing and writing lyrics are completely different things. You're either a performer, someone who can do something very amazingly in front of people; or you're a writer, working in the studio or something."

It could be noted that the majority of British critics echoed these same feelings, and of late Capaldi has done little to change their minds. "The Contender" is a mediocre album and certainly not a recording that alters the view that from Traffic's final album, "When The Eagle Flies" and through Winwood's solo set, Capaldi's lyrics have been both pretentious and simplistic.

Having admitted his own shortcomings as a performer it's odd he should want to front his own band; especially as he claims Traffic made him extremely rich.

"Christ!" he explains, "For one night in the States I earned more than my old man did in all his working life."

But you can't help but believe he felt overshadowed in Traffic and now wants to grab the glory for himself.

"The two biggest names that came out of Traffic were Dave and Steve," he says. "That's the way it is. It's no good worrying about all that. Now I'm going to start carving out; whatever I do *I* get the credit for.

"To tell you the truth I even thought of putting a band together and calling it Traffic," he continues in all seriousness. "It was my name, and in the early days, no matter what anybody says, *I* was the instigator of the band 'cos I was one of the oldest. And I was also turning everybody on, and I was also a little bit of a tearaway, right? I really helped to put it where it was."

Thankfully, he decided not to do that, but onstage he has no hesitation digging into Traffic's back-catalogue. Capaldi is obviously aware of the lack of interest, never mind acclaim, his work is receiving and at times he puts his writer into the position of an agony aunt. He seems to need reassurance and frequently asks what I think of the album, his band and his writing.

But just as suddenly he can express unshakeable confidence in The Contenders. According to him they've received standing ovations at many gigs, even if the Lyceum audience were luke-warm towards them.

Perhaps the greatest revelation on how Capaldi sees his own career is in his closing remark.

"We need everybody on our side, man. We're making some good music. We need some help."

TONY STEWART

THRILLS

harlequin

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2 SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER – VARIOUS ARTISTS	~~6.30~~	4.99
3 THE KICK INSIDE – KATE BUSH	~~3.89~~	2.89
4 RUMOURS – FLEETWOOD MACK	~~3.79~~	2.79
5 KAYA – BOB MARLEY	~~4.10~~	3.10
6 CITY TO CITY – GERRY RAFFERTY	~~3.49~~	2.49
7 OUT OF THE BLUE – ELO	~~5.49~~	4.49
8 THE ALBUM – ABBA	~~4.29~~	3.19
9 HEAVY HORSES – JETHRO TULL	~~3.79~~	2.79
10 ALL N ALL – EARTH WIND & FIRE	~~4.29~~	3.29
11 NEW BOOTS & PANTIES – IAN DURY	~~3.49~~	2.49
12 VARIATIONS – ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER	~~3.89~~	2.89
13 MUPPETS 2 – MUPPETS	~~4.05~~	3.05
14 THE OUTLAWS LIVE – THE OUTLAWS	~~4.99~~	3.99
15 IN FULL BLOOM – ROSE ROYCE	~~3.79~~	2.79
16 PLASTIC LETTERS – BLONDIE	~~3.79~~	2.79
17 EXODUS – BOB MARLEY	~~4.10~~	3.10
18 GREATEST HITS – DONNA SUMMER	~~3.99~~	2.99
19 FOOT LOOSE & FANCY FREE – ROD STEWART	~~4.50~~	3.50
20 MOON FLOWER – SANTANA	~~5.49~~	4.10
21 GOING FOR THE ONE – YES	~~4.49~~	3.20
22 SOUND OF BREAD – BREAD	~~3.79~~	2.79
23 HOTEL CALIFORNIA – EAGLES	~~4.49~~	3.49
24 NEWS OF THE WORLD – QUEEN	~~4.10~~	3.10
25 GREATEST HITS – ABBA	~~4.29~~	3.29
26 GREATEST HITS – OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN	~~4.10~~	3.10
27 GREATEST HITS – PAUL SIMON	~~3.99~~	2.99
28 ATLANTIC CROSSING – ROD STEWART	~~4.49~~	3.49
29 DARK SIDE OF THE MOON – PINK FLOYD	~~4.10~~	3.10
30 ONCE UPON A TIME – DONNA SUMMER	~~5.75~~	3.99
31 STAR WARS – SOUNDTRACK	~~5.49~~	4.10
32 NO MORE HEROES – STRANGLERS	~~3.75~~	2.75
33 SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE – STEVIE WONDER	~~7.99~~	5.99
34 WEEKEND IN LA – GEORGE BENSON	~~5.99~~	4.70
35 SECONDS OUT – GENESIS	~~5.75~~	4.25
36 EARTH – JEFFERSON STARSHIP	~~3.99~~	2.99
37 ZARAYON – JOHN MILES	~~4.10~~	3.10
38 WISH YOU WERE HERE – PINK FLOYD	~~4.10~~	3.10
39 BEST FRIENDS – CLEO LANE & JOHN WILLIAMS	~~3.99~~	2.99
40 ARRIVAL – ABBA	~~4.29~~	3.29
41 OXYGENE – JEAN MICHAEL JARRE	~~3.95~~	2.95
42 LIVE AND LET LIVE – 10CC	~~5.50~~	3.99
43 RATTUS NORVEGICUS – STRANGLERS	~~3.75~~	2.75
44 GREATEST HITS VOL 2 – ELTON JOHN	~~3.99~~	2.99
45 NEW WORLD RECORD – ELO	~~3.75~~	2.75
46 THE MATHIS COLLECTION – JOHNIE MATHIS	~~5.49~~	4.20
47 STAR IS BORN – SOUNDTRACK	~~4.29~~	3.29
48 RUNNING ON EMPTY – JACKSON BROWN	~~3.79~~	2.79
49 HEROES – DAVID BOWIE	~~3.99~~	2.99
50 THIS YEARS MODEL – ELVIS COSTELLO	~~3.79~~	2.79
51 I'M GLAD YOUR HERE – NEIL DIAMOND	~~4.29~~	3.29
52 THE DAMNED – MUSIC FOR PLEASURE	~~3.49~~	2.49
53 GREATEST HITS – CAT STEVENS	~~4.10~~	3.10
54 MOODY BLUE – ELVIS PRESLEY	~~3.99~~	2.99
55 DOWN TWO THEN LEFT – BOZ SCAGGS	~~4.29~~	3.29
56 EMOTION – SAMANTHA SANG	~~3.89~~	2.89
57 GREATEST HITS – ROXY MUSIC	~~4.35~~	3.35
58 MAKIN LIVE & MUSIC – DR HOOK	~~3.89~~	2.89
59 THE JESUS OF COOL – NICK LOWE	~~3.79~~	2.79
60 DARTS – DARTS	~~3.89~~	2.89

Cassettes

	RRP	Busted Price
1 LONDON TOWN – WINGS	~~4.10~~	3.60
2 SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER – VARIOUS ARTISTS	~~6.49~~	5.75
3 THE KICK INSIDE – KATE BUSH	~~4.10~~	3.60
4 RUMOURS – FLEETWOOD MACK	~~3.79~~	3.29
5 KAYA – BOB MARLEY	~~4.10~~	3.60
6 CITY TO CITY – GERRY RAFFERTY	~~3.75~~	3.25
7 OUT OF THE BLUE – ELO	~~5.49~~	4.49
8 THE ALBUM – ABBA	~~4.49~~	3.99
9 HEAVY HORSES – JETHRO TULL	~~3.79~~	2.79
10 ALL N ALL – EARTH WIND & FIRE	~~4.49~~	3.99
11 NEW BOOTS & PANTIES – IAN DURY	~~3.79~~	3.29
12 VARIATIONS – ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER	~~4.10~~	3.60
13 MUPPETS 2 – MUPPETS	~~4.05~~	3.55
14 THE OUTLAWS LIVE	~~4.99~~	4.49
15 IN FULL BLOOM – ROSE ROYCE	~~3.79~~	3.29
16 PLASTIC LETTERS – BLONDIE	~~3.79~~	3.29
17 EXODUS – BOB MARLEY	~~4.10~~	3.60
18 GREATEST HITS – DONNA SUMMER	~~3.99~~	3.49
19 FOOT LOOSE & FANCY FREE – ROD STEWART	~~4.50~~	3.99
20 MOON FLOWER – SANTANA	~~5.79~~	5.29

All titles subject to availability

Cash only

harlequin RECORD AND TAPE SHOPS 60 stores in London and Home Counties

SPACE RACE MOVIE PACE HOTS UP

EARLIER THIS month the paid display advert reproduced right appeared in the *Hollywood Reporter.*

The Trekkies sure are a fanatical breed.

With or without Nimoy, the word is now that *Star Trek II,* originally planned as a feature film, then changed to a TV series, and now back as a movie, is all systems go with a $6 million budget.

Once again the Starship Enterprise will boldly go where no etc., visiting earth in the 23rd century and encountering en route a robot spaceship.

All the crew members, Nimoy apart, have signed on for another jaunt and little of the original will be changed except the details.

At present it appears that Nimoy is still holding out for more money.

Meantime he has been involved with another sci-fi picture, a remake of the alien classic *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers,* in which he plays a psychologist opposite Donald Sutherland as a third-year medical resident.

Nimoy has also been playing Sherlock Holmes in a stage play that's been doing the U.S. theatre circuits.

(Spock fans might also be interested to know that Nimoy first tried on his pointed ears on the set of the *I Love Lucy* shows).

Other space lane news is that the movie which launched the current boom, *Star Wars,* is to have its first sequel underway shortly.

The *Star Wars* film and soundtrack album were the main reason why 20th Century Fox could jubilantly announce that last year their profits soared an astonishing 374% to a new high of $50 million. (Nevertheless, it is sobering to note that, this notwithstanding, the company have recently closed one of their London cinemas, the Carlton in the Haymarket. They are now the one major distribution company without their own West End showcase).

Sphere Books are looking to sell a million copies of Lucas's book in the UK alone by the end of this year.

Tentatively entitled *The Empire Strikes Back,* the sequel has been scripted from the second of George Lucas's story cycle *Adventures of Luke Skywalker;* if successful, more films will follow.

The directorial reins have been handed over to Irvin Kershner; the sequel has a $10 million budget, will again feature Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford and Carrie Fisher, and begins shooting this summer. Lucas's own involvement in the movie will either be as producer or adviser.

Being a smart cookie he has retained the sequel rights himself and is financing it out of his own money, which should buck his already astronomical earnings even further.

One unexpected fallout from the space boom has been to provide a large new crossover audience for symphony orchestras who, all over the States and at the Albert Hall in London, have been putting on highly successful concerts of Space Music, featuring various movie themes plus Holst's Planets Suite and other popular stuff.

Biggest show to date was held at the Anaheim stadium in Los Angeles on April 1st when the music was accompanied by film laser lights and a narration by William 'Captain Kirk' Shatner.

American TV already had some new space sitcoms on the screen with more to follow.

One is a satire on *Star Trek* called *Quark* featuring the adventures of Captain Adam Quark journeying in a spaceship - cum - sanitation - truck whose aim is to clean up the garbage in the Milky Way.

Crew members include a humanoid plant called Ficus and a mystical power known as The Source.

In production is *Galactica,* a TV series featuring Stars Wars special effects man John Dykstra as co-producer.

Meantime the movie space boom flourishes.

Due out soon Stateside is *Star Crash* made by a young Italian director, Luigi Cozzi, who's changed his name to Lewis Coates.

Featuring special effects engineered by Italian craftsmen, it's a science fantasy starring Marjoe Gortner and features as heroes an Amazonian girl, a robot and a humanoid from outer space searching for a missing spaceship.

The Japanese are getting in on the act too.

Toho Pictures, whose previous credits include the *Godzilla* pictures are now fielding *War In Space,* a $10 million blockbuster.

There's endless UFO movies coming in the wake of *Close Encounters,* like *Starship Invasions,* featuring Robert Vaughn and Christopher Lee and a *Carrie*-style low budget affair called *Laserblast* where a kid discovers an alien ray gun and goes round zapping cars.

Space disaster films are shaping up for another favourite theme.

Zanuck and Brown, the production team behind *Jaws* and *The Sting* are at work on a remake of the George Pal classic *When Worlds Collide.*

Bigger still is *Meteor* starring Sean Connery, Natalie Wood, Henry Fonda *et al,* which is costing $16 million and features the largest-set ever constructed in Hollywood, a recreation of the New York subway which is flooded with one million pounds of mud.

(Other calamities include tidal waves, avalanches, and floods caused when the meteor plunges into the earth).

Film rights were recently sold for *Lucifer's Hammer,* on SF novel by Larry Niven and Dr. Jerry Pournelle, which dramatises the situation when a giant comet totally destroys the earth leaving the few survivers to cope with their new environment.

Best news of all is that Alfred Bester's classic book *The Demolished Man* is to be brought to the screen by Brian dePalma.

Also another book by Stanislav Lem (who wrote *Solaris)* called *Pilot Pirx Testflight* is to be filmed.

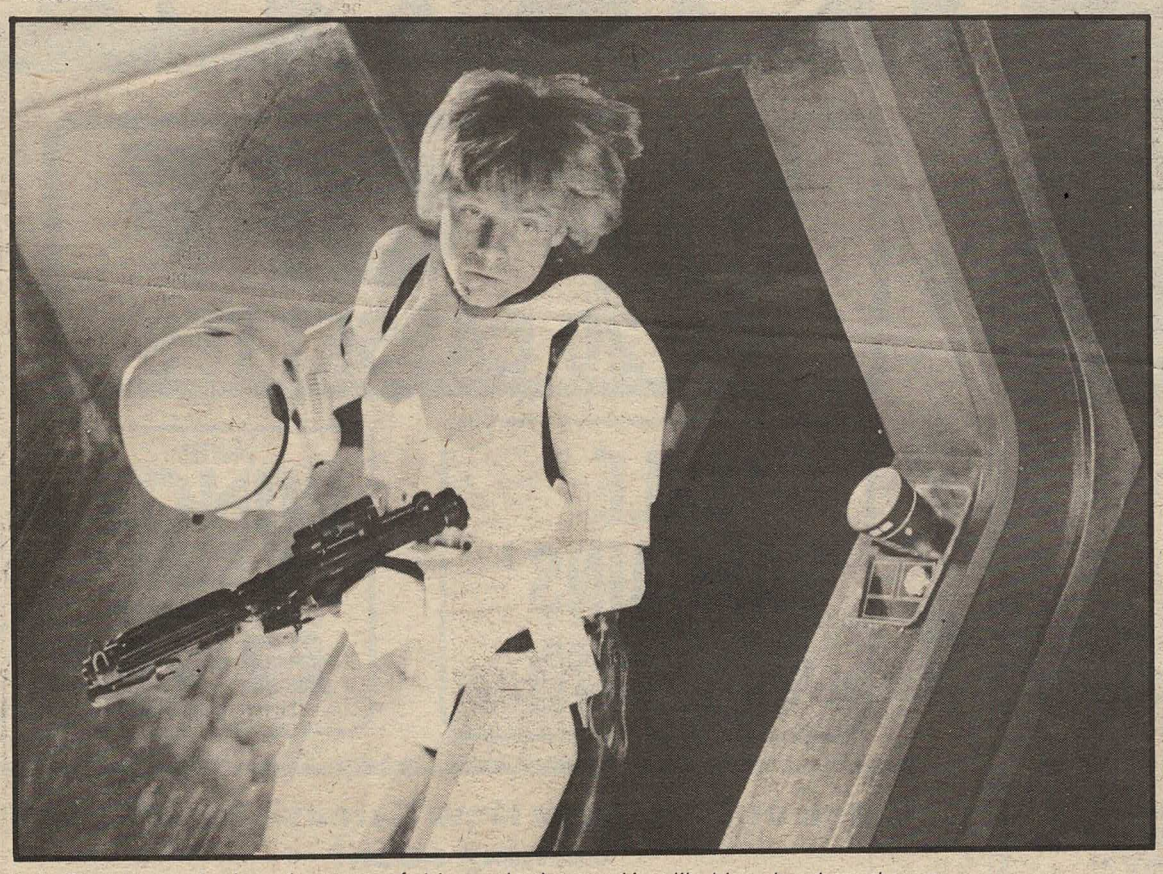
Ridley Scott, director of *The Duellists,* is in there working on a $4 million sci-fi thriller *The Alien* and even Disney has got their act together.

They're planning a full-length action feature entitled *Snow White and the Seven Space Dwarfs.*

Would we lie to you?

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



Luke Skywalker — further adventures of him, and a thousand just like him, already on the way.

LISTEN PARAMOUNT:

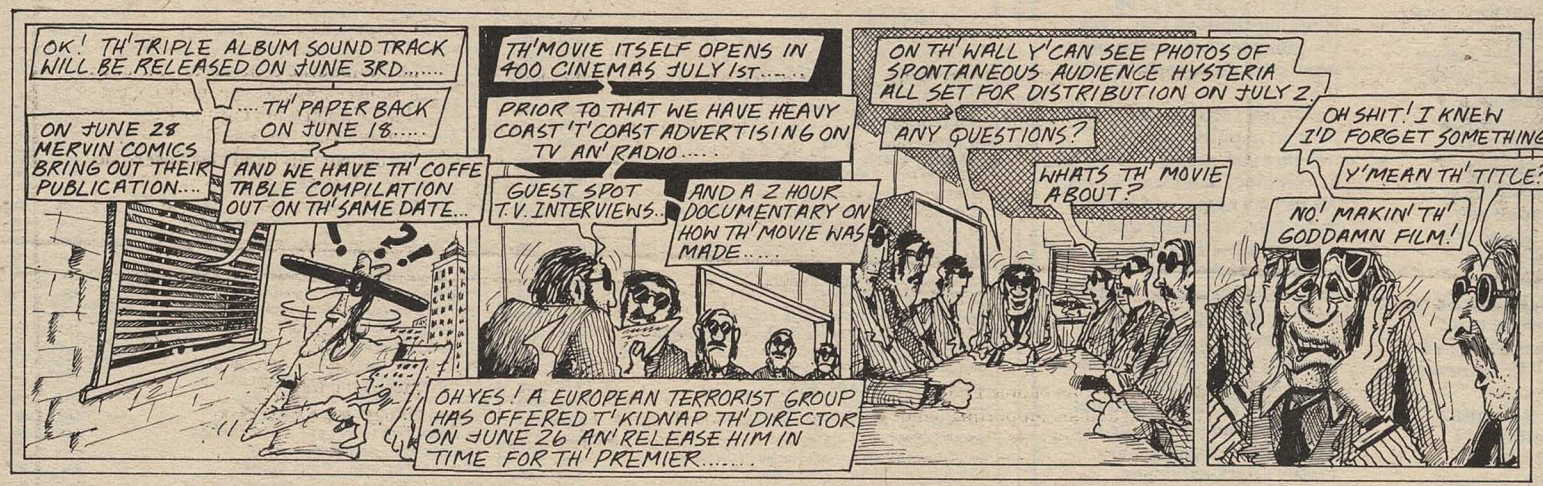
An independent scientific study has determined that the projected film,
STAR TREK II, WILL DRAW 1/3 LESS
viewership and little reviewership
WITHOUT LEONARD NIMOY PLAYING SPOCK.

A copy of this study was sent to you.

THIS MESSAGE WAS PAID FOR ENTIRELY BY INDEPENDENT FANS OF LEONARD NIMOY, AND OF STAR TREK.

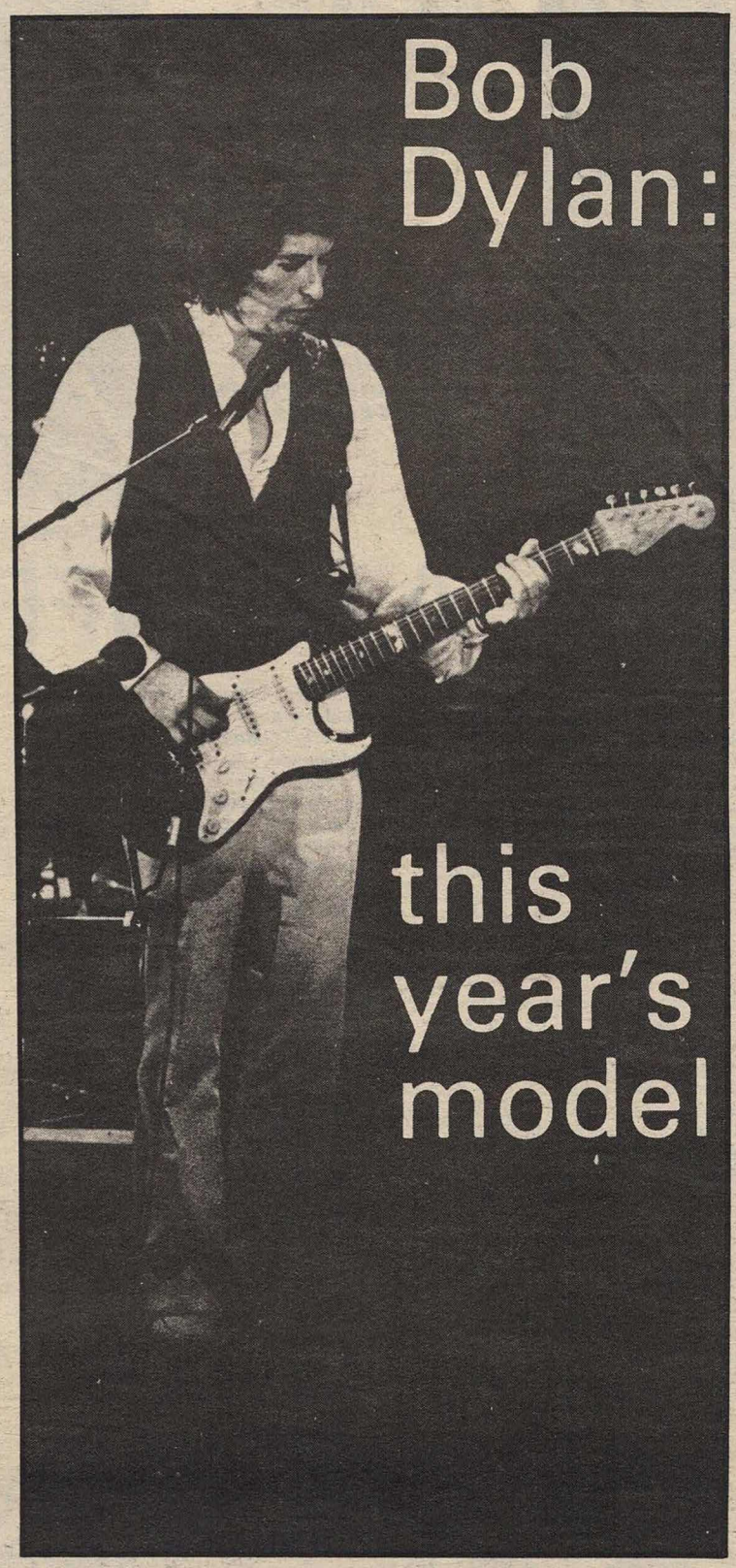
The Lone Groover

BENYON


OK! TH' TRIPLE ALBUM SOUND TRACK WILL BE RELEASED ON JUNE 3RD.....
.... TH' PAPER BACK ON JUNE 18.....
ON JUNE 28 MERVIN COMICS BRING OUT THEIR PUBLICATION...
AND WE HAVE TH' COFFE TABLE COMPILATION OUT ON TH' SAME DATE...
TH' MOVIE ITSELF OPENS IN 400 CINEMAS JULY 1ST.....
PRIOR TO THAT WE HAVE HEAVY COAST 'T' COAST ADVERTISING ON TV AN' RADIO.....
GUEST SPOT T.V. INTERVIEWS..
AND A 2 HOUR DOCUMENTARY ON HOW TH' MOVIE WAS MADE.....
OH YES! A EUROPEAN TERRORIST GROUP HAS OFFERED T' KIDNAP TH' DIRECTOR ON JUNE 26 AN' RELEASE HIM IN TIME FOR TH' PREMIER.....
ON TH' WALL Y' CAN SEE PHOTOS OF SPONTANEOUS AUDIENCE HYSTERIA ALL SET FOR DISTRIBUTION ON JULY 2.
ANY QUESTIONS?
WHATS TH' MOVIE ABOUT?
OH SHIT! I KNEW I'D FORGET SOMETHING!
Y' MEAN TH' TITLE?
NO! MAKIN' TH' GODDAMN FILM!

AUSSERON

DYLAN'S THUNDER ROLLING IN AUSTRALIA: AN END-OF-TOUR REPORT



A HARD rain fell during Bob Dylan's first and third Melbourne outdoor concerts.

As fate would have it, I attended the second, which was lucky for me but unlucky for the young lady who was raped outside the venue.

Bob Dylan was back performing in Australia for the first time in 12 years, supported by eight musicians and a three-girl vocal chorus.

The man was a polished '78 Zimmerman replete in tailored cloths, and looking for all the world like a refugee from cabaret.

His Australian tour was reported to have grossed about £1,250,000.

Dylan's bite of the cake is about £475,000 plus an undisclosed percentage of the profit, undoubtedly substantial.

In return the 150,000 or so who got to see him were treated to a fast-moving, tightly-packaged two-and-a-half hour show, which from all tour reports was never less than excellent and sometimes outstanding.

Another feature of the tour was the tight rein on publicity, right down to Dylan's management insisting on a low seat allocation for the Australian media.

The attention to detail even went so far as to encompass a television commentator who had blasted the just-completed Beach Boys tour in Australia, accusing the band of "unprofessionalism"; he found the promoters asking him to return his two Dylan tickets without explanation.

Dylan performed only two "brief and casual" interviews during the tour, according to his management representative on the Australian tour, Dick Curtis. (One of these, though, was with Craig McGregor, who edited the excellent anthology, *Bob Dylan: A Retrospective.)*

Curtis said that Dylan had also ruled out the possibility of holding a press conference in Australia, as originally planned, after one such event in Japan ended in a shambles.

That Dylan was nevertheless happy there is no doubt. After all it seems the man's in love and if we are to take him at his word, he has a fiancee, Debbi Gibson, who was one of the three back-up vocalists on the tour.

There are a multitude of other factors serving to indicate that the man who long ago abandoned the pursuit of pleasure has at least found an accommodating satisfaction.

At his first Australian concerts in Brisbane he took to walking from his hotel to the concert venue for sound checks, stopping and chatting to passers-by along the way and obligingly signing autographs.

After flying into Sydney from Japan, where he had to change flights to connect with Brisbane, he met a couple in a airport bar who confessed they couldn't afford to see his Sydney concert. Dylan flew them to Brisbane for his first concert at his own expense.

At his Brisbane concerts people with the worst seats, who had their view of the stage blocked by speaker towers, were ushered to front row seats, owing to Dylan it seems, who always allocates himself spare seats for tickets he likes to give away on the night; the leftovers he gives to the ushers to reseat people with the worst view.

Dylan's generosity was repaid by his audience. In Brisbane they went bananas.

His first concert there inspired his publicist Paul Wasserman to gush forth even more than usual the next day, saying the the performance was "one of the three best shows I've ever seen Bob give".

Not only that, but the show (and this was repeated around Australia) produced Dylan's first ever "second encore" in his entire career. It seems he *almost* did one at Madison Square Garden in 1974.

Dylan further revealed his obvious delight at his reception, by breaking with conventional behaviour and chatting to his fans at the stage door after the show and saying that he had been excited by the wildly enthusiastic response.

If the tour was, as rumoured, the ideal chance for Dylan to prepare himself thoroughly for an upcoming tour of America and Europe later this year, he received all the moral and musical support he could have needed.

There seemed to be general agreement among people I talked to that Dylan and his supporting band had a show certainly many notches above the Rolling Thunder Revue, and possibly better even than his triumphant 1974 comeback tour with The Band.

But if it was surprising how well Dylan was firing on stage, that paled into insignificance alongside several curiosities which made up the show itself.

Notably Dylan seems to be heading in the direction of cabaret.

At his Melbourne concerts, he was decked out in black waistcoat, billowing white shirt and tailored white pants with black braid down each leg. Sometimes he walked around the stage with microphone in hand, minus guitar and harmonica, gesticulating in a manner that would make Tom Jones proud.

Whatever the meaning of the slicker Bob Dylan, there is no denying that on this tour he took the opportunity to project his music into new areas.

But the new Dylan — this year's model — is a strange breed to say the least.

While making these stylistic gestures to cabaret on the one hand, on the other he incorporated reggae into the arrangements of some of his songs such as "Shelter From The Storm" and "Don't Think Twice, It's Alright".

He also does a few songs featuring just himself on guitar (he never moved off electric rhythm all night), Alan Pasqua on keyboards and Steve Douglas on sax, which generally sounded very sparse and jazz-tinged.

The complete contrast was provided by the majority of his material which featured very hard, electric rock 'n' roll; very much another side of Bob Dylan. While the reggae sound was subtle and sensitively done, the heavy stuff was nothing less than Dylan rocking out and enjoying every second as he and lead guitarist Billy Cross even hi-jinxed mock guitar duels.

The tightness of his backing musicians (who had apparently been worked quite demandingly by Dylan, even at the soundchecks) revealed Dylan's concern with putting on the best possible show.

Certainly the band's prowess seemed to belie the pre-tour stories which alleged Dylan was having trouble getting a band together.

As he has done in the past, he keeps his musicians on their toes with tricky changes in tempo and chording, and by changing the running order of songs, even on the spur of the moment from gig to gig. Often he takes a particular song and not only changes its tempo, but also fools around with the actual tune itself.

Thus while he was breathtakingly daring in the treatment of some of his material, it was a technique that could also be disastrous, as when he completely mutilated "I Want You".

Whichever way you view the tour, though, it was both commercially and musically a huge success. He was obviously conscientious in giving full value for money and delivered the goods where many an important visiting overseas name hadn't.

And if the voice of angry protest has somewhat mellowed and the tune changed unrecognizably, at least his divorce from former wife Sarah, seems to have worked out.

In dedicating "The Man In Me" at his Melbourne concerts to "the one I love here tonight", he made it clear that he and Debbi Gibson are ascloseasthis; later in introducing his band and singers, he referred to Miss Gibson as "my fiancee, she's a real tight one".

Pleasure or pain? Happy or disillusioned? Whatever the truth, Bob Dylan seems very publicly smitten.

Debbi mightn't help inspire another "Blood On The Tracks" but I await the '78 vinyl offering from Dylan with incredible interest.

ROSS STAPLETON

THRILLS

EVENING CHRONICLE, OLDHAM, TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1978

'Children can get hold of gay advert'

AN Oldham councillor fears that publicity about a homosexual counselling service could be circulating in local schools and libraries.

A North-West Arts magazine contains an advertisement asking homosexuals to

No plans

● *Sent in by Clint and Mark of Rochdale*

DENTLICH

. . . twittering on about his ridiculous Vital Young fantasy brother . . .

Manfreds THOMPSON and MANN Pic: GARY MERRIN

Nobody noticed anything strange about CHRIS THOMPSON. Weekdays he was just a regualar rock superstar, touring American stadia and keeping teenagers off the street . . .

But at weekends he underwent a strange transformation in a public house in London's notorious East End. . .

CHRIS THOMPSON of Filthy McNasty (who?). . . Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

A MANFRED'S DAY OFF

CHRIS THOMPSON is a mildly manic New Zealander who lives in a flat with Chinese prints on the walls above a hairdressers in the East End of London.

In the evenings, Chris plays guitar and sings with a band called Filthy McNasty in a pub called the Bridge House, a few miles from the flat.

When he's not doing that, he's much in demand as a session singer. In prospect are two major albums: Elton John's next one and a multi-million dollar epic adaptation of H.G. Wells' "War Of The Worlds" featuring Richard Burton.

Chris also does the vocals for television ads. A lucrative business if you're versatile. Chris is currently the voice of a singing bottle in a commercial for British Glass.

As if that's not enough to keep him busy, Chris Thompson also has interests in a couple of business ventures. One involves an eight track mobile recording studio. The other one is to do with second-hand cars.

Chris Thompson is a busy man.

But there's also what he does in his remaining free time. He's the lead singer with Manfred Mann's Earth Band.

This involves being on the road in Europe and America for weeks on end, as well as vast amounts of time spent in the recording studio.

Chris Thompson is a very busy man.

The Bridge House pub is in the Canning Town area of London. A rambling sort of place, with an olde worlde decor of exposed beams and plaster and lathe walls.

The pub nestles under a flyover, just across the main Southend road from the East India dock. When the traffic gets busy on the flyover, bands need to play loud. But in the view of the guvnor of the Bridge House, Mr Terry Murphy, they don't need to play too loud.

Terry Murphy is an amiable retired boxer who these days is built like two heavyweights rolled into one. When he politely mentions the excessive loudness of Filthy McNasty, Chris Thompson obliges by turning the sound down just a little.

"Chris Thompson is a real professional," says Terry Murphy. "He's never late on, and that's important in a pub where you've got to think about the pints you're selling.

"And he's so modest, you'd think every gig was his first, because he puts so much into it."

Filthy McNasty play the Bridge House three nights a week. If you ask Mr Murphy whether they're his star band, Mr Murphy diplomatically declines to comment.

Filthy McNasty are basically what used to be called a soul band, through that category's long been succeeded by a whole welter of different labels.

Intriguingly, though, the focus of attention within the band is not Thompson, but a sensuous lady singer called Stevie Lange, also a sessioneer.

Ms Lange says the band is "a cross between Ike and Tina Turner and Boston", and she's not entirely joking — though it's hard to see what Boston have got to do with it.

Stevie Lange's voice is somewhere between Elkie Brooks and Janis Joplin. She performs the Joplin classic "Move Over" and does it considerable justice. When Lange and Thompson duet on a version of The Temptations' "I Can't Get Next to You", the punters go suitably ecstatic.

But what's a guy like Thompson, who plays to packed concert halls all over the world with Mr Mann, doing singing in a pub in the East End three nights a week?

Chris says: "It started out as a way of keeping my voice in shape while the Earth Band were off the road, and it just grew from there."

But, in truth, isn't it perhaps because he's disaffected with Manfred?

"Not at all. The Earth Band are doing better than ever. I just enjoy the extra work. I think you should work, and I hate being idle."

Wasn't he unhappy, though, that the Earth Band had failed to consolidate the success of their hit single "Blinded By The Light" eighteen months ago?

"Well, we've tried to consolidate it, but the singles we've put out haven't made it. Maybe the next one will. . ."

In the meantime, Chris Thompson's off on the road again with Manfred on their British tour, and other projects have to take second place.

Filthy McNasty can take a break, and other people will have to become singing bottles in Thompson's place.

The big difficulty will arise if Elton phones up. Chris and Stevie Lange did the back-up vocals at Elton's farewell gig last year.

"There's no way you can turn down a guy like Elton who you've respected for years," says Chris.

Now, Chris and Stevie are due to put the backing vocals onto Elton's new album. But Elton's become so prolific with his new lyric writer Gary Osbourne, that they're always recording new songs instead of finishing the ones they've started.

So what happens when all this activity gets too much for Chris?

"Well, I only do things that I enjoy, and people keep offering me things that I enjoy. If it all gets out of hand, then I'll have to slow up. But there's no sign of it so far."

BOB EDMANDS

THRILLS

. . . and giving away his crappy free badges, big deal . . .

CRIME DESK

● **THREE UNUSUAL cases of assault have come to my attention recently.**

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, 24-year-old Jimmy Fortner was charged with assault and battery against a police officer after he had kissed a policewoman on the elbow while she was trying to give him a parking ticket. The city prosecutor refused to file charges, claiming that being kissed was an "occupational hazard" of police work. The policewoman concerned, Parri Burnett, refused to drop the case and went over his head to the district attorney.

Meanwhile in London at the Old Bailey, Eric Williams was sentenced to 18 months in jail for biting off the ear and part of the thumb of a taxi driver during a row over a fare.

Finally in a court in Avenches, Switzerland, a man who set fire to his drunken friend's beard to wake him up was sent down for three months and fined 2,000 Swiss francs.

● **IT'S BEEN over two years now since actor Sal Mineo, best known for his co-starring role with James Dean in *Rebel Without A Cause*, was stabbed to death in a Hollywood alley. Now Lionel Williams, 21, has been charged with first-degree murder after conversations he had with cellmates whilst serving time in Michigan were secretly tape recorded by police. Los Angeles police say he apparently acted alone and killed the actor in a robbery.**

● **POLICE in Dover, New Hampshire, recently busted a toy store called Lucky's Bargainland — and discovered that the brothers who owned it were selling porno out the back.**

Perhaps one of the items in the store was a cassette tape-recording of Walt Disney's *Jungle Book* — not the standard version, but the special one put out by Polydor Records. They subcontracted the recording to a firm who also make material for various Swedish sex tapes firms. The result — happy nippers listening to *Bordello Mama's Songs*.

'Earth is the cradle of the mind. But one cannot live in the cradle forever.'

K.E. Tsiolkovsky

Earth is the new album from Jefferson Starship.

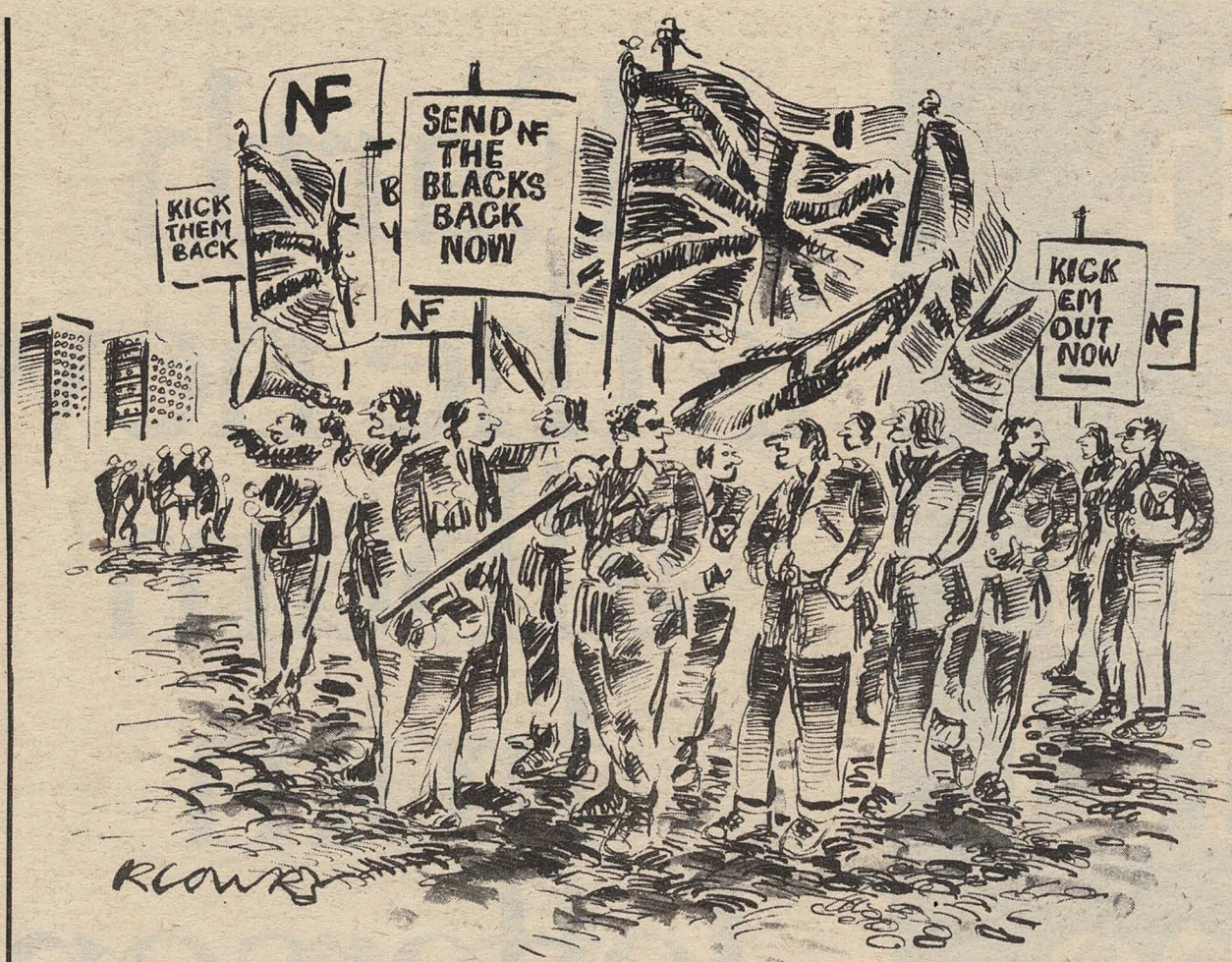
Record: FL12515
Cassette: FK12515

RCA

Jefferson Starship: Earth
Includes the single, 'Count On Me' FB1196

And it's going to rock a lot of cradles.

LOWRY



"I'm not totally committed yet, I'm only a weekend Nazi".

This will make you smile

Just say 'the Leeds' and you're smiling. It's the way you feel when you're building up some real money fast, simply by putting a few pounds a month in a Leeds Regular Savings Account, knowing the interest's growing every month with the money. Always safe and always ready for you.

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MACCA, LONGHAIR, AND THE LP CONTROVERSY

ACCORDING to the reference books, Henry Roeland Byrd, a.k.a. Professor Longhair, a.k.a 'Fess, is 60 years old. Partially crippled by a stroke and ravaged by a life of struggle down at the seediest end of the music business, he looks nearer 80. And feels it.

His demeanour is of a man too tired to care much any more. If he's grateful for the current splurge of interest in him, occasioned by the fact that EMI have just released a 'Fess L.P. on the Harvest label, that gratitude is tempered by his knowledge that it's an indifferent recording, that similar short bursts of public interest over the last decade have led nowhere, and anyway, it's all come a little bit too late. About 25 years too late.

"I've got six kids and 20 grandchildren," he told me, by way of explaining his feelings about the business, "and I've done my best to keep them out of it. I didn't want them to go through what I've been through; it's no kind of life."

In R&B circles, Professor Longhair is something of a legend. A native of Louisiana and resident in New Orleans for nearly all of his troubled life, he has been credited with being the major influence on all of that city's post-war keyboard kings, particularly Fats Domino, Huey Piano Smith, Art Neville, James Booker, Allen Toussaint and Mac Rebennack.

Although I suspect his importance has been exaggerated by time (for instance, both Domino and Booker drew on a variety of sources, and that's probably true of the others), all of these men have named 'Fess as a key figure in New Orleans around the late '40s/early '50s and acknowledge that he had at least some bearing on their development. Yet he was poorly represented on disc in the '50s, spent most of the '60s scraping a living by packing records for a one-stop distribution company, and hasn't really faired a lot better since his "re-discovery" in 1970.

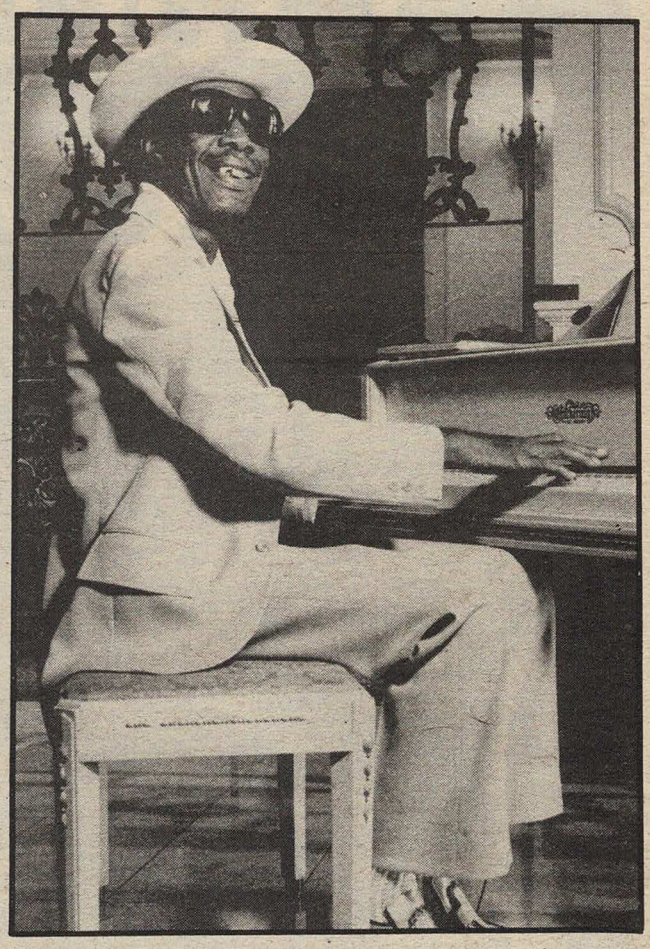
Suddenly, in an ironic move that's typical of the Record Biz, he is temporarily getting the pop-star treatment (interviews with all and sundry, reception at Ronnie Scott's, expensive ads for his record, etc) because his Harvest album came to EMI via Paul McCartney.

"Paul came to see me in New Orleans. He just paid a surprise visit to the little club where I was playing and invited me down to Sea-Saint studio where he was recording. Shortly after that I got an invitation to play at his party on board The Queen Mary.

"I went with four guys out of New Orleans," on guitar, bass, drums and congas, "and we played a set for the party. I didn't really enjoy it."

You didn't want to record the album?

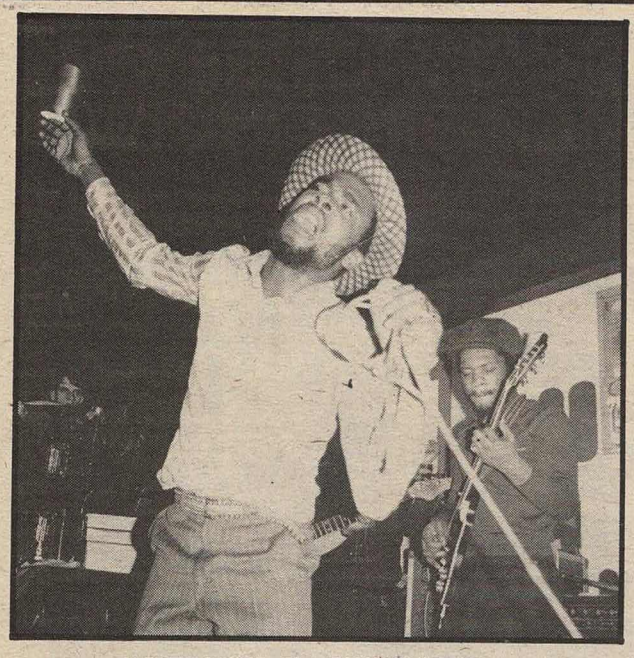
"I didn't even know they was gonna make an album out of it. Sure, I knew they were taping everything, but nothing else was said. It was just a casual thing.



PROF. LONGHAIR: 25 years too late.

"We had no monitors or nothing, the sound was bad, and the people were all lit up, partying. I didn't think they was paying much attention to me, so we didn't try very hard for them, it was one of those kind of situations. Next thing I hear, they're putting an album out."

The story was confirmed by his manager, a young lady from New Orleans named Allison Kaslow, whose husband plays in the band that sometimes accompanies 'Fess in the city. The Kaslows are part of a co-operative who do their best to support 'Fess and have recently gone so far as to open a night-club called Tipitina's,



TAPPER ZUKIE. Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

ZUKIE, PEACE, AND THE PATTI CONNECTION

FEW JAMAICAN reggae artists have so far taken that daring plunge across Hadrian's Wall to play in the uncharted wastes of Scotland. Equally few have played onstage with Patti Smith. Tapper Zukie has done both.

After a mere two days' rehearsal, Zukie and his Jamaican backing band The Musical Intividators devastated Tiffanys in Edinburgh with a dynamic display of roots reggae, and were highly disappointed when their Glasgow promoter blew out the gig there — also, coincidentally, at Tiffanys — at a few hours notice apparently because of poor advance ticket sales.

On the day of the cancelled gig I went along to see Tapper and to discuss, among other things, the Patti Smith connection. So how did he meet her?

"Well, to be honest, I didn't know Patti Smith. One day I was sleeping and Barry (Militant) woke me up and said someone phone an say this girl Patti Smit' introduce me down by a concert, and when I went down there she said she appreciate it, y'know, an she was excited an t'ing an we started to talk, an she say she's gonna introduce me to her audience. So I say, 'I need to prepare to do something' and she say, 'You can be a preacher, you can even preach to them tonight', y'know.

"Then she tell me that she learn to play music from my records — she said she learned to play music from my records — she said she learned to play from 'Man Ah Warrior', so we jam together on stage." (Tapper played bass while Patti sang "MPLA".) "She invite me over to New York, and I go over, and spend about three week with her and she decide to put out 'Mah Ah Warrior', an I didn't have no objection, y'know? She said that mean something to her."

Naturally, any discussion of his latest album "Peace In The Ghetto" has to involve an understanding of the Jamaican street scene, before and after the historic 'treaty' described in *NME* on March 11. The album, Tapper admits, is not his most worked-on recording, being recorded shortly after the peace conference, but as a member of the peace community, "I thought I would make an album about the peace."

How bad was the situation beforehand?

"It was that bad as if I'm from there and you from there and we see each other, probably we kill each other. Innocent people has been hurt through the same system. Now we see that it no really pay. It is time for we now to get together and show the Government what we can do — for ourselves and our country. If he no want to follow us then it's a different t'ing — we gonna have to use force".

Does he now reckon the peace people can get their way with the Government, now all the people are working together?
"Yeah, the members of the Peace Community go in and speak to the Government, and we put our ideas to him, and he appreciate it. But still the police force are brutalising the people like they want something to start".

It seems that the Jamaican police don't get enough money when there's no gang warfare, so they do what they can to perpetrate it. Still, as Tapper says, "Politics even divide you from your brother", so now he reckons there's a lot more positive vibrations in the ghettoes.

As one of the pictures on the inner sleeve of "Peace In The Ghetto" says: "Welcome to Rema' Peace and love everyone". Or to put it another way: "A word without works is no word at all."

DOUGIE THOMSON

THRILLS

in his honour. ("Tipitina" is the title of one of his best-known recordings).

"We were mad when we heard about the album," she explained. "In fact we were going to sue, but in the end they gave us enough money that we've gone along with it. In all honesty, though, I have to say that it's not truly representative of 'Fess."

Personally, I find the whole saga a bit perplexing and not a little distasteful. If Mr McCartney had really wanted to do the Professor a bit of good, I'd have thought he could have invested a minute fraction of his time and wealth in recording the man properly instead of slipping out an inferior tape under rather dubious circumstances.

Similarly, EMI could have better invested whatever they spent on wining and dining a bunch of liggers (including me) at Ronnie Scott's by employing a few topnotch sidemen to accompany 'Fess on his London gig.

"There'll just be the two of us on stage," he pointed out, "me and my conga player, Alfred 'Uganda' Roberts. And I really don't feel it like that anymore. I'm listening for a bigger sound, a full band, harmonies, all that stuff, but you know, people tell you what you oughta do. After all these years, they're still telling me."

Still, the outlook is not entirely bleak. Since the Queen Mary party, 'Fess has already recorded another live album; one which, according to Ms Kaslow, will right the wrong impression giv[illegible] by the Harvest release.

Recorded over two nights at Tipitina's, with a seven-piece band, it was financed by American writer Albert Goldman, who is currently trying to place the tapes with a record company. Odds on it won't be EMI.

CLIFF WHITE

THRILLS

I'LL NEVER FORGET JOHNNY WHAT'S-HIS-NAME

JOHNNY Rotten, Johnny Cool, John Lydon, or whoever else he may be at this point in time, was recently interviewed in London on an Australian national peak-time current affairs programme calling itself *A Current Affair.*

A camera crew, and delectable journalist-interviewer Kate Bailleau, daughter to one of Australia's wealthiest families, carried out the task in Rotten's Chelsea area flat in between interviewing well-known racehorse owner and small-time pools heir Robert Sangster.

The introduction over, we are shown film of Rotten posing (as in poseur) around his residence as assorted people hang around in the background. Miss Kate tells us it's four in the afternoon and our hero has just got out of bed, which is early for him.

Although the lad has not eaten he fancies a beer. A member of the camera crew is dispatched to naturally return with a suitable quantity of Foster's lager, what else?

To no discernable question on film, Rotten replies or states the following: "The British race are generally the most spiteful, contrived, deceitful bunch of hypocrites to ever hit the planet. The way they (bleep) us about — they are incredibly sly. The way they banned us from doing gigs under the obscenity act — I mean what's obscene about singing?"

"But surely you weren't just *singing*?" says an incredulous Miss Kate.

"Yes I was. I wasn't stripping myself naked and dangling all I've got in the breeze — and even if I did I don't see how that's offensive."

Flash to the Pistols singing "God Save The Queen" before further oral explanation from the tanned one.

"We attacked things that people regard as a sort of religion in life — like the Queen. We don't like the Queen in London. We don't like her at all."

And what else was subject to attack?

"Any kind of institution because they are all corrupt. They're all based on money. The only reason the Queen's there is because she's a tourist attraction."

"God Save The Queen" again — only this time accompanied by footage of the Queen sitting atop her horse in full uniform.

Miss Kate asks what precisely made him so angry about it? "It" presumably being everything."

"Because it's farcical, it's a joke, it's a pantomine, it's unreal. The things that I want I can't get.

"I want to do what I want to do without feeling interfered with by others. It's as simple as that, but you're not given a chance because it doesn't fit in with the way they want it."

But what did he want to do?

"Be myself. Howl my guts out without being banned — that's one. Drive a car without a licence — that's two. I don't see why you should pay a licence fee; that's ridiculous. You're not damaging the road."

The camera zeros in on Rotten-Cool-Lydon's right hand which holds a rather strange-looking cigarette, followed by Miss Kate telling her host that she was surprised to hear him say he didn't use heroin and was not into drug taking?

"Absolutely not, confirms a horrified man who obviously maintains a steadfast distance from such things! "Yet," Miss Kate adds menacingly, "99% of people think you are?"

"Well they're wrong totally. You see that kind of stuff just destroys you. I mean, you have the system doing its level best to destroy you so why should you help them?"

ROSS STAPLETON

THRILLS

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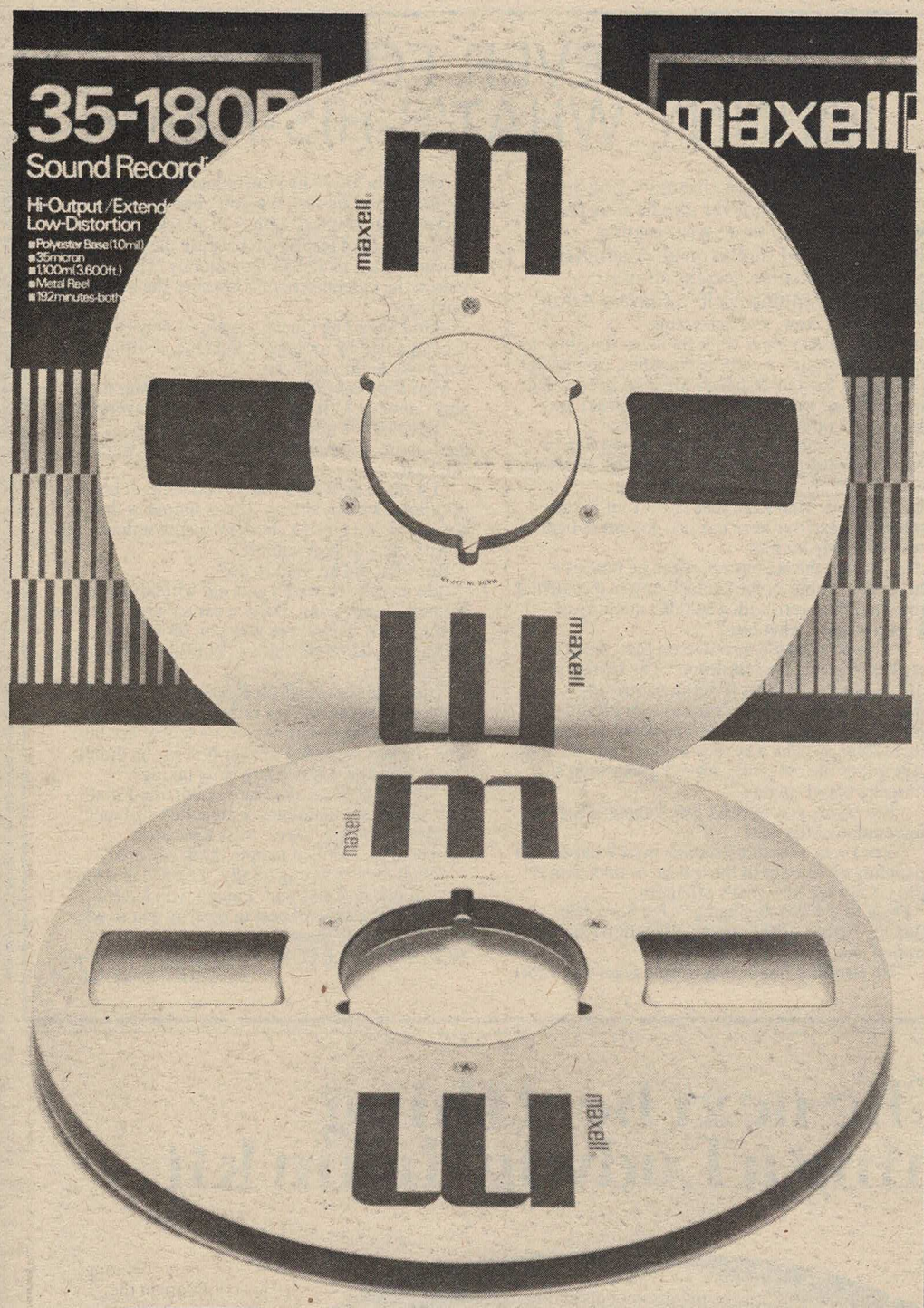

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A GLOSSARY OF interesting definitions that might be applicable to Kevin Coyne:

Songwiter *(not 'arf)*

Singer *(one of the best)*

Cult artist *(unfortunately, true)*

Maverick *(blessedly, ditto)*

Fond of his drink *(yes, but not that it ever seems to get out of control)*

Beautiful loser *(an irrefutable no for this one; Kev's not beautiful in any conventional sense of the word, nor is he a loser in any valid sense of that word)*

A rock'n'roll eccentric *(true, but there's much more going on)*

A renaissance man *(ah, that's more like it)*

Fat *(make that 'agreeably plump' or something in the 'rounded girth' milieu)*

Arguably the most disorientatingly humane, compassionate and underrated artist working within this bloated shallow medium known as 'rock' at this moment in time *(I'll drink to that)*

CASE HISTORY

KEVIN COYNE was born 35 years ago, the youngest of three brought up in a working-class Catholic household in Derby. His father was a painter/decorator, his mother a 'housewife'. His sister, some five years his senior, became a local child prodigy, a sort of Midlands' Shirley Temple who enjoyed a brief but heady popularity among the Derby mums and dads. She has since retired and become a housewife.

"The last time I heard her sing was at my wedding . . . or was it her wedding?" muses Coyne. "Lovely person, though."

(Kevin refers to virtually all 'old acquaintances' as 'lovely' people).

However, it was the eldest of the Coyne offspring, Arthur, who arguably had the most profound effect on Kevin. Ten years his elder, Arthur Coyne was, says Kevin, virtually his hero as a child — the proverbial big brother, the one that young Kevin would instinctively look up to as his invulnerable elder.

Until one day Arthur broke down and had what is commonly termed a nervous breakdown.

"That was probably the main motivating point for me getting concerned with helping what society would refer to as the 'insane'. Just watching people in your family — people you look up to, admired, and . . . loved, of course — being trampled down, being brutalised simply because they happened to be sensitive. It has to affect you."

A year ago Kevin Coyne and playwright Snoo Wilson saw their joint venture, a 'controversial' study of the Kray Brothers entitled "England England", performed to an expected slings-and-arrows critical back-lash. The Krays' angle aside (it was very much Snoo Wilson's baby as it happens), Coyne had originally envisioned the basic theme as drawing upon his relationship with his brother Arthur.

"I wanted to bring in aspects of my relationship with Arthur, because . . . ten years apart . . . it was very much like we'd come from two very distinct and different generations. He'd been one of those kids who'd grown up during the Second World War and it had left its mark on him, as it had on everyone else born around that era, in that they felt very concerned about taking the 'careful' route in life. I know he's somehow envied me for being able to choose my career, have more choices open to me, take more chances."

Coyne the younger stayed in Derby through most of his teenage years, gravitating from school to art college where he gained a diploma as an art teacher. However, his concern for social work coupled with a resolve not to get bogged down in nine to five tedium, moved him to take on a post at Whittingham Hospital near Preston, a large 'nursing home' largely concerned with the aged who, through the stresses of loneliness, senility or whatever, had lost control of their mental stability.

Coyne went to Whittingham when he was 21 as an untrained 'helper'. He spent four harrowing years there attempting to provide some quotient of comfort to his wards, while at the same time having to fight the 'conventional' policies of the hospital hierarchy tooth and nail.

"I remember . . . God, I remember one of the doctors saying to me 'Just get a bucketful of Largactyl (an oft-used form of medication that turns the patient into little more than a zombie) and that'd keep the lot of 'em happy for months.'

"It was disgusting, just having to observe all the petty conniving and trickery going on. All sorts of pilfering, trying to steal the patients' money, all the little rip-offs.

"They didn't give a damn, y'know. 'Oh here's your medication, luv. That'll keep you quiet.'

"By the end of my stay I was the only one still trying to do something positive there. It was just so obvious, really, even though in practice it could be so . . . so heartbreaking. Just spending time with them, showing you cared even a little. Just talking to 'em.

"Actually, after I left, there was a big inquiry

Matching girth & vision!

In both cases, the operative term is "broad." At a time when the unique worldviews of Elvis Costello and Ian Dury have become chartbound sounds, NICK KENT sounds a clarion call for the similar acceptance of KEVIN COYNE, a man who's been out on the fringes of rock and roll for far too long. Dangerous visions of a dangerous visionary: PENNIE SMITH.

convened to look into the running of the place. It was all incredibly petty though — like checking up on how many knives and forks had been nicked."

The Whittingham experience left Coyne, temporarily at least, exhausted, broke, depressed but, at the same time, determined to follow through with another side of his interests.

"At that point," he claims now, "I was quite ruthless about becoming a rock'n'roll star."

Coyne has always been into making music ever since his early teens, when he'd discovered a potential for projecting himself as a singer. "As far back as I can remember, kids would say — 'Ah yes, that Kev, 'e does a grand Fabian imitation.'"

And, of course, there'd been the groups of his mid-teens with names like The Vulcans and The Four Aces, with Kevin singing between bingo sessions at the Derby Hippodrome. His first love had been rock'n'roll, starting with Bill Haley through to Gary (U.S.) Bonds and Gene Vincent. With these as an influential back-bone, Coyne went on to pick up on the blues, firstly Elmore James and then Fred McDowell and Muddy Waters, all of whose gruff, imperious tones Coyne could tackle with ease.

Even the Whittingham episode wasn't altogether devoid of music-making. The earnest young social worker had performed impromptu renditions of "My Mother's Eyes" and other such evergreens to the patients as well as in the local pubs.

Towards the end of his stretch at the hospital however, Coyne formed an alliance with guitarist Dave Clague. They recorded rough demos together on a cheap tape recorder. In the late '60s the white blues boom was still very much a force to be reckoned with, and the tapes found their way onto the Revox of Mike Vernon, svengali of the then-blossoming Blue Horizon Records, home of Fleetwood Mac and Chicken Shack. Seeing in these primitive Coyne-Clague forays some dint of an exciting dual talent, Vernon called the pair down from the North to London only to lose interest — claims Coyne — when they arrived.

The discarded tapes then somehow fell within earshot of John Peel who, along with partner Clive Selwood, had just started Dandelion Records, a 'minority appeal' label subsequently the home of such disparate entities as whitsome folkie Bridget St John, the horribly pretentious Principal Edwards Magic Theatre and the more promising primitivism of Medicine Head. Coyne and Clague, now stationed in London's urban swell, formed a three-pronged alliance with pianist Nick Cudworth. The trio become known as 'Siren' and used a disparate array of pick-up drummers and bass-players for studio and live endeavours.

A MOTLEY collective was Siren. As front-man Kevin Coyne portrayed hardly your prototype nascent rock star with his amiably wild visual, short dumpy physique redolent of some rugby player extra from *This Sporting Life*, clothes that had that distinctly 'lived-in" (not to mention 'slept-in') look, not to mention the matted anarchic hanks of hair which hung over his forehead like so much seaweed.

More to the point was that expression — the face — peering out from under the aforementioned debris of curls. Coyne's face is in effect the perfect example of that species of post-war discontent and railing intensity that John Osbourne typified in his "Angry Young Man" sagas.

Siren — the band itself — was doomed to the kind of anonymity that finds sanctuary only amongst a measly cult or two, purveying mostly an agreeable often affection functional brand of good-time rock with-an-edge that inevitably lost out in the mass acceptance stakes due to a distinct lack of topicality or trendy conceits. Or a pretty lead singer, maybe. Anyway, two albums — "Siren" and "Strange Locomotion" — are still traceable in the cheaper sections of London's second hand record shops as a vinyl obituary.

Siren did in fact record a third album, entitled "Rabbits", which had it been released would have provided us with a coherent link between the group's studio activities and the far more unorthodox bent that their main component-singer was readying himself to embark upon. In fact, evidence of the latter came in the form of an album "Case History", a Kevin Coyne solo effort that has been made available in certain European countires and which acts as the perfect preface to the otherwise dramatic advent of Coyne's first spectacular release, the Virgin double-set "Marjory Razorblade".

"Marjory" remains arguably Coyne's most dramatic and disarmingly effective vinyl statement of intent. It is here, over four sides of disorientating outporings, that the artist finally gets his vision in focus, grabbing the chance with an iron grip and almost puking forth song after song, whether it be careering through acted-out vignettes like "Karate Kid" and "This Is Spain", hollering out old A. P. Carter spirituals or rocking out on a feisty ready-made like the gorgeously rumbustious "Marlene".

"Marjory Razorblade" is *the* Kevin Coyne album in that it at last presents the listener with the artist's master plan, fermented with all his harrowing insights and experiences (the Whittingham years are chillingly encapsulated into the classically harrowing "House On The Hill", for example), all the warmth and humour and brutality of Coyne's particular vision of life which starts when all the facades and genteel barriers are dropped, and pouring out in one-take shards of tragi-comic intensity. "Marjory" then is Coyne's blue-print, containing a handful of songs — primarily "House", the title track, and perhaps principally the "Talking to no-one is strange/Talking to someone is stranger" number — that still provide much of the back-bone of his repertoire throughout all the differing units.

Talking about the album, Coyne recalls that the sessions at The Manor were the most enjoyable and inspiring of all his subsequent studio forays. "I remember one guy . . . who shall remain nameless . . . who said about me — 'Oh that Kevin, he's all inspiration and nothing else. He can never follow it through.'" He sniggers to himself and then becomes serious. "My one possible drawback . . . it's strange because at the same time it's my strongest asset in a way . . . is that I write so quickly. I never labour over songs. They come incredibly easily to me."

Coyne's propensity for extensive outpourings of new material has borne him ably through a gamut of striking albums. "Blame It On The Night" followed "Razorblade" — less brutal, more varied instrumentation but containing at least two masterpieces to add to the Coyne pantheon in the title track and the epic "River Of Sin". Then came "Matching Head & Feet", a sustained blast of savagely-honed uneasy listening with "Turpentine's" nighmare vision of the dark side of suburbia, and the gruelling "Saviour" tempered by the warm respite of "Sunday Morning Sunrise".

"Heartburn", his next, was the weakest collection so far. But this was more than compensated for by last year's double set, "In Black And White" which, along with "Razorblade" and "Dynamite Daze" (dealt with in depth elsewhere in these pages with diligent thoughtfulness by Monty Smith), forms the N. Kent version of The Essential Kevin Coyne.

And yet a simple run-through of available Coyne vinyl doesn't do the breadth of the man's artistry comple justice. Kevin Coyne you see, is not just another worthy cult-bound rock'n'roll but a man committed to functioning in a proverbial gamut of diverse forms.

His paintings flank the walls of the (exceedingly) modest house where Coyne, his wife of 13 years marriage, Lesley, and their two sons reside, overlooking the dour Wandsworth Road, while his work for the theatre, poems and narrative prose lay strewn on shelves, waiting for some benevolent force with the correct vision and wherewithal to grant them an outlet and the proper exposure.

For every song gracing Virgin vinyl there remains another one written for *England, England* (the aforementioned Wilson-Coyne presentation which at least did get a showing, though it garnered only derogatory thoughtless reviews), or for *I'll Go Too* (another Wilson collaboration in the works), or for *Babble* (a brilliant Coyne solo play which documents the lives of a couple whose romance takes on a "you-and-me-against-the-world" stand). Or those songs like the heartwrenching "All The Battered Babies", which Coyne wrote for Kenneth Tynan's follow-up to *Oh Calcutta!* but which was turned down "because it was too real". The only concession to this plethora of brilliance collecting dust has so far been an album, released only in selected European countries, entitled "Beautiful Extremes". A British release date seems unlikely.

HAVING READ A bunch of old Coyne interviews before confronting him myself, I was expecting an aggressive, frustrated man loaded with venom and anger for all the closed ears and lack of attention meted out to his passionate outpourings. One Coyne quote stood out most of all. Reprinted in the sleeve notes to "In Black and White" it reads like a proud and purposeful declaration of war against all-purpose mediocrity.

"There are a lot of mavericks about . . . very perceptive people who refuse to be controlled by the business. They're all going to come through. It's already starting to happen. We'll just have to steam in and sort a few people out. Do a bit of damage. We'll come through. Infect a bit of humanity and reality into music. We'll make it. We ***have*** *to. I'm quite prepared to take on the whole fuckin' world!"*

That declaration is now exactly two years old. Between then and now, the New Wave has crashed down, The Sex Pistols and The Clash have seized the time and smashed a mass of barriers, while real solo mavericks like Mssrs Elvis Costello and Ian Dury have gang-busted their feisty brew into the realms of the placebo-sated Top Ten.

And Kevin Coyne?

Well, nothing much has changed success-wise, but the man himself has mellowed. In our two sessions together, he never tore into a rage but instead seemed more pensive (and dare one say?), mellow and philosophical about his lot.

Instead of a vitriolic barrage of abuse, Coyne seemed wiser and yet more confident that, given time, his work would be picked up on by the audience it was aimed at — all those faceless crowds out in the suburbs hiding their neuroses and fears that Coyne wishes to confront and comfort.

When asked why he still persists in using rock'n'roll as his premier vocation in the face of all the corruption and shallow designs of the business, he comes to life when stating:

"Because rock'n'roll is so wonderful, so . . . full of guts. All that energy . . . God, it's so beautiful I just want it to grow up a bit more. It has that capacity. Christ, it doesn't have to be adolescent music. It's got to grow up, for Chrissake. That's what I believe and that's exactly what I'm putting into practice.

"Right now, I'm sitting back a bit and waiting. I've produced a massive volume of songs that have gone largely unnoticed and I've just got to wait for people to catch up. That's all."

Meanwhile, he still paints (the Dutch magazine *Oor* is running a series of his paintings each issue)' still writes (two books are in the pipeline) and there's always more recording to do.

Most of all Coyne seems illuminated by his collaborative work. Working on plays with Snoo Wilson, writing songs with Bob Ward (the pair's gorgeously evocative "Juliet And Mark" is one of "Dynamite Daze"'s premier delights), playing gigs with Zoot Money. Coyne, for all the public neglect, is indeed a blessed man.

And when he states, almost in passing, "In the last year, I've eased up — now I get so much more out of just looking at the sun," it sounds not like some schmaltzy aside but the statement of a man who has truly found some kind of inner peace.

A true renaissance man and compassionate, profound artist in a frontier full of ego-obsessed callow fools, his work is too precious to be overlooked that much longer. The name again is Kevin Coyne. To listen to his music, like all great art, is to know more about yourself. The sermon ends.

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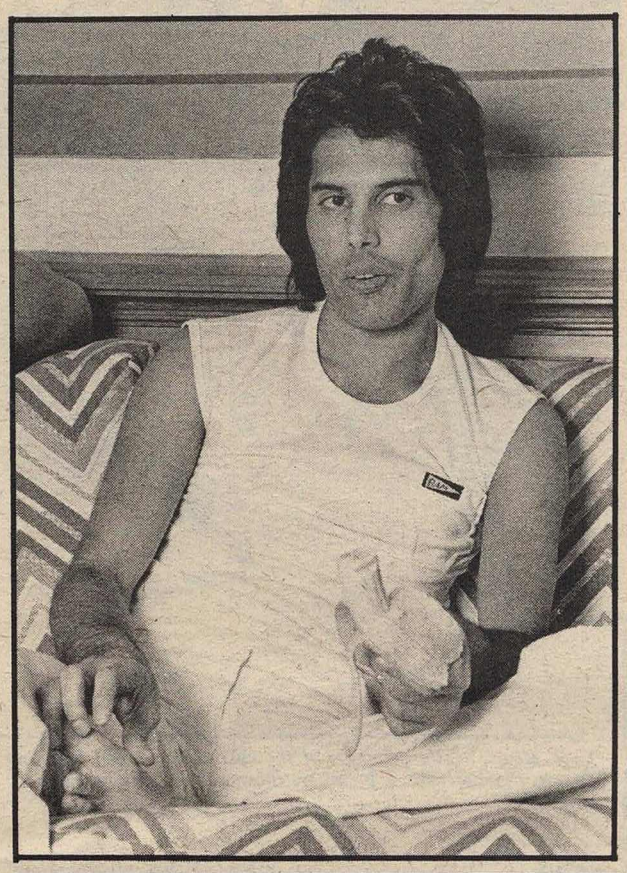
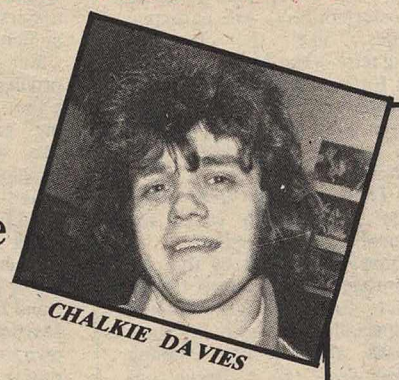
ROCK PHOTOGRAPHY

SIDESWIPE



Backstage passes: the Chalkie Davies exhibition



CHALKIE DAVIES

PICS AND drugs and rock and roll" ran the slogan on the invitation to the opening night party of *NME* lensman Chalkie Davies' exhibition at the Battersea Arts Centre.

There was certainly plenty of both the former and the latter at the bash for "Backstage Passes."

The halls were bedecked with pics of just about every major artist to have passed before Chalkie's cameras over the past few years, caught in both public and private situations (Alex Harvey asleep on a train (right), a bikini-ed Suzi Quatro towelling her back by a swimming pool, David Bowie in both "Aladdin Sane" and Thin White Duke incarnations, Nick Lowe deep in conversation with Andy Williams, Elton John with and without hair transplant, Paul McCartney looking dewy-eyed and cute . . .the list is as endless as it's impressive).

Even such non-rock-mainstream figures as *Roots* author Alex Haley, was-Jah-an-astronaut merchant Erik von Daniken and Muhammad Ali are represented.

To top it all off, there's the ultimate Thin Lizzy library, and a splendidly synched colour slide show set to music from Lizzy's upcoming live album.

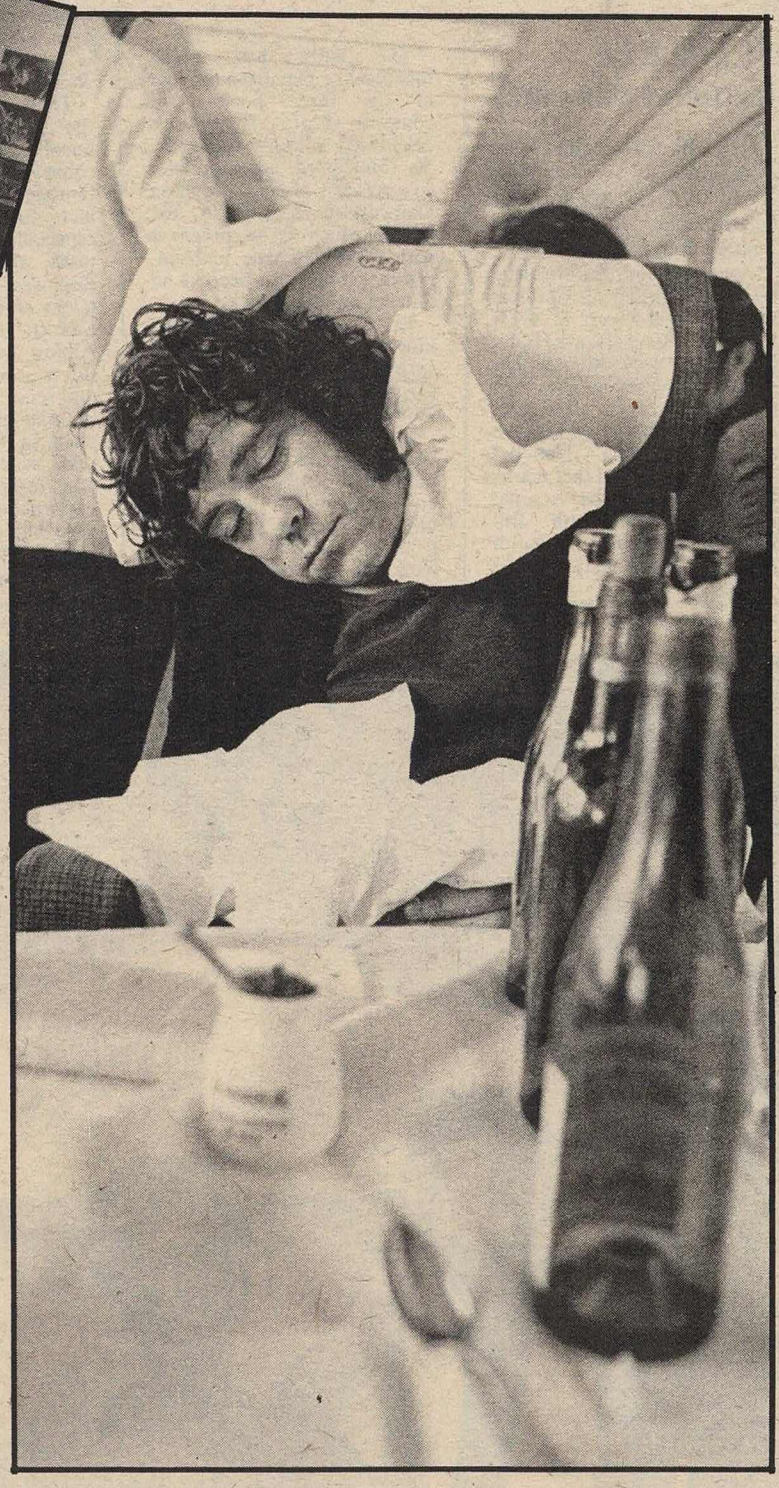
Blast Furnace and The Heatwaves did their best to make the assembled guests behave like a rock and roll audience, with guest appearances both scheduled and unscheduled by Johnny Guitar and Zenon de Fleur from The Count Bishops, and a very merry Phil Lynott, who leapt on stage and commandeered the mike during "Can't Stop The Boy."

Lizzies, Boomtown Rats and Motorheads mingled with the masses, and a fair old time was had by all.

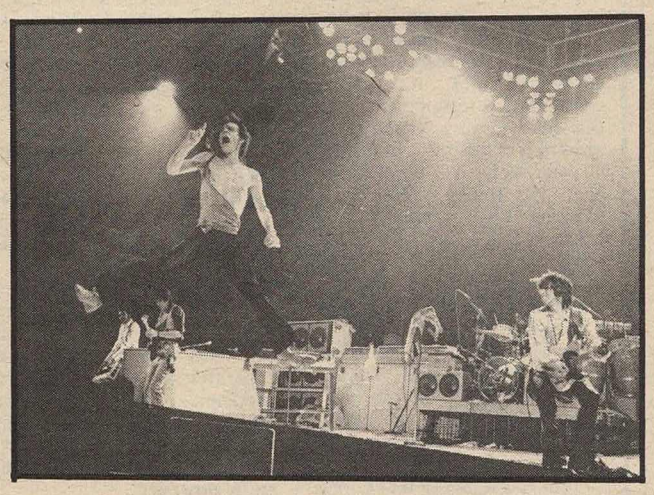
Even without all the assorted goings-on, the exhibition itself is well worth your time (specially 'cause it's free) if you're within travelling distance of Battersea.

The whole shebang runs until the 22nd of April, so haul ass down there . . . and tell 'em *NME* sent ya.

F. Stopp



***MOMENTS OF** action and inaction, captured by the alert camera of Chalkie Davies. Starting off opposite, and going round clockwise, we have the splendidly coiffured Bill Nelson, the expertly manicured toe-nails of Freddie Mercury, a dishevelled, dilapidated Alex Harvey, a tranquil John Peel, Keith Richard, and the Stones at Earls Court.*



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SIDESWIPE AT THE THEATRE

"Lark Rise"

NATIONAL THEATRE

THIS PLAY marks the occasion of yet another foray into the theatre for consistently enterprising Ashley Hutchings.

As a member of Steeleye Span, he worked on *Corunna* at the Royal Court in 1971; with The Albion (Dance) Band he offered contributions to *The Passion*, a version of the York medieval mystery plays, last year. Now The Albion have returned, in a National Theatre production that marks the reunion of the original *Corunna* team, with Bill Bryden (director) and Keith Dewhurst (dramatist).

The latter has pieced together the play from the first of the three books that comprise Flora Thompson's celebrated trilogy, *Lark Rise To Candleford*, a comprehensive account of rural life in an Oxfordshire hamlet in the 1880s, which is so pregnant with socio-economic undertones that it has now become an O-level set book.

Far from academic, however, this production is sprightly, full of the joys of spring, summer and sometimes autumn.

Dewhurst has skilfully edited the incidents in the book, and distilled from them an impression of an average day; the action thus moves from the activities of dawn (children gathering mushrooms; the men departing to work in the fields) to those of the evening, (socialising in the ale-house).

In between are threaded both routine events of the daily round (domestic preparations, the arrival of the travelling costermongers) and particular ones, like the haunting vignette when Major Sharman is forcibly taken to the workhouse. (There is a parallel, even more harrowing, incident in Laurie Lee's *Cider With Rosie*).

There can be no doubt about the success with which the bucolic atmosphere is conveyed — both by the cast (among whom Warren Clarke and Brian Glover seemed especially to warm to their tasks, and Caroline Embling displayed an effervescent talent as the autobiographical Laura); the songs of the Albion Band, which amplify the proceedings in more than one sense; and the richness of the dialogue — Dewhurst has piled in all the idiosyncratic rustic saws of the book. My one reservation is that the construction goes awry during an unbalanced last half-hour.

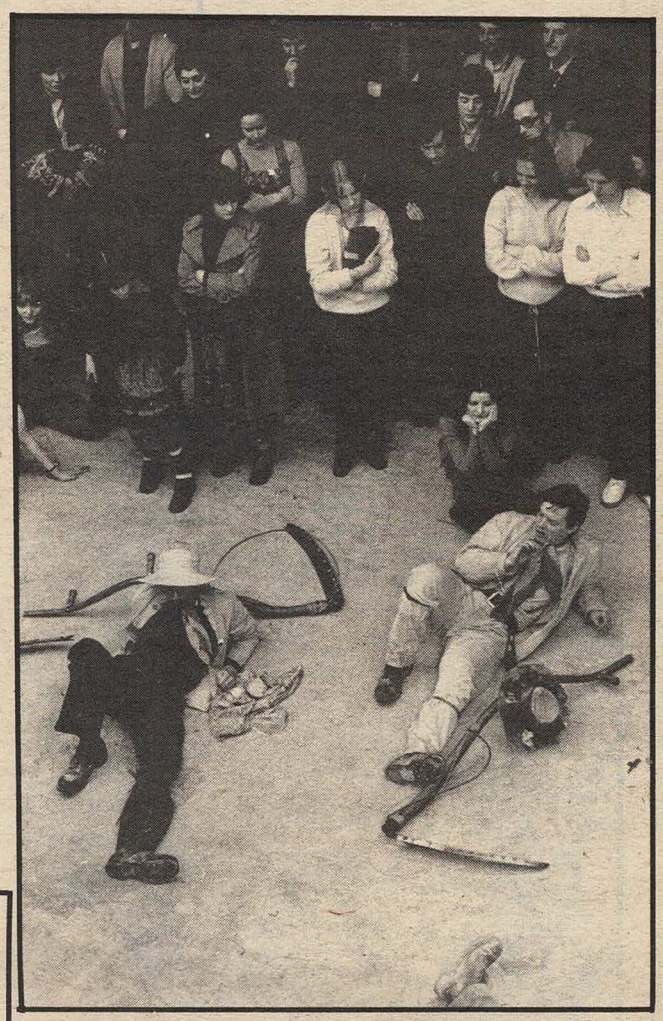
Lark Rise, in the smallest of the National's three auditoriums, is a promenade production. This means that it takes place over the entire floor of the theatre, without a conventional stage; members of the cast thus mingle with, bolt through and once or twice scythe aside members of an understandably disconcerted audience.

Surveying the action from a privileged seat above (press, y'see), I considered the "staging" and the use of the audience as optional extras very imaginative and effective; I cannot deny, though, that I would hardly have relished being an involuntary part of the action myself.

For the occasion, the Albion Band have been augmented by Martin Carthy (who added his own touch of realism by forgetting the opening line of one of his songs) and Shirley Collins; they, together with the band's own vocalist, John Tams, make histrionic as well as musical contributions.

After completing its run at the National, the production will be seen next in Milton Keynes, no doubt to enable the local populace to assess the depredations of progress for themselves.

Bob Woffinden



"Lark Rise": while members of the cast (John Tams, left, and Warren Clarke) take a breather, those in the audience look on enviously.

The punk's dilemma

"His Master's Voice"

(7: 84 Theatre Co., Scotland)

GLASGOW CITIZENS THEATRE

IF YOU still think of political theatre as epic naivety and tired cliches about workers' struggles, then it's time you were introduced to the 7 : 84 Theatre Company.

Because this Scottish company present excellent witty musical entertainment, and based it on such telling points that if by the end of the fun you still haven't got the message then you're either too rich to care or too dumb to know where your interests lie.

His Master's Voice is the latest in the Scottish company's excellent track record of committed entertainment, and this time they've turned their attention to the music industry.

Tam Skelly is a punk musician. His father ("We are a working class family") and Mother ("We are a middle class family") live in one of Glasgow's brand new slums.

Father ("I vote Labour") is a socialist and adheres to his class. Mother ("I vote SNP") is disillusioned and still hankers after something better, i.e. more brand new consumer goods to make *her* feel brand new.

Tam too wants to feel brand new, so he looks to (naturally) rock music, ("Brand new Punk music makes the dead kids feel brand new.") He's spotted by Steve X. Hippy, the university graduate who's been swallowed by the system and found the joys of (being right on the side of) capitalism.

Steve and his seductive assistant Suzy see the marketable potential in our Tam and want to ensnare him so that they can profit from his making the kids feel brand new.

This of course means signing a new contract, and thereby hangs the crux of the play — does Tam sign up and become part of the system he professes to reject (Jimmy Pursey, Joe Strummer *et al* please note), or does he reject the deal and the wealth that may go with it?

There follows the dream sequence in which Tam's conflicting emotions show themselves; the clash between friends like his girlfriend Alice (superbly played by Ann Louise Ross as the punk with ideology but no theory) and the image spiels reeled off by the business; and finally a colossal family argument between Mother (the excellent Terry Neason) and Father (author David Anderson).

The end comes in true 7 : 84 fashion with an expose of the works of the dream machine and the way it preys on people's hopes, dreams and emotions in order to make more money for those who already have the millions.

The kids just don't understand what they're up against and how it separates the organised from the disorganised, the employed from the unemployed, as it sells kids to kids for profit.

They can't understand either — unless they're shown it and that's what the 7 : 84 are so good at.

It's not, of course, intended to be a true delineation of punk, though punk inspired the show.

The real point is that while each one of us likes to think we're the ruler of our own minds, the mind has already been infiltrated by the music machine.

Space prevents enumerating even half the clever and funny exposures that the 7 : 84 cram into this entertainment that separates the dream and the dreamers, but in particular their superb job on local radio should not go unmentioned.

It's all excellent awakening stuff, however.

If you can't get to see this particular show, you can obtain an EP with some of the very good music from the show from the 7 : 84 Company at 58 Queen Street, Edinburgh.

Send a quid, ask for The Legendary Living Room Suite and you won't regret it.

7 : 84? That means 7 per cent of the population of this country owns 84 per cent of the wealth.

Remember that next time you go round to buy a brand new album to make you feel brand new.

Ian Cranna

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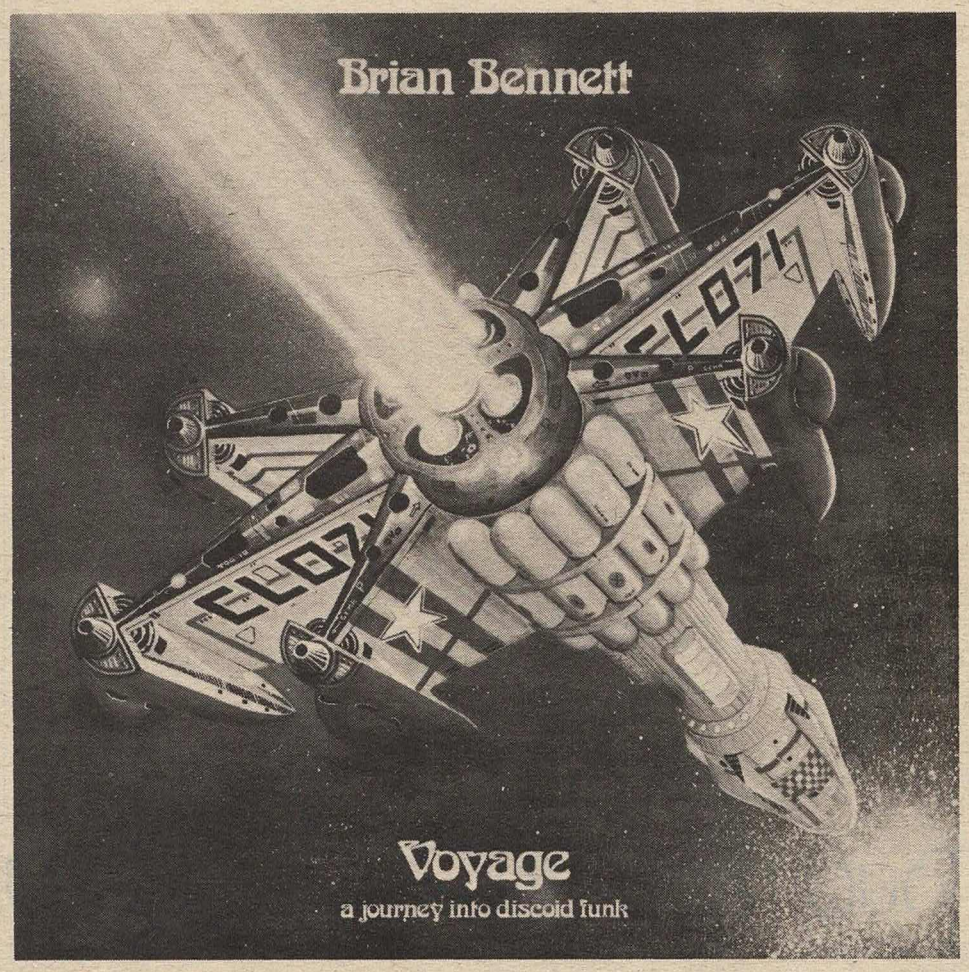

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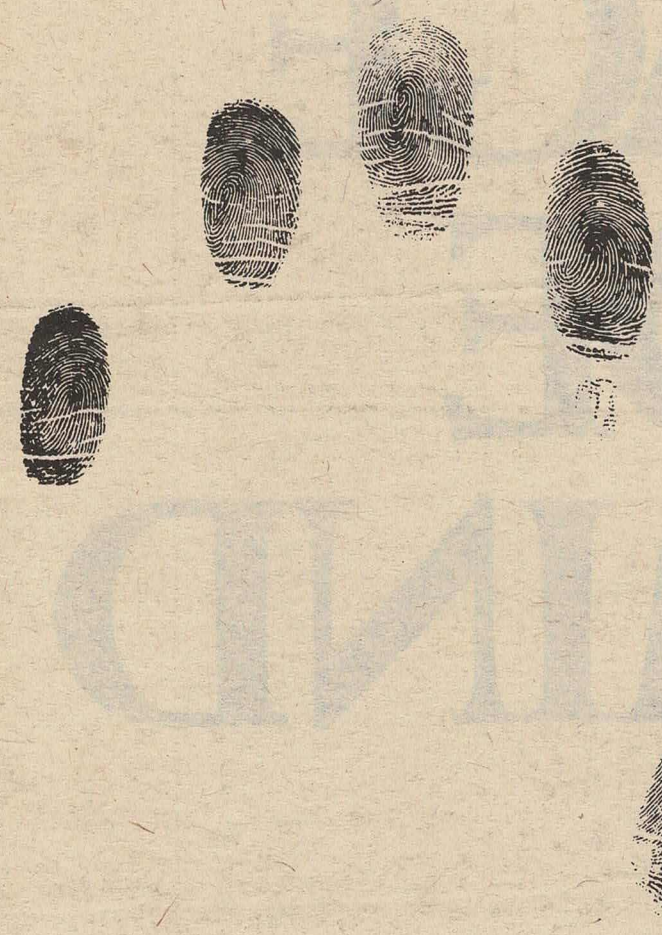
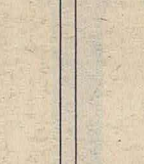


Touch and Go/Goldfinger



A new single by MAGAZINE

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25 LIVERPOOL ERIC'S
26 BIRMINGHAM BARBARELLAS
27 BRISTOL TIFFANYS
28 PLYMOUTH METRO
30 CROYDON GREYHOUND
MAY
5 MANCHESTER RAFTERS
7 LONDON ROUNDHOUSE

SINGLES

LOVE SONG AND SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE DIAMONDS: Sweet Lady (Virgin). Not a stray shot from Rockers Time, but a bona fide Sevenday Special. The last time they let me wander through this column, I bemoaned the lack of reggae (JA or GB) singles in the charts. And I'm still moaning.

Despite Island's apparent reluctance to release his other, equally strong 45s like "Smile, Jamaica" and "Jah Love", Bob Marley's direct hits from "Exodus" and "Kaya" have certainly oiled the action some, as has Steel Pulse's "Klu Klux Klan", now hovering opportunely in the lower regions of the Top 50. But that's not enough really.

The Diamonds themselves have ground to regain after their abortive recording with Allen Toussaint, a mixed marriage that wasn't satisfactorily consummated. "Sweet Lady" is presumably a taster from their upcoming third Virgin album. There's a case to be made for claiming the love song brings out the best in reggae, and "Lady" makes that case hard and fast. The keynote here is strength through simplicity.

The song rocks around the mid-tempo marks with finely honed horns, mercurial guitar and celestial chorus. The lead and harmony vocals are exquisite, worthy of Curtis Mayfield And The Impressions in their prime. Same goes for the flip, not a dub but another pearl of listening pleasure in "Jah Will Work It Out". The Diamonds, once officially Mighty, are still so unofficially. Once you've heard, spread the word — and Jah save us from Limbs & Co. dangling to this on *TOTP*.

IAN DURY OF THE WEEK

IAN DURY: What A Waste (Stiff). After releasing one of the decade's finest 45s in "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll" and following up with a touching tribute to a late lamented rocker in "Sweet Gene Vincent," what can any Bouncing Blockhead crease next?

Well, "What A Waste" lists a sly list of what them down at the local Labour like to call 'alternative employment situations', and runs as follows: *"I could be a lawyer with stratagems and muses/I could be a doctor with poultices and bruises/I could be a writer with a growing reputation/I could be the ticket man at Fulham railway station"*, and so forth. What a way with the word, eh?

But there's method in the madness, since this is Dury's enigma variation on the theme of selling the soul (ho, ho) for rock 'n' roll. As it is, Dury pumps whole gallons of blood into the old horse, also neatly twists its tail in the chorus.

There's an added attraction in the strange exchange of views between Dury's Anglicisms and The Blockheads' urbane brand of funk, synthesisers an optional extra. Backside you'll encounter "Wake Up" from "New Boots And Panties!!" even better at 45. "Don't fuck about or else", it seez on the label. I'll be on my way then.

GOLD CROSS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF POETRY AWARD OF THE WEEK

PATTI SMITH: Because The Night (Arista). The best and worst of Patti Smith in 9.06, an offer you *can* refuse. Although sceptical about La Smith in general and her sermons on the nature of life, love and death in particular, I can't argue with the excellence of "Because The Night".

Co-written with Bruce Springsteen, it clocks in at 3.00 dead (or alive), the perfect length for a near perfect single.

A brief piano intro falls away for Smith and her group's passionate performance. Everything's fraught with the fever, especially the hawksharp guitar and chorus hooks.

Meanwhile the flip, a weary, dreary dirge by name of "God Speed", is infuriating piffle, bedraggled huffing and puffing all for the sake of instant 'art'. On the soft focus cover Patti preens coyly, lilies in her hair, like Proserpine about to prance through the fields. Come on, Pluto, take her away.

MAGAZINE: Touch And Go/Goldfinger (Virgin). Whither '78's balding breakout? "Touch And Go" pulls nothing like the punch of "Shot By Both Sides". It doesn't really touch target until the coda, an eerie guitar figure over string ensemble. The lyrics fail to twist and turn their sense as intended — dazed Devoto no casual Casanova. The viscous swirl of "Goldfinger" (as in Bond and Bassey) takes on from where Roxy Music's "The Thrill Of It All" left off, but Devoto's exaggeration of the original's already mannered melodrama cuts no ice; an instrumental version might have hit harder. Much too much too soon for Magazine? Take your time, Howie, and never mind the hairloss. We're not all Devo yet; some of us'd rather be Devoto instead.

JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERES: Yankee Wheels (Stiff). Debut dip from Akron, Ohio's latest spawning. Ms Aire sings somewhere between Kate Bush and Patti Smith on an odd plod that in turn hangs somewhere between *motorik* and monkey business. Off beat rhythms and off beat words. Maybe "wheels" is an affectionate paean to the mobile homes of Middle America. Maybe it's not. "Nasty Nice" is neither of either really, Ms Aire banshee wails, the band riff or tiff, and violinist Emily Ruth admits she's not ready for any Paganini variations. Passing strange, but lacking the charisma of the dreadful Devo.

SOFT MACHINE: Soft Space (Harvest). Babbled on (and on) about this when reviewing the Soft's recent album. Here you get edited (4.07) and disco (5.30) versions of Karl Jenkins' foray into *mekanik* magic. The single pressing adds dance drive and dream depth. Don't let the *Ritz* chic currently clamped to disco dissuade you from exploring some of the music's more positive achievements, such as this and side two of Donna Summer's "Once Upon A Time."

PAUL JONES: Pretty Vacant (RSO). Paul *Privilege* Jones returns again, this time with positive proof that Glen Matlock furnished the Pistols with pop sensibility. The full orchestra, choir and rock band treatment almost works. Rotten's grandmum might like it. But RSO stuffed the wrong bird in backing "Vacant" over its flip, a truly grin-gaining version of The Ramones' "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker". Arranger Nick Ingram slows everything down to ballad pace once more, emphasising the latent Beach Boys influences in Da Brudders' woik with schlocky strings and high school harmonies. Jeanius, maan, sheer hole - in - the - knee jeanius.

TELEVISION: Foxhole (Elektra). Dunno about either TV or Television. Granted Verlaine is a gifted guitarist, but his singing and songwriting are often plainly inadequate. "Foxhole" begs and borrows from "Jumping Jack Flash" and is solely redeemed by Verlaine's scrabbled solos. The song tries to view the world from a Vietnam GI's dug out, but with little insight, only pedantry.

PROFESSOR LONGHAIR: Mess Around (Harvest). Ticklish twosome from the New Orleans piano man's recent "Queen Mary" set. Both are instrumentals, save for some scatting on "Tipitina". Longhair's a double delight — firm rhhythms, flying scales — and his band don't let him down as badly as elsewhere on the album. Party potential.

PROCOL HARUM: A Whiter Shade Of Pale (Cube). These we have loved, part 459. Never did trace the Bach fugue this was supposedly based on, though I doubt Johann Sebastian would have been overly offended at this hallowing adaptation of his musical maths. You lose "Lime Street", the original flip, for "Homburg", the second and possibly superior single.

JIMMY CLIFF: Wild World (Island). An enigmatic figure, Cliff's career has suffered since he left Jamaica to record elsewhere, but the four songs on this EP are mainly old and mostly gold. "The Harder They Come" remains a reggae classic. "You Can Get It If You Really Want" rings just as true in its way. "Wonderful World, Beautiful People" much less so. Cat Stevens' "Wild World" signalled the first of several attempts by Cliff to broaden his musical beam and almost succeeds, the diluted reggae rhythm suiting the song as well as might be expected.

JOAN ARMATRADING: Warm Love (A&M). Choice ballad backed by the sassy strut of "Get In The Sun", both from "Show Some Emotion". Armatrading aficionados might care to know that Pam Nestor, her onetime co-writer, has a supple voice and songs of her own, also a formidable band in Magic — the only bee in the

MORE SINGLES PLUS ROCKERS TIME OVER PAGE

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY ANGUS MacKINNON

Who's afraid of the
KU KLUX KLAN?
"...Those cowards only kill who they fear
That's why they hide behind
The hoods and cloaks they wear..."
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SINGLES

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

butter being the lack of a recording contract. Soon come, I hope.

JOURNEY: Wheel In The Sky (CBS). Mucho macho-mystico mumblings from U.S. metal band that includes drummer Aynsley Dunbar and ex-Santanas Gregg Rolie and Neal Schon. The flip informs us "We can do what we want if we try" — me I'd erase all evidence of Bad Company's existence, so then outfits like Journey and Foreigner would have no reason to be or believe. Which brings me to —

FOREIGNER: Feels Like The First Time (Atlantic). "But now I've found you, together we can make history" — hi there, Anthony and Cleopatra, Ginger and Fred, Porgy and Bess, not forgetting Rob and Jane at the back of the 52 bus. Platinum with a pancake.

THE JACKSONS: Music's Takin' Over (Epic). No, machines are. Talking of which . . .

ULTRAVOX!: Retro (Island). Interim EP from automated androids. Songs include "The Wild, The Beautiful And The Damned", "My Sex", "Young Savage" and "The Man Who Dies Every Day". So *very* tiresome, all this blubber about inner urban anxiety and modern man as machine. Only Bowie can get away with it. And anyhow — SF writer J G Ballard thought all this through years ago. He drew it harrowing, often insane; Ultravox! draw it titillating, often inane. After sex, punk, disco and death, there will *not* be Ultravox!

SUBWAY SECT: Nobody's Scared (Braik). Can't crawl through this at all. Sounds more like primordial Hawkwind with instrumental tracks sped up from 33 to 45. A glob of gloom.

SUBWAY SUCK: NRK/AE Spyr (Snowball). Same again, only maybe they're German and maybe they like Motorhead.

BEE GEES: Night Fever (RSO); YVONNE ELLIMAN: If I Can't Have You (RSO). Liked *Saturday Night Fever,* but can't quell sneakin' suspicions that the movie was merely some vast promo ploy on the part of Robert Stigwood. I think his artists' credits even *preceded* the cast's. But however sumptuous their disco settings, the Brothers Gibb still sing silly. Compare their nasal whinings with vocals on almost any other disco item and you'll realise they disregard one of the prime rules of the dance floor; they whimper *so* lamely they actively distract attention from body and beat. Elliman's offering is more soft soul than disco, although her voice lends a slight song more weight than it deserves.

THE ONLY ONES: Another Girl, Another Planet (CBS). Maybe this is unrepresentative, but I fail to see why Nick Kent bothered to write at such great length about these gentlemen the other week. "Another Girl" steps off smartly with curling co-axial guitars, but singer Peter Perrett soon douses the fire. Do we really need an Anglicised Lou Reed? Brought to you by Vengeance Productions — what have we done to deserve it?

BONNIE TYLER: Here I Am (RCA). Some acoustic dressing, backbeat beef, strings and salad as before, but hardly *cordon bleu* and, as such, almost an insult to RCA's female Rod Stewart.

MAGGIE RYDER: Don't Play Another Love Song (Polydor). Potentially Polydor's Jenny Darren. Burdensome ballad and feckless funk. Note cunning PR work in the name and its close resemblance to Ms Tyler's.

OUTCASTS: You're A Decease (IT). *IT* as in *International Times?* Have these aging subversives no scruples or spelling? Label copy reads "Yesterday's Hit Tomorrow". Please amend on future pressings to "Yesterday's Misses Today". Identipunk.

HIGH ENERGY: Love Is All You Need (Motown). How the Motown have fallen. Playing, production and performance like sub-standard Labelle circa "Chameleon".

LAST RESORT: Having Fun? (Red Meat). Not really. Mild metal fatigue produced in Cambridge and distributed from Oxford. Mind you, I'm vegetarian.

BILLY JOEL: She's Always A Woman (CBS). Nice to know there are still things you can rely on. Reconditioned Elton John.

STADIUM DOGS: Easy Beat (Magnet). Second single from Swindon fivesome boasting an ex-XTC member in Jon Perkins. All three songs might be early XTC demos for all you can tell. Too alike, too late.

U-ROY: Live At The Lyceum (Virgin). Veteran but vivacious JA DJ and toaster recorded as above. Tracks are "Runaway Girl", "Babylon Burning", "Chalice In The Palace" and "Wear You to The Ball." Strong rhythms but strictly for the fan, I fear.

THE BISHOPS: I Take What I Want (Chiswick). Snazzy slamming somewhere between bar room blues and backroom R&B. Solid and staple, straight and true.

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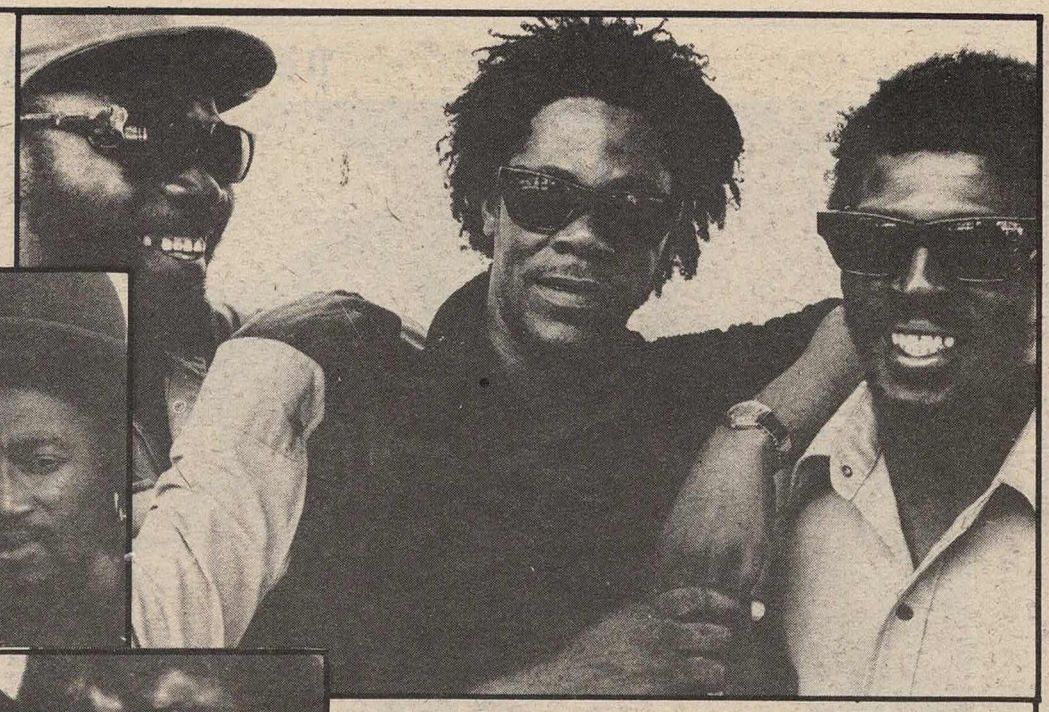
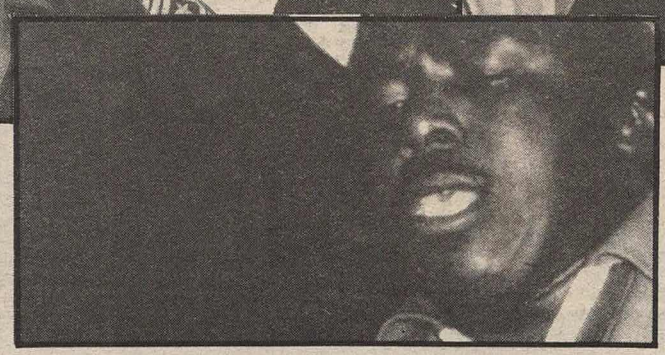
ROCKERS TIME

By DOUGIE THOMSON





Above: CULTURE. Right: GLADIATORS. Below: I-ROY.

BOB ANDY: The Ghetto Stay In The Mind (Sky Note). A disillusioned view of ghetto life, where nothing has changed in the ten years since Bob last visited . . . *"the same old brother on the corner, smoking on the same old spliff"*.

The ghetto mentality doesn't change, and neither do the people, for whom there is still little hope. A depressing worldview but the singing and the heavy pounding rhythm make it an excellent single, it you can accept the lyrics. Magnificently forceful dub on the flip, courtesy Sonia Pottinger.

Bob's name sake **HORACE ANDY's "Girl I Love You" (Chanan Jah)** has been out for a few months, but it's worth a mention all the same as a fairly enjoyable and pretty love song, well suited to the singer's high tenor. Flip is "Auntie Lulu", a likeable talkover from Ranking Trevor in the U-Roy vein.

JAH STITCH: Third World Stable (Third World). I have never been too enamoured of Jah Stitch's drawling style, and here it's doubly sad that Stitch's toast is so lame (reciting "Old King Cole", I ask your!), as the record features the best bass line in the whole batch — a waste.

I don't know how **THE GLADIATORS** manage to write such good songs so consistently. Their **"Stick A Bush" (Virgin Front Line)** is yet another triumph for producer Prince Tony and the group — a maddeningly catchy chorus, folky melody and excellent uptempo backing. I still haven't a clue what the song's about, but what does that matter? The B-side, "Music makers From Jamaica" is also from their essential new album "Proverbial Reggae".

The other two singles on Virgin's Front Line label are less interesting. **JAH LLOYD THE BLACK LION's "This Ya Sound"** is another lacklustre talkover; easily forgotten, with not a single memorable line and pedestrian backing. It needed three people to write this? **I-ROY's** "Fire Stick" is better, a more interesting record in all departments, with Roy Reid talking well over an enjoyable rhythm track. However, it's a little too repetitive to be a truly worthwhile buy. I-Roy has made a lot of better records than this.

15 16 17: Emotion (DEB Music 12-inch). This young trio are a talented outfit who can only improve with time. When they start doing more of their own songs they should be monstrous. In the meantime this cover of the current Samantha Sang bland-out will do them no harm at all. It includes the important ingredient the hit version lacks most — (you guessed) emotion.

TAPPER ZUKIE and KNOWLEDGE: What's Yours (New Star 12-inch). Tapper Zukie has high praise for Knowledge, the first act signed to his New Star label. I share his enthusiasm for their brand of 'African Reggae', a highly percussive form with semi-chanted vocals and accapella sections. "What's Yours" treads on at a fair pace and has a decent chorus — Tapper's in fine form again now, judging by the evidence of this, the "New Star" single and his "She Want A Phensic" pre-release. "Make Faith" on the flip is another strong track and it has an unforgettable chorus. Check this one.

GIDEON JAH RUBBAAL: Love Rasta (Greensleeves). Probably the worst record so far released on the Greensleeves label, but don't let that put you off, because it's still a pretty good disc, featuring some highly enjoyable organ playing. Gideon himself has a pretty voice and it's an okay song.

THE LIONS: Natty Congo I (Truth and Right). The group is misnamed. The Kittens would be more apt for this cliched little combo after this predictable hunk of dross. The chick singers whine the title again and again while an anonymous singer trots out all the phrases he thinks are the right cliches. Somebody should have woken up the bassist during the session.

LEROY SMART: Children Of The Ghetto (Write Sounds). Much better. Leroy rarely makes a poor record, and this is no exception to his high standards. A plea for unity and love while *"this time is not so easy"*. More hopeful than Bob Andy too — *"I know some day you're gonna rise out from the slums"*. Good dub.

CULTURE: Jah Pretty Face (Lightning). Released to tempt those of you who are still not sure about "Two Sevens Clash" (and why not?), this cover of a Ras Michael song is not the album's best brack but still oozes with quality and class. An essential purchase if you can't afford the whole package.

SANTIC: Bloody Eyes (Santic). Drums at the start a dead ringer for "Watching The Detectives". Not as good as their recent "Suffering", and possibly a little too smooth for many people's tastes. I quite like the singer's voice and the production is pleasant, but as I said it's not one everybody will like.

THE MEDITATIONS: Turn Me Loose / Linval Thompson — One Two Three (Third World). A positive note to end on. Ansel Crigland's Meditations are a superb vocal outfit reminiscent of The Wailers, and this is a pastoral gem with a beautiful chorus, which wouldn't be out of place on "Catch A Fire" or "Burnin' ". The Linval Thompson songs okay as well.

COLLECTABLE

AVAILABLE

From Rats To Riches

Produced by Flo & Eddie RAD 5

The mid sixties saw the birth and death of hundreds of bands in Long Island. The Good Rats not only managed to survive but gained notoriety steadily. Formed by brothers Peppi and Mickey Marchello, music rapidly overtook baseball as their prime interest.

By 1976 they had released 3 albums including one 'Rat City In Blue' on their own label. They then took the show out on the road once again with Joe Franco, drums; and Lenny Kotke, bass. Acting as their own promotion and booking agents they have built up pockets of dedicated devotees in different parts of the U.S. As such they have become a cult band particularly on their home turf, the New York—New Jersey—Long Island area with scattered herds of Good Rats fanatics showing up at concert after concert.

Their latest album 'From Rats To Riches' has been produced by Flo and Eddie who formerly acted as Alice Cooper and Frank Zappa's vocalists and had a string of hits in the sixties with The Turtles. And it is released here on Radar Records.

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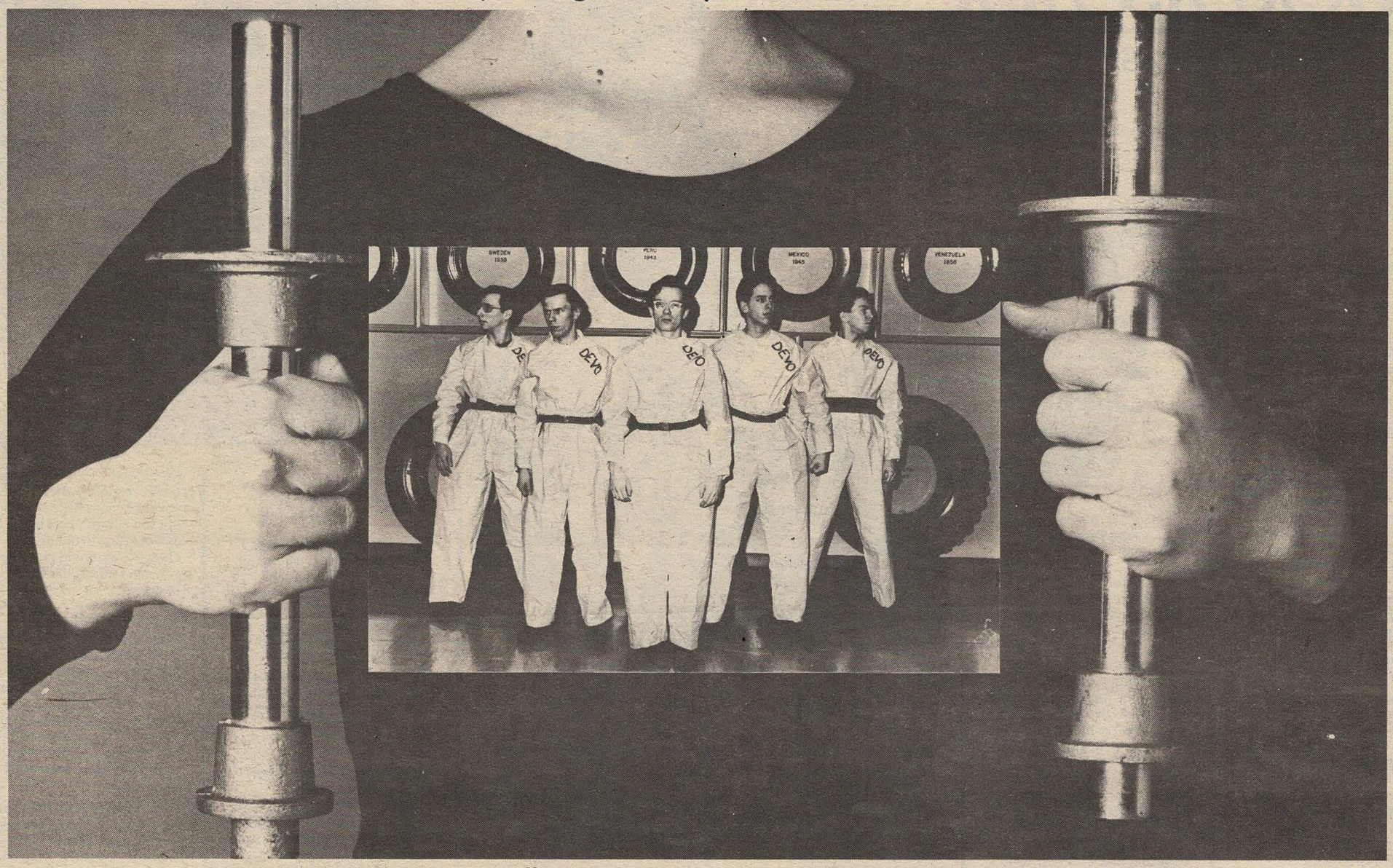
(I cån't gèt mé nö)SATISFACTIÖN



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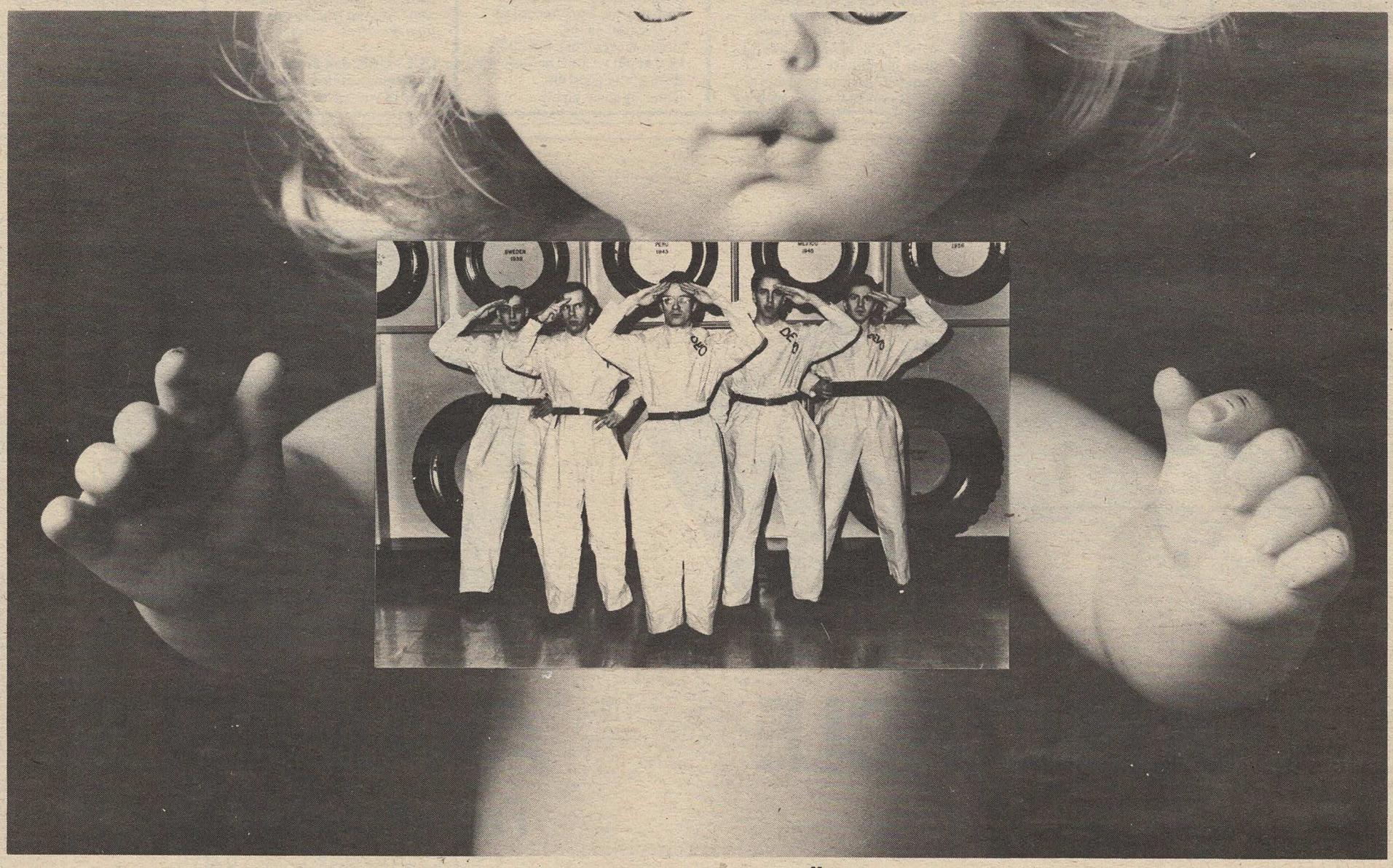


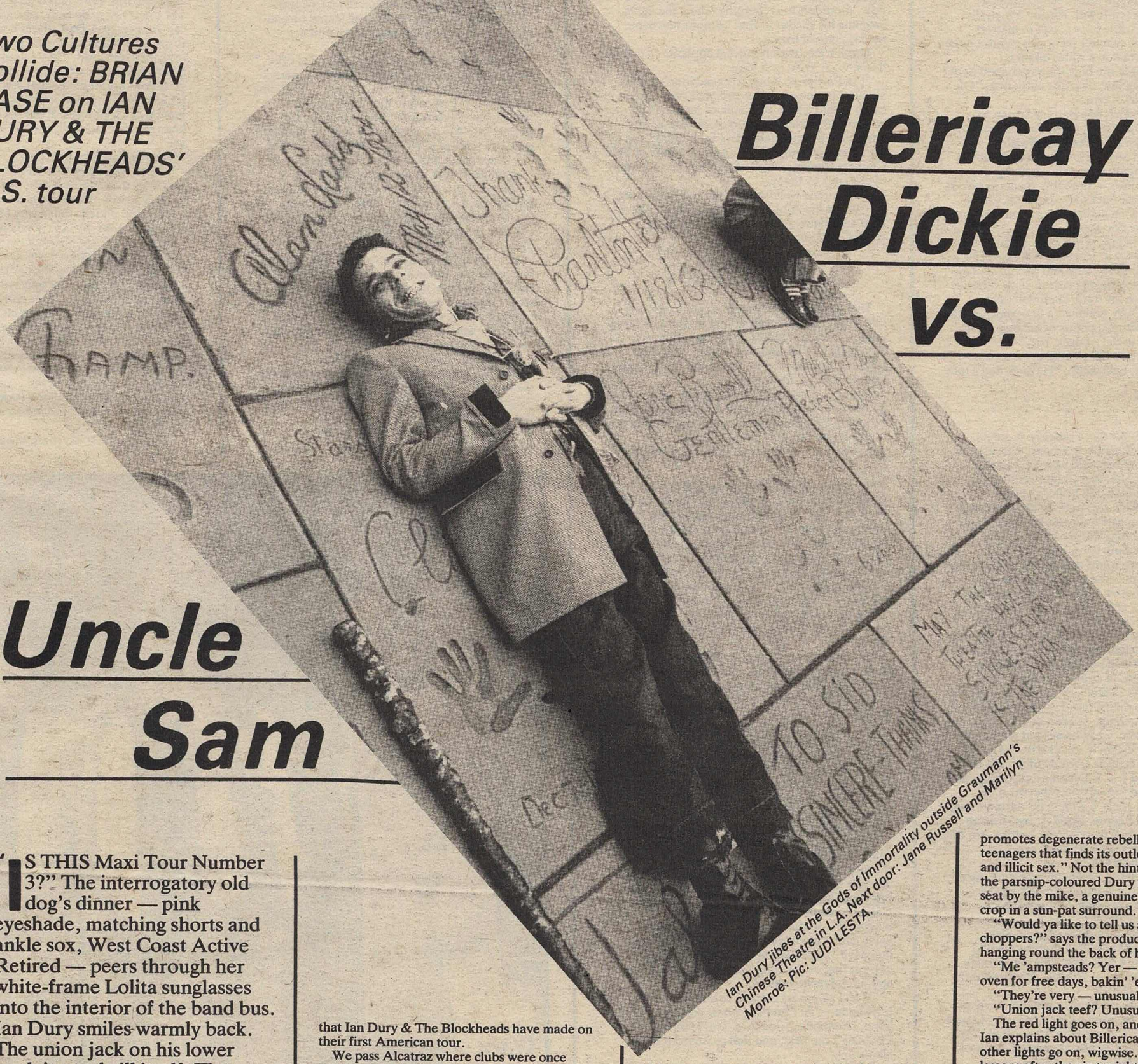
(shippèd by)STIFF BÖY 1

DEVO

MEAN MUTHA! OY OY! BLIMEY MATE! WOSSAT FOR! OUTASITE! FAR OUT! 'ARF A MO! GIVE US A KISS! SOCK IT TO 'EM! OUT OF ORDER! GOLLY GEE! LEAVE IT OUT! BOOOOOOGIE! KNOW WHARRA MEAN! OH MY GAWD! CHEEKY CHAPPIE! GIVE OVER! LAY IT ON ME! HOT DAWG!

Two Cultures Collide: BRIAN CASE on IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS' U.S. tour

Billericay Dickie vs. Uncle Sam



Ian Dury jibes at the Gods of Immortality outside Graumann's Chinese Theatre in L.A. Next door: Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe: Pic: JUDI LESTA.

"IS THIS Maxi Tour Number 3?" The interrogatory old dog's dinner — pink eyeshade, matching shorts and ankle sox, West Coast Active Retired — peers through her white-frame Lolita sunglasses into the interior of the band bus. Ian Dury smiles warmly back. The union jack on his lower teeth is goodwill itself. The earrings and the stitched-leather-surround bondage glasses twinkle out a semaphore of cordiality.

"No darlin'," he husks. "It ain't."

And finally focussing on the interior, she reels back. It is a lot to take in. It is left field by the going standards of even California's menagerie, and the old girl stands blowing and fanning herself with her ticket. "Oh my gawd!"

The white bus grinds off into the hot San Francisco sunshine, bound for KTIM, a local radio station in San Rafael, Marin County. KSJL, KOME — this will be the third broadcast that Ian Dury & The Blockheads have made on their first American tour.

We pass Alcatraz where clubs were once trumps, squat island slammer in Frisco Bay, breeze over the emancipating span of the Golden Gate Bridge and down towards San Quentin, currently starring Charlie Manson.

"None of 'em's a patch on Wandsworf," says Spider, Ian's physical manager. Spider has a lotta form: Spider knows. Nevertheless, he's a little impressed with Sauselito's mayoress — Sauselito on the left, folks — who our guide tells us is the retired madam of a brothel. "Get on — a knocking shop?"

Kites and palm trees, joggers and hippy houseboats, a backdrop of green and rolling hills. A Lotusland, this, and a clenched, undissolving Britishness born of bus queues, draughts and the Wesleyan chapels rises in protest against the Eezy-Spread hammockiness of it all.

Hove, with three bars on . . .

"We could do wiv some false fronts for Oval Mansions," says Ian, pointing a black-gloved finger at the rainbow clapboard stage-flat house fronts. "Just stick 'em on." His grin was tri-coloured and sardonic.

". . . lived in one room in Victoria, he was tidy in his digs . . ."

A notice at the security desk of KTIM says NO SOLICITING.

"Wossat for?" Ian asks the guard. "Fuller Brush salesmen?"

The guard comes on like a computer, name, purpose of visit, like that. Marin County, third richest area in the USA, aint noted for the sheer wit 'n' sparkle of its hired defenders. Upstairs, the radio people move in a make-believe alternative. Young drip-dry hippies, they've nailed a cautious flag to the door of the studio: *San Francisco Chronicle*, 'From The Right' by Phyllis Schafly: "a steady diet of rock 'n roll promotes degenerate rebelliousness among teenagers that finds its outlet in drugs, alcohol and illicit sex." Not the hint of a blush touches the parsnip-coloured Dury cheek, and he takes a seat by the mike, a genuine underground root crop in a sun-pat surround.

"Would ya like to tell us about your choppers?" says the producer, Charlie Chans hanging round the back of his bushel.

"Me 'ampsteads? Yer — I 'ad me 'ead in the oven for free days, bakin' 'em."

"They're very — unusual."

"Union jack teef? Unusual?"

The red light goes on, and they're on the air. Ian explains about Billericay Dickie, but no other lights go on, wigwise. "I'm giving Essex lessons after the gig tonight. Big entrance fee though."

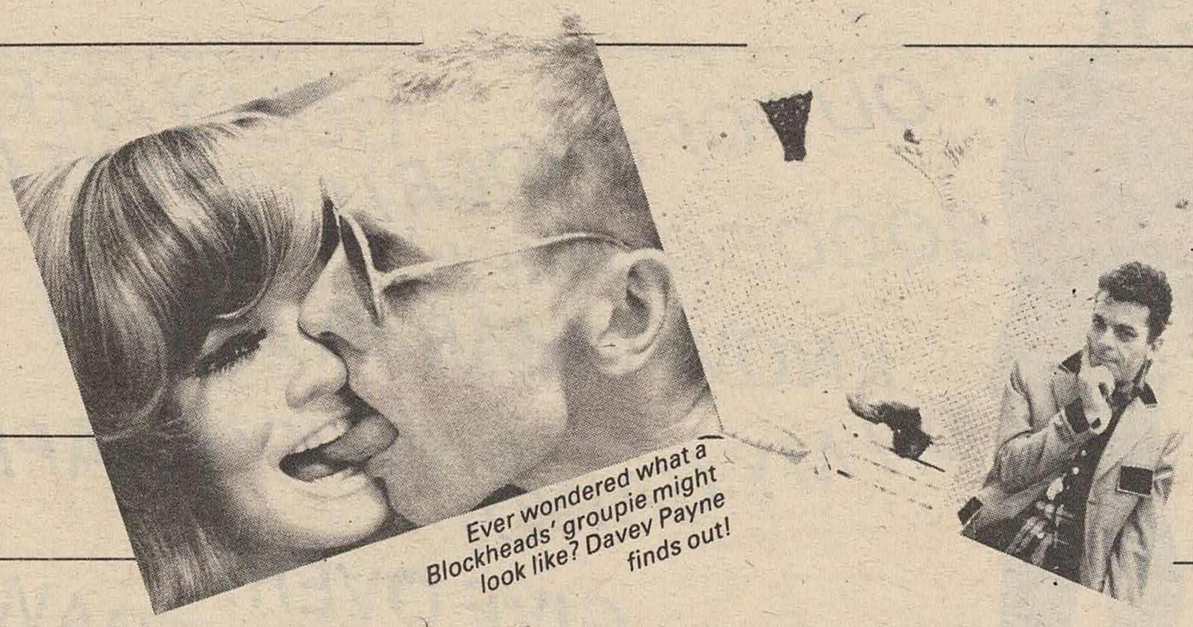
His impressions of America?

"Smashin'. But I'm concentratin' on the road chiefly. Still, it's great that everybody here says Dury and not Drury."

Commercials follow for Smartypants, for Hi-Fi, for a Labrador — Husky mixture needing a good home. Ian reads the gig-guide: "Wossis? The Remedy Lounge?" and The Blockheads introduce themselves. "Sunny Murray rools," says Davey Payne, the sax player, ex-Kilburns, ex-People Band.

In the lobby, a young Californian dolly is embarrassedly holding still for a ritual pinning-on of badges, SEX on the breasts, ROCK on the pelvic bones, ROLL on the khyber. "That's plenty, guys. I'm practically

Blimey, more over page!



Ever wondered what a Blockheads' groupie might look like? Davey Payne finds out!

OY OY!

Hey Marylou, here's more about this boss limey from page 31!

covered."

Lady, you practically were . . .

IAN DURY is lying on his bed, resting the leg. A riot of luggage, time-tables, laundry. The standard hotel picture is veiled under a British Bulldog tea-towel. Kosmo Vinyl, the band's irrespressible pace-setter in matters sartorial and the manner pictorial, stands on the balcony. A woman in a white bikini is sunbathing beside the blue kidney-shaped pool. The surrounding lawn is green carpeting. "Ole rotten 'at," roars Kosmo . . .

The Old Waldorf, 444 Battery Street, San Francisco, is a far cry from the Kensington, the Nashville, the Hope & Anchor. Swish, expensive, with an interior of exposed brick, which — in a region that clads anything stationary in stucco — probably seems as rare as a red elbow. Nine bucks 50 admission, and a punishing two-set a night engagement in support of the corpulent Lou Reed.

Soundcheck begins. One, two. Testing. Bit more on top. Hold it. Norman Watt-Roy, born in India, faces his bass amp and chomps out a blues riff. An electrician peers into the innards of a speaker with his torch in pursuit of an overtone. Ian Dury practices a few passes at the mike stand, fulcrums, points of balance. "Oh, we're gettin' froo the wedges, rite."

"It's gonna be A OK," calls an American voice, and adds, habitually, "Have ya had a nice day?"

"Uncanny."

QUITE HOW San Francisco is gonna respond is anybody's guess. City Lights Bookstore may still be here, but the Beats are long gone, and Haight Ashbury has had a decade to hit sump bottom before beginning its climb, this time up the real estate ladder. The ramparts today are manned by gays.

It's an easy-going, laid-back city of hills, of blue drifting De Soto cabs, blue sky, blue Pacific. There are trams and an English pub, but more to the point is the shingle on a garage which reads Creative Leisure Condominium Vacation Corp., and a firm named Creative Parking. Here, creativity has the weight of cumulus, the high seriousness of a deckchair, so that Ian Dury's clenched and fiercely parochial onslaught could well sell like a lead balloon.

"Oh," says Ian, "I stopped being Angsty when I met Chaz Jankel. It's 'cos of 'im I got the bottle to do this really, 'cos I respect 'is music. I mean, I 'ate my singin' — I can only bear the LP 'cos it's nice music. Chaz brings out the best in me, in every musician 'e works wiv. 'Es got as much skill in 'is field as I 'ave in mine. It's like Billy Wilder and I.A.L.Diamond sorta fing, like a backwards and forwardsness between us. Kosmo sez real rock 'n rollers go out and meet the people, and I agree. Besides, me, Kosmo and Spider, we'd all just do it for nuffink, for the crack. We get off on each uvver, see."

The Old Waldorf fills up.

Plenty of groomed Germanic stock among the audience, that combination of black zip-like eyebrows with a sheer fall of blonde hair. Vikings in denim and longhorn moustaches, disco-daters in tie-around cardigans. Slax abound. The tiny handful of punks look like they've fallen off a sun-deck. There's enough jock health in the air — Shiatsu, salt glow, nuts — to get a contact high.

Kosmo bounces on stage in his Ted Revivals and introduces the band with a pep born of years on the terraces. He gangles in the spotlight for a moment, pale spiky hennaed, the first whiff of East End grapeshot.

The Blockheads group, and the leader seizes the mike.

"Oy Oy! Any Berkeleys 'ere? Know wot I mean?" The phrase seems as improbable as Cassidy's "y' unnerstand?" The contrast between Cockney and American speech rhythms is pronounced. Ian's words are delivered like a push-fight — know wot I mean, innit, wonnit — all elbows and gristle to the slow, savouring curve of spoken American. He's wearing green and pink sateen chokers, an elderly tux and a crumpled apron. He dumps his Omo tub, which brims with props and gags, a sword, scissors, a skein of scarves, and wallops into "The Upminster Kid".

"When I was 15/I 'ad a black drape jacket/wiv sideboards to my chin"

He brandishes a steel comb. The Blockheads whump under him darkly like grease-guns, a very vigorous and musicianly bunch of cats. There's a hard, Richard Conte-like glitter emanating from the singer, a directness in the thrust of the head, preposterously topped with a plumb-line bowler hat.

Charlie Charles' drumbeat is clear and carrying, Mickey Gallagher's keyboard figures skate and skirl. Davey Payne, immobile until now, shoulders into charging tenor, the lights catching his shades so that he looks like some mad species of insect.

There's moderately cordial applause, a points decision, A.B.A. and Vest.

"I'm Partial To Your Abracadabra" stays ahead, but no-one in the audience could have come within a Mile End mile of Ian's undertow of slap and tickle, sweet booze-breath hearty barmaids, winkles and celery on Sunday, and the spoons-playing knees-up naughtiness of The Cheekie Chappie 'isself. The 'OOOO — Give over!' goes by them.

The scarves and the mike stand get an airing on "Wake Up And Make Love To Me", the one light and flighty, the other stiff, cross and clumsy, ridiculous with lust.

"I come awake/With a gift for womankind/You're still asleep/But the gift don't seem to mind."

This goes down very well, and so does "My Old Man". In the interval I ask around. Do they understand the dialect? "No" says Telma Flanagan, a black creative dancer, "I'm not listening that closely. It's the music. The drums and saxophone are very raw."

Cynthia Abrams, creative something or other, doesn't have a problem either. "I like his album. I thought he'd be all introverted, but his charm really comes out, you know. He's so spontaneous — you never know what he's gonna do next."

BACKSTAGE, there's a good vibe, relaxed. Ian is standing with his braces at the trail, languidly combing his hair. "This feeling lasts about five minutes — that's all. It's beyond words. It's doin' it, know wot I mean?" The comb moves through the oily barnet like a sardine under sedation. "Doin' this relaxes me."

"Wot can yer say. Wot can yer say," says Spider to a local enthusiast. "Very original."

But the enthusiast takes it further. "Oh Gard, Ian — that was rilly so wunnerfully primitive and—"

Ian, cooled out, limpid as a lily pad: "Well, there's a very wide range of animals down the Nile. Next time the hippopotamus, three points rising. Sorry luv. You're allowed to be a bit pouffy after."

Later, we talk. Ian Dury is very hip indeed, in case you haven't clocked his lyrics. He's cooking on a fair old number of burners — Beckett, Gorey, Weill, Max Wall, Lenny Bruce, Florrie Ford, Harry Champion and Artaud. Here and there, memories of the old Art School-Soho-Jazz rap surface in his songs: "the naughty naked nude".

"Soho was a jubbly old mixture of people round The Duke Of York and The Champion in the late '50s. You was either a Modern Jazz or a Traddie at Art School, right. I was both. I was into Traddiness 'cos the dollies was nice. Cy's, Colyer's, Studio 51. We useta use that 'st' language — it started orf wiv someone goin' yerst, and it got mixed up wiv McVooteroonie language. Then I learned about Cockney bein' a current fing — rhyming slang not being all that apples and pears bollocks.

"Every ten years there'd be a new word for telephone — Al Capone, eau de cologne, rag an' bone, trombone — loads of 'em. I still fink Cockney's the best, and that came from Irish labourers.

"I useta put words on me pictures, rite from when I was at Walthamstow Art School. I'd do a self-portrait and put on the bottom 'Pig-Nose Pierce And Petty Theft', or 'Al Came Down From Cicero'. Just little statements. After six years, I got fed up wiv photographic reproductions and I started doin' purely lettering paintings.

"I got into Lenny and Woody Allen — it was always all jumbled up wiv the same fings. I could never distinguish between one fing and anuvver if it was exciting, and it all seemed to go in the pot. Funniness has always been a supremely important natural part of havin' verbal. It seems to me the main reason to 'ave verbal is to laugh, 'cos verbal won't get you very far if there isn't laughter.

"I'm quite interested in little statements — as long as they don't mean anything. I like to be extremely forthright and not say anything at all. They do that here in America only they don't know they're doin' it. They do jargon trips. I like to study words that do 'ave a meaning and put them togevver so's they don't 'ave a meaning — 'just 'cos I ain't never 'ad no nuffing worf 'aving, never ever, never never never' — all that is is going along backwards."

IAN IS LYING on the bed, cheese-cutter tipped over his eyes, fag on the go. Monty Python is showing on TV, the sound turned down, their teeth gleaming absurdly like crockery.

"Gawd, there are so many angles all at once," says Ian. "Some guy said if you have a sentence — and this is wot I try to do, I 'spose — it's a line coming from a mouth to a brain, which is a comparatively roundish thing. The line, the putting into words, is only one little bit of what's going on in there." He taps his forehead. "The line of speech is about as slender a way of communicating as you could possibly 'ave.

"When I'm writing, I'm trying to get around that ball as much as I can. Corny expression, the gamut of emotions, right? So within a set, or an LP, you can go froo a lotta changes, feelings. You can knock it down to emotions of love, anger, sexuality, paranoia — whatever that means — fear and pride, and that's wot lies behind or in front of 'uman behaviour. The scope of describing something is far beyond my reach, and that's all I'm trying to do in a song. If I describe enough different things, people might get an overall picture."

He gets up to read some pieces from his folder. He collects slogans, phrases, couplets by the hundred. The paternity of things doesn't bother him much. "Nickin'? What's it for if it's not to be nicked? Writing is getting the humanity back out again, not for posterity, just leaving it behind you in the road is enough."

He has a vast sympathy for the sick, for the survival of language in extremis. Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Nelson Algren are touchstones of artistic integrity, forging the driftwood of the lower depths into universal sculpture. The algebra of need.

"Yeah. Do you know about them teachin' German to catatonic trance cases in mental 'ospitals over 'ere? This is all part and parcel of wot I'm tryin' to do next. I've got a single called 'To A Mum & A Dad' about layin' it on the kid. If you learn anuvver language, you can escape into anuvver world. They found out an environment can affect your psychology, 'cos your thinking language that you express your feelings to yourself in, can box you in wiv your mental catch-phrases. Even the cases that've been glued to the wall, two of them picked it up."

And his interest in prisons?

"Yeah. I can put it into a nutshell. The only two fings that matter in life, one is tits and the uvver is prison. I've been incarcerated for quite a long time myself, that's why I am like I am, a hard case. I 'ad my liberty taken away for five years from the age of seven to the age of 12. I know wot it feels like. I was doin' things like wanking geezers off at the age of eight 'cos they made me. Geezers who only 'ad one leg or an arm missing or fuckin' nuts and bolts missing — and I never thought it was at all freaky.

"I was just doin' wot was 'appening, know wot I mean? My mind didn't get scrambled. I fink we've all been psychosomatically sexually attacked at an early age in one way or anuvver. There's statistics that 60 per cent of all child assault cases in 'Olland or Sweden was brought about by children, like winding up the geezers for their own reasons.

"Then again, to do somefing that requires

Blockheads on Hollywood Boulevard; (l to r) Ian Dury, John Turnbull, Norman Watt-Roy, the Dummy M

Pics this page: JUDI LESTA.

your concentration, it's also necessary to lock yourself up. Stop fings getting in your way if you're writing. That's where I do the fings that I care about most. Prison'd be solitude, frustration, study — and tits'd be all those fings which I enjoy, starting wiv tits 'cos I'm a red-blooded, half-cocked little chap."

SAN FRANCISCO took Ian Dury & The Blockheads to its bosom. Chinamen came backstage to get their "New Boots & Panties" autographed. A fan gave Ian a burlesque queen's cigarette case: Heller in Pink Tights.

The sets built up from the early relaxation to high intensity, and by the end of the engagement the crowd were Oy Oying, and the *San Francisco Chronicle* preferred The Blockheads over Lou Reed.

LOS ANGELES, cold as New York or London, came harder.

"It's a town," wrote Raymond Chandler, "with the personality of a paper cup."

Thomas Pynchon chose LA by night to illustrate the entropy grid. However you look at it, it's a crock and a cliche and kitsch. A driver in a smog mask swings into the circuitry of Sunset Boulevard, and turns left towards Laurel Canyon. The money — and this is what LA is about, make it and split — has moved out to the hills. Beverley Hills is Kew Gardens rockery, manicured lawns, purple tropical perfumes, palm trees. Stars houses come Marzipan Tudor, Marzipan Spanish, and most bellhops are failed actors. The neon along The Strip says GET IT

UP OR GET OUT . . .

Lots of factors were wrong for the opening. The Roxy pulled a traditionally egghead audience; the Ritz would've been better. An uneasiness grew around Lou Reed's remoteness. Ian's props, a lifeline on that lonely stage, had gone adrift — the bowler nicked, the scissors broken. Kosmo combed the tat stores and returned with a plastic bullhorn and a light-up bouquet. Ian's voice went on the blink.

I recommended the jazz singers' remedy, and up came room service bearing a dish of sliced raw onion and brown sugar. "It's for me 'obsons," Ian croaked to the waiter, and turned to me. "Wot do we do wiv it?"

"Cover it overnight, then drink the juice."

Throughout the evening, we'd get up to see how it was coming along. It sat like a UFO on the TV, brewing. Spider came in, laughing. Unable to find his key, he'd climbed through the bassist's window and swung across the drop to his own room, seven storeys up. "Norman ran aht the room. Couldn't 'andle it. Freaked the hotel bloke aht, din I. You know, all my crooked friends fink I'm drumming aht 'ere. They go, 'You dirty bastard, you're at it!' "

Spider, very hard, very East London Fred Perry shirt fit, has had trouble from the PA. "Gorn Mutt and Jeff in one ear 'ole, in I." He wears ear plugs for the gigs, and he and Ian are working on the tick-tack. Spider, always in the wings, looks out for Ian: indispensable. "I need real friends, 'cos 'alf the time in this caper you're out of order 'cos you're into so much forwardness that some of the fings that fall out of your mouth, or out of your actions, are gonna be bad. Spider understands that."

We stand on the balcony and stare over the palm trees at the hoardings.

"I feel relaxed about wot's 'appening," says Ian, "but if I saw myself on that billboard over there, I'd feel worried about it, to be quite 'onest. Unless it was funny, you know, breathing smoke. It's very important NOT to be impressed by what 'appens to oneself. The way to work it is to bumble through it, and try to keep yer personality in shape. Like that guy said today in the bus which was magic. We gave 'im the microphone and said, 'Go on — tell us where we're going.' He said, 'Listen, I'm lucky to be called a bus driver.' Anybody who finks 'e's lucky to be called a bus driver is a diamond.

"I gotta fing in me going BRRRRR which I hafter cater for. I call it ego 'cos I put myself dahn as much as possible —it seems the sensible fing to do. I know damn well you don't get the fings you want by acting like you want 'em, and you don't design your life to get those fings.

"It seems like I can't prevent gettin' rich if I do my job the way I'm doin' it now. The main fing is to work out 'ow to get wot I need without needing too much. If a yacht floats past my eyeballs and I get on it, I'm a cunt. I'd rather get on wiv the gig. I really wanna get down where the people are 'urting, and maybe by doin' wot we're doing' — know wot I mean? My life 'as been good 'cos I've been tooled up. I'm a 'alf-breed geezer 'cos I've got a natural inherited academic cleverness from my muvver's side, and I've got my old man, who'd be an artisan, bus driver type.

"The activity of being active is the most wonderful fing in the world. The way we should fink about life is partly as if we'll be dead tomorrow, and partly as if we'll live forever. I believe that there isn't gonna be an atomic explosion so the opposite's gonna 'appen. There'll be an equality 'cos there are more important fings in life than one person having more than someone else. There's the fact that we can all 'ave all there is.

"There's still a serfdom at the moment, but there won't be for very much longer. The only fing I care desperately about is equality of life, and there's so much I've learned in the last year and an 'alf that I feel so fuckin' optimistic about."

He grins at me. "That's the boring side of me, know wot I mean?"

A block-long fire-engine comes ding-a-linging down Sunset Boulevard. Gloria Swanson left the beans-on-toast on too long again. Most of the buildings, built as a dry run by Hollywood set designers, look as if they'd go up like matchwood. LA: capped teeth, capped houses.

"That fire-engine's only got a bleedin' palm tree on it, 'annit?" says Ian. "I fink reading books about America is enough to give you a very good education about it. Nuffin' I've seen over 'ere 'as surprised me at all. There's more 'umanity under the mock 'umanity than we give 'em credit for, 'cos anybody oo's got the patience to go froo all that mock 'umanity 'as gotta be a real diamond. Someone in San Francisco mentioned that TV fing where I said I wasn't all that interested in the colonies, and that America was a pig-stye. I said to 'im, Well — you ever bin in a pig-stye? I fink they're great. I've got an open mind. And we all know there's people starving to death in the Appalachian Mountains, and there's uvver people getting choked to death in the mining situation, and the Red Indians are dead — there ain't no more Red Indians leaping about the gaff, because there's no way a colourful situation could survive in this."

THE OPENING NIGHT was an air-conditioned nightmare of poor PA and audience hostility.

"YOU'RE FUCKING WEIRD!" shouted a voice, starting a slide-area slurry of abuse.

Ian Dury's performance, balanced always on the tiptoe high-wire of the instant — chance patterns, a gestalt of collisions — ducked into a crouched and baleful '20s Berlin burlesque by George Gross. It bombed. LA, on the Fault Line, plumb ain't into accidentals.

"YOU STINK!" hollered a front-row punter.

"Only 'cos I bin drinking onion juice and brown sugar all day," Ian replied, and I blushed prettily in the dark.

In the interval, Lou Reed visited the dressing room, an untypically courteous gesture. "Hope ya have a great next set you guys. LA people are assholes, ya gotta remember that." Up close, his eyes resemble the caps on winkles.

The closing set was a good one. The scarves and the mike-stand moved like they had oil in their arm, pact with the devil stuff, magic. Ian regained his grip on the gravity of comedy, juggling his crafty mismatch of weights — the Fatty and Thinny of words, Dot and Carry of objects — at the All-Star Insurance audience, and made them have it. He covered a lot more than that line to a ball: yes.

"Davey and me are the best shape makers in the band at the moment, and we've bin practising a long time," said Ian. Tonight, the label on his boot reads KITTY FEROCITY. "We both know what Sunny Murray's about: if you see a shape coming, don't play it. The other night I threw me block in the air — Ppphheee, like that — hit the ceiling and went straight back into the Omo bin. I do so many of 'em that one always 'appens that's really startling. At Colchester University I threw me stick up wiv the scarf on it. It made an incredible pattern, scarf pulling it one way, stick wiv its own thing 'appening, and it came down fast like a parchute and I caught the end of the scarf. I shouted at the stick, GET UP! — I mean, 'onestly, just in case it was going to. Know wot I mean?"

We are all leaning over our balconies in the sun, like passengers on a liner.

Gene Autrey's nephew is cleaning the windows, one of Errol Flynn's fiancees is making the beds: City of Angels. The *Los Angeles Times* has pronounced: Ian Dury compares favourably with Lily Tomlin's garbage bag lady; he lacks the elegant penthouse sophistication of Roxy Music — CORKS! — but is both individual and eccentric.

LA now knows what to think, and the engagement proceeds swimmingly. A photographer is shot in to snap Ian outside Bela Lugosi's mansion. A broken brolly lolls out of his dustbin like a grounded bat.

THE OLD WEST is warmer. The band bus points south to Arizona; inside, a stale indigestion of miles, girlie mags, junk food stopovers where pale pies are displayed like millinery; outside, the painted desert. Cactus rear up like lilos, prickly as Desperate Dan. We pass a seaplane in a scrapyard, Buckeye, Arizona. "You gonna get spurs for your Dr. Marten's?" says Kosmo Vinyl.

Tempe lies on the outskirts of Phoenix, Mafia city where last year an investigatory journalist, Don Belles, turned the key in his ignition and was blown away. At every soda fountain, Lee Remick drum majorettes; on the porches, Walter Brennans in turquoise bole ties. Ian Dury, a one-off, will be appearing at Dooley's without precedent or proto-type.

And dadblame it! — they LOVE him!

Half the house is up and dancing to "Plaistow Patrica", heads bobbing up and down under the decor of railway sleeper support beams and suspended ferns, cowpoke accents bellowing along to "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll".

And the triumphant Dury dust-trail moves up the map — up a shade, Ada — to Boulder, Colorado.

"I wonder if I can get crutchless chaps 'ere?" he says, a brimming ten-gallon titfer touching the collar of his new mountain-man coat, some cowboy, holding up his Frederick's Of Hollywood Glamorous Scanties bag.

"Don't fukcin' start," says Spider, remembering no doubt his own embarrassed quest for a French Maid's Apron — "no, no speical features, mate — just the regular — coupla pockets for 'is rubber ear and 'is Union Jack, know wot I mean?"

"Kinky Cowboy or Colorade Beatle?" says Ian, squinting at the sagebrush with the intensity of a chap reading the tealeaves. "All ravver confusing."

Boulder capitulates without a struggle. Most of the props have gone by now as Ian's confidence builds. He susses his trajectory, explaining terms — "a mandy, (that's a qualude)" — preparing the audience for that black blat of obscenity — "I'm gonna be a bit rood now" — dropping "Blackmail Man" for the infectious reggae rhythm of "You're More Than Fair".

"Waal, one of the things I rilly admire about him," drawls a kid from Denver," he sure don't put on an American accent. That's the touble with most British singers, to my mind."

Better Adam & Eve it, buster. Know wot I mean?

Mae West, Davey Payne, Mickey Gallagher, Charlie Charles, Oy, Oy!

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Djangology for the uninitiated

I'VE OFTEN seen guitarist Django Reinhardt mentioned in various articles — Angus MacKinnon referred to him in his review of Soft Machine's "Alive And Well". Can you tell me more about this legendary figure — and perhaps recommend one of his albums? — **KEN LAWSON, Chorlton, Manchester.**

● **Jazz guitarist Jean Baptiste "Django" Reinhardt was a Belgian-born gypsy who spent much of his early life merely wandering through Belgium and France in a caravan. Originally a violinist, in 1928 he was involved in a caravan fire and lost the use of two fingers on his left hand — after which he achieved fame as a guitarist employing an individual cross-finger technique which enabled him to outplay most of his fully-digited rivals.**

First heard with Andre Elkan's band in 1931, Reinhardt rose to prominence as a member of The Quintet Of The Hot Club Of France, in which he and violinist Stephane Grappelly shared leadership, one of the unit's other members being guitarist Joseph Reinhardt, Django's brother.

For many years an acoustic guitarist, Django became the first European to influence American jazzmen. Later, he switched to the electric instrument — receiving the kind of critical lambasting afforded Dylan's first gigs with The Band — and toured the U.S. with Duke Ellington in 1946, his only visit to the States.

A true eccentric, Reinhardt was the stuff legends are made of. Frequently he'd disappear into the country for long periods when he should have been out playing gigs. And when he did show, he often forgot to bring an amplifier — on his U.S. trip he actually forgot to take his guitar and even missed one of his Carnegie Hall dates, turning up late for another. And like all true legends he died at a comparatively young age, his death occurring in 1953 when he was only 43.

His playing has since influenced many rock and country musicians — Joe Ely recently told me that he spent a fair bit of time listening to Reinhardt recordings — and his main detractors have always been jazz-purists, some of whom considered his style to be too romantic and lacking in jazz heat.

Perhaps "Hot Club Of France — Swing '35-'39" (Decca DCM2051) contains some of the guitarist's best recorded work. though "Django Reinhardt" (Vogue VJD526) and "Djangology" (Vogue VJD502) are good value-for-money double-helpings.

I RECENTLY found a Vanilla Fudge album, "Near The Beginning", without a sleeve. Could you tell me something about the band and list all their albums? — **ANNE HOWES, Leverstock Green, Herts.**

● **One of the first heavy bands, The Fudge — Mark Stein (keyboards, vocals), Vince Martell (guitar, vocals), Tim Bogert (bass, vocals), Carmine Appice (drums, vocals) — began life as Mark Stein And The Pigeons, originally employing a drummer named Joe Brenan instead of Appice. By 1967 they'd become Vanilla Fudge, immediately beguiling the world with a version of "You Keep Me Hanging On" that was as slow as a tortoise in a three-legged race. The disc became a two-time hit, first in 1967, climbing into the U.S. top 70, then a year later, this time making its sonambulistic way into the top 10.**

A gimmick established, the band then fashioned much of the fare in accepted 78-played-at-33 rpm mode, decking out such numbers as "Eleanor Rigby" and "People Get Ready" in Fudgerama. Minor hits came with "Where Is My Mind", "Take Me For A Little While", "Season Of The Witch" in 1968, and with "Shotgun" in '69. Then everything dried up and in 1970 The Fudge disbanded, Bogert and Appice going onto further glory, Mark Stein forming the short-lived Boomerang and Vince Martell doing an impersonation of the Great Oozlum Bird.

While they were around, the band cut five albums — "Vanilla Fudge" (1967), "The Beat Goes On" (1968), "Renaissance" (1968) on Atlantic; "Near The Beginning" (1969) and "Rock And Roll" (1969) on Atco — while a Pigeons' LP called "While The World Was Eating Vanilla Fudge" can be found on a Metronome import.

I'M GOING to the States for six weeks, later this year, and I wondered if you could tell me about any published guide to various U.S. rock clubs and festivals? I seem to remember *NME* reviewing a book of this kind sometime back — or is my memory failing me? — **RICHARD OSBORNE, Chelmsford.**

● **You've blown no transistors and your memory bank is still A-OK. We did review *Honky Tonkin'* — touted as a guide to music USA — somewhere in our dim and murky past. And by our reckonin' it was a real goody, full of fax on clubs, festivals, record shops, and radio throughout Carter's kingdom. Latest gen is that a new and extensively revised edition is due out in a few weeks time and that this version will be around seven times fatter than the original. So if you want to order a copy hot off the presses, send £2.50 plus 25p for postage and packing to Richard Wooton, 21 Melbourne Court, Anerley Road, Penge, London SE20**

BEFORE THE list gets too long or the label goes bust, how about listing everything that those nutters at Stiff have had a hand in releasing? It'd be nice to know, too, just how many of these have been deleted. — **STIFFANATIC, Chelmsley Wood, Birmingham.**

● **No messin', straight in — the first Stiff single was Nick Lowe's "So It Goes" (BUY 1), released on August 14, 1976. Since then we've had Pink Fairies "Between The Lines (BUY 2), Roogalator "Cincinatti Fatback" (BUY 3), Tyla Gang "Styrofoam" (BUY 4), Lew Lewis "Caravan Man" (BUY 5), Damned "New Rose" (BUY 6), Richard Hell "Blank Generation" (BUY 7), Plummet Airlines "Silver Shirt" (BUY 8), Damned "Neat, Neat, Neat" (BUY 10), Elvis Costello "Less Than Zero" (BUY 11), Max Wall "England's Glory" (BUY 12), Adverts "One Chord Wonder" (BUY 13), Elvis Costello "Alison" (BUY 14), Elvis Costello "Red Shoes" (BUY 15), Wreckless Eric "Whole Wide World" (BUY 16), Ian Dury "Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll' (BUY 17), Damned "Problem Child" (BUY 18), Yachts "Suffice To Say" (BUY 19), Elvis Costello "Watching The Detectives" (BUY 20), Nick Lowe "Halfway To Paradise" (BUY 21), Larry Wallis "Police Car" (BUY 22), Ian Dury "Sweet Gene Vincent" (BUY 23), Damned "Don't Cry Wolf" (BUY 24), Wreckless Eric "Reconnez Cherie" (BUY 25), Jane Aire And The Belvederes "Yankee Wheels" (BUY 26) and Ian Dury "What A Waste" (BUY 27).**

Of these, BUY 1 thru' to BUY 18 are now deleted — though No's 6, 15, 16 and 17 are all available on import, some in pic sleeves — while BUY 9, Motorhead's "White Line Fever" / "Leavin' Home", which was never released as in single form in Britain, has also turned up on Euro-Stiff. To this list can also be added The Damned's "Stretcher Case Baby" (DAMNED 1), which was given away at a first anniversary gig; Ian Dury's "Sex And Drugs" backed with The Kilburns' "Two Steep Hills" / "England's Glory" (FREEBIE1), awarded to patrons at *NME's* Xmas party and since offered as prize in a recent comp, and "Excerpts From Stiff's Greatest Hits" (FREEB 2), a promotional item given to various retailers. So much for the Stiff singles ... I'll list the albums, ERs, and stuff on Booji Boy, 1 Off, Chistiff / Stiffwick and Ovalstiff in the next Info City ... honest!

I HAVE a Beatles' album called "Introducing The Beatles — England's No.1 Vocal Group", which is on the Vee-Jay label and doesn't apear in any Beatles discography I've seen. I also have a 1963 EP titled "The Beatles Hits" (Parlophone), which has the same sleeve as the aformentioned album and boasts on the back that "by 1973 you will be talking about The Beatles as one of the biggest things around". I'd be grateful if you could let me know the asking price for these discs — which I consider to be rareities — as I'm currently broke and wish to sell. — **ROBERT C. DAVIES, Walthamstow, London E17**

● **Obviously the force isn't with you, for both releases are easy to come by — in fact, the EP is still in the catalogue. But if you can find the original German Polydor single of "My Bonnie" / "The Saints" then even we might be induced to open our money-boxes.**

I'M A Leo Sayer fan and I was wondering if you could provide me with the address of his fan club so that I could obtain some info on him and get to hear about forthcoming tours etc. — **S. SPARKS, No Address.**

● **Chrysalis tell me that Sayer fans are catered for by one Angela Miall, who resides at 22 Sutton Lane, Chiswick, London W.4.**

– the early sound of punk Americana. A collection of emergent American New Wavers recorded live in 1976 at the world famous home of punk rock in New York, Max's Kansas City.
Including contributions by **Suicide, Cherry Vanilla, Wayne County, The Fast and Pere Ubu.**
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NOBODY WANTS THEM.

Beauty isn't just skin deep. Nor good looks. But it does help. Which is where regular skin care can help. And by regular I mean regular. Twice a day skin needs a really good cleanse. Particularly if it's at all greasy or prone to spots. Cepton Cleansing Lotion is ideal. Slightly astringent so it leaves your skin tingling, fresh and clean.

Another way to protect your skin is a once-weekly facial scrub. This really cleans out the pores and leaves skin clear and clean.

My first feeling when I felt Cepton Facial Scrub on my fingers was surprise. It has hundreds of little granules. But it's these granules that go deep down and really cleanse thoroughly.

If, however, you've got a spot, or even two, don't despair. Nothing zots spots like Cepton Gel.

And once the spots have gone remember. Cleanse. Cleanse. Cleanse. Because clean skin stands a better chance of being clear beautiful skin.

NOBODY HAS TO HAVE THEM.

And after all who wants spots?

A regular wash with Cepton Facial Scrub means you remove the dead skin and excess oil from your skin. And that gives spots and blackheads a tough time.

So use Cepton Facial Scrub and maybe the day will never come when you look in the mirror and say, 'Why me'?

Cepton Cleansing Lotion, Gel or Facial Scrub.

Cepton *zots* Spots.

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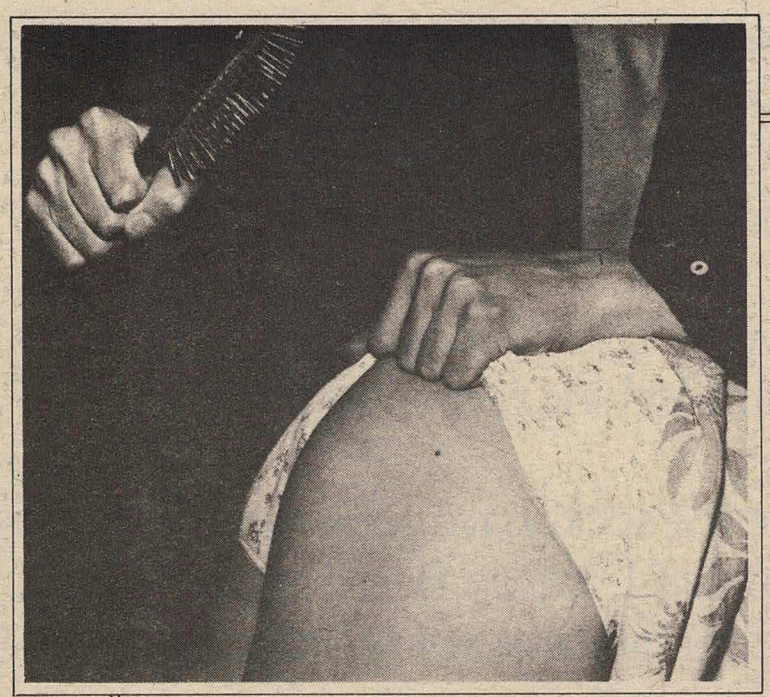


BAD GIRL

Little Red Rooster

You'd better set your own alarm, 'cause the Rooster's been known to O.D.

I Know How To Hook

He who claims he's never kissed an arse, must have had enough money to put where his mouth is.

No More Canaries

There are no more canaries, only yellow budgerigars.

Hard As A Rock

Be soft in the heart, but not in the head.
Sand is great at the beach, but a drag in your bed.

The Punk

Anyone who's crying out, no matter what he says, is not as fatalistic as his words may suggest.

Foxy Bitch

It puts forth the proposition that God might just be a woman... and if she is, you know she's just gotta be foxy.

Not So Bad

At the end of the world when machines make romance,
If there's still human beings, they'll still wanna dance.

Liverpool

Thank-you notes, to a town that played host on the road.

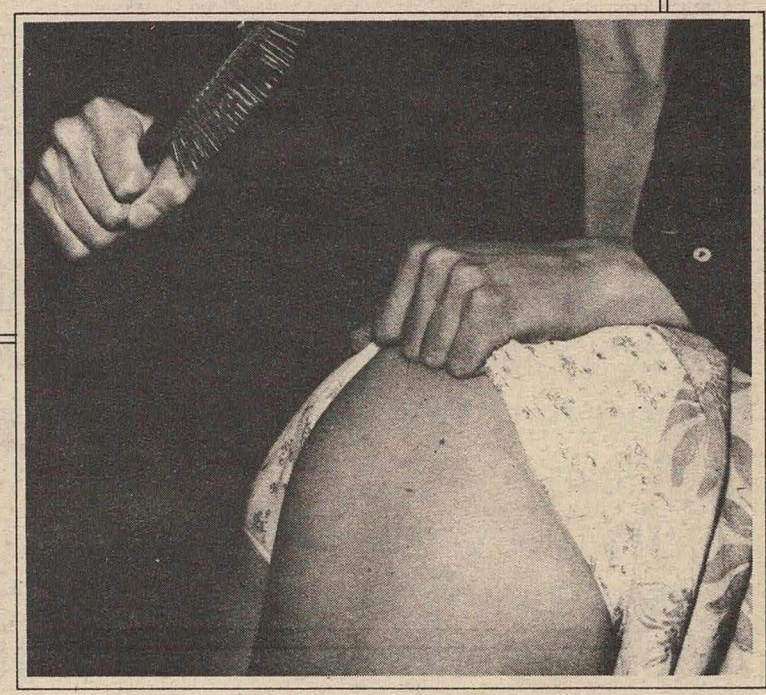
So 1950's

You can't tell the truth from the man in the box, and you can't tell the time by the colour of his sox.

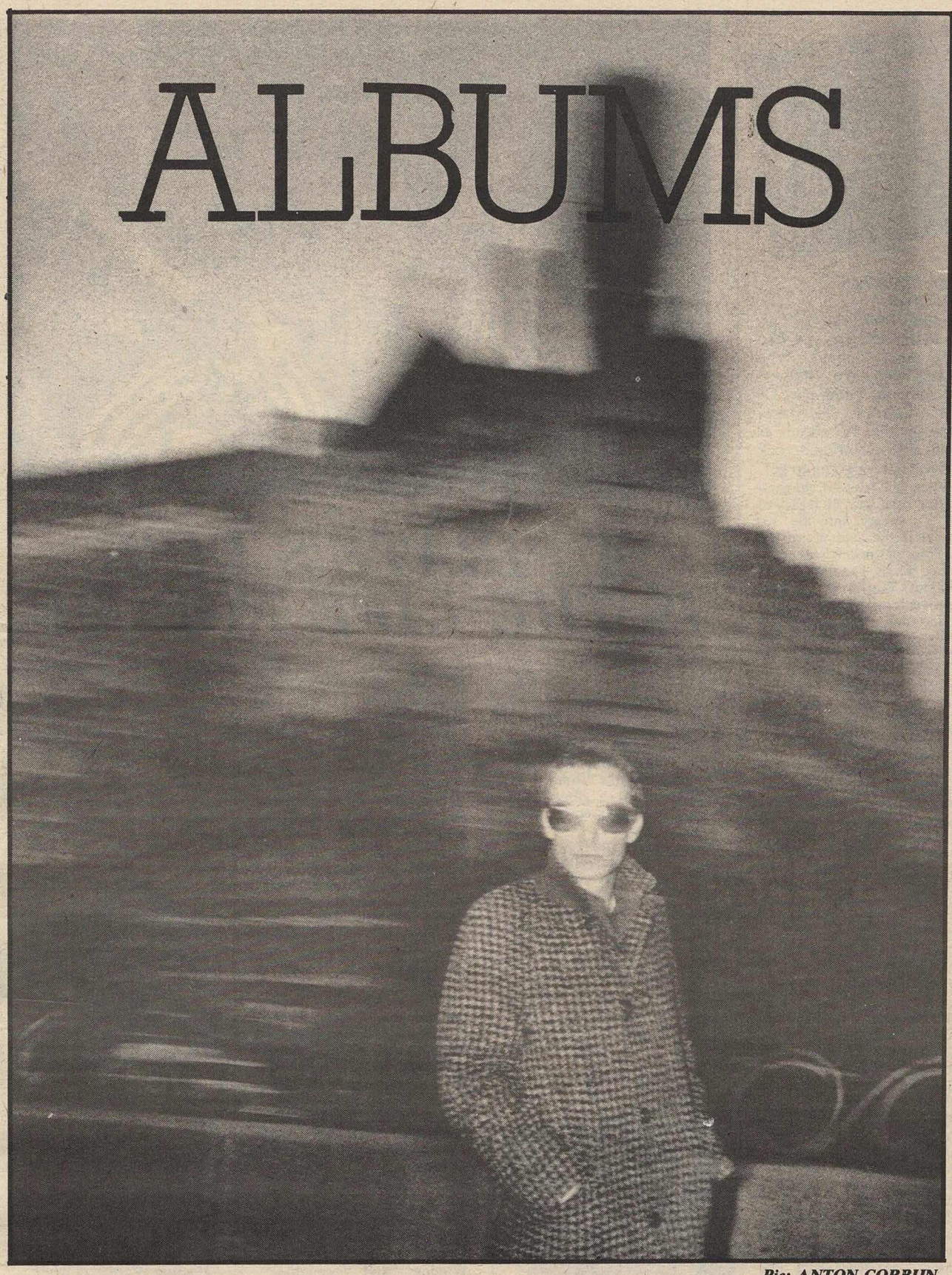
CHERRY VANILLA'S ALBUM

RCA

Record: PL25122
Cassette: PK25122



ALBUMS



Pic: ANTON CORBIJN

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL GP

GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOUR
The Parkerilla (Vertigo)

YEAH, WE know: just what the world needs is another double live album, right?

Okay, so how's about a three-sided live album topped off with a 33⅓ rpm 12-inch single selling for the price of a single album (well, until the end of May, anyway)?

"The Parkerilla" may well be, as has been alleged, a cheap shot to Framptonise GP in the States for the benefit of all them dumb colonials who're so gooned out over double live packages. If it is, I hope it works, since GP and The Rumour have been working their gonads off for the last two years and godnose they deserve a Big Breakthrough just as much as anybody.

More important than any potential marketing scam, though, is dat ol' debbil consideration: Musical Merit. And in *that* particular department "The Parkerilla" is the perfect KO: Parker and The Rumour caught on a couple of transcendentally good nights (unfortunately, I don't have a sleeve so I can't say exactly where or when it was recorded, except that judging from Parker's spoken intro to "Heat In Harlem" some of it was cut in New York), roaring through a judicious selection of some of their best material.

From Steve Goulding's brisk round-the-kit intro to "Lady Doctor" at the beginning of side one through to side three's riotous closing "Soul Shoes", Parker's vision seems clearer than ever before: an almost cinematic breadth and depth of sound courtesy of The Rumour's horn section, which adds the final touch of grandeur. But no way is the added instrumentation a sweetener, a concession to MOR: it's a super-charger, adding a sour twist to the flavour while broadening the scope immeasurably.

In a sense, G.P.'s been somewhat overshadowed by Elvis Costello of late even though the Doc Martins were on the other foot when "My Aim Is True" came out and Costello was continually compared to Parker. You know — the little guy with the big glasses spitting out his rage and his hate, blah blah. But Costellos and Parkers are very different animals: "Parkerilla" is a logical summation of the G.P. Story So Far and the finest crystallisation of his Dylan-meets-Stax approach.

The opening "Lady Doctor" and "Fools Gold" are an effective curtain-raiser, but it's when Parker smashes into Ann Peebles' "I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down" and then segues masterfully into a feverish cold sweat reading of "Don't Ask Me Questions" that the balloon *really* goes up. That bridge between the two songs is one of the most effortlessly magnificent moments in recent live recording, and things hardly ever dip from there on in.

"Heat In Harlem", a song much criticised when it originally appeared on the "Stick To Me" album last year, fares better here than in its original studio incarnation (I reckon "Stick To Me" was definitely not one of Nick Lowe's finest hours as a producer) with an inexorable build up and a climax that'll literally leave you holding your breath. From there it's into "Silly Thing" (and the well-worn phrase "It don't mean a thang if it ain't got that swang" seemed more appropriate) and an intense, languorous "Gypsy Blood" before the side ends — a trifle inauspiciously — with a rattling and overly hyperthyroid "Back To Schooldays" that loses the venom of the original with an exaggeratedly toppy sound and the album's only example of somewhat messy playing.

Side three's more than plain sailing with "Heat Treatment" (aces, mate, *aces!!*), "Watch The Moon Come Down", "New York Shuffle" (miles better than the studio cut) and the aforementioned romp through "Soul Shoes".

The fourth side is a 33⅓ rpm single cut (I know it sounds silly but, hey lawd, don't ask me questions) of GP's current chart stab . . . yet another version of "Don't Ask Me Questions". Disco-ised it may be, but Parker's angry, cawing voice is cutting enough for him not to be compromised even when he's compromising.

Or something like that, anyway.

In all honesty, both Parker and the band have never *ever* sounded more exciting or more impressive on record.

Listen, on the basis of "The Parkerilla" GP and The Rumour are so good that you're going to have to dig 'em even if you don't dig 'em. And if it platinums out in the States, well, hell, who's gonna grudge it?

'Charles Shaar Murray

FRANKIE MILLER
Double Trouble (Chrysalis)

IF YOU'VE READ Luke Rhinehart's *The Diceman*, then you must have a sneaking suspicion Frankie Miller has too.

The story concerns a brilliant American psychiatrist

with a great future, happy family life and the rest of it, who comes up with the weird idea of allowing the throw of a dice to dictate his actions. Abrogating rational control to pure chance by writing down a number of bizarre alternatives for whatever dice number is thrown, results in some strange experiences that lead the reader to believe the man's a nutter.

But Frankie, who's had more things going for him than any other single person who's never broken commercially, might easily have adopted the diceman's ideas.

How else can you explain the sudden (at least to the public and press) disbandment of the excellent Fullhouse group last summer?

Or try another — how come he makes such great albums but then doesn't consolidate his growing reputation or that line of his talent by making another with the same producer?

This fella's knocked down the foundations of his own career in so many fits of rash unpredictability that people are beginning to believe he has no desire to become anything greater than what he is already.

His last album, "Frankie Miller's Fullhouse" staggered into what might have seemed good formula, chartbound rock and roll at the time. And this time in the studio they've enlisted the services of producer Jack Douglas who's done the honours for Aerosmith and Cheap Trick, and must have a good set of lugs even if it was *him* that produced Ms Smith's "Radio Ethiopia".

Indeed, the man tends to be *erratic*, and because of that it's best to ignore Frankie's polite reading of Marvin Gaye's "Stubborn Kind Of Fellow", which strikes me as a shot for the disco-market. Similarly a lot of Miller's real character is discarded in two new Andy Fraser songs, "Double Heart Trouble" and "Love Is All Around". As far as Douglas and the band are concerned Free still live.

Criticisms are bound to exist, however, and there's nothing I would've liked more than to compliment this new band. With the exception of Ray Russell replacing Mick Moody on guitar, it's the same team who played the last British dates: Paul Carrack (keyboards), Chrissy Stewart (bass), B J Wilson (drums) with Chris Mercer and Martin Dorver on horns. And quite honestly I thought they were better onstage than any of the reviews gave then credit.

If there is a lack of communication between the group and Miller himself it's understandable. With a reputation as a boozing brawler, a soulful R&B singer and generally one of rock's real hard nuts, his musicians have always tended to flex their collective muscle in sympathy. This crowd do the same.

But that kind of force is seldom needed because working through the emotional terrain of his songs that invariably deal with manifestations and consequences of love, Frankie is both a sensitive lyricist and vocalist. Sometimes he needs a guitar line to complement this sensibility, but it's really only Carrack's piano figures on "Good Time Love" that shows the right kind of working relationship will develop.

Yet anybody who can sing "Goodnight Sweetheart" with such compassion for the almost moralistic lyrics, must have a gut feeling that goes beyond the widely praised timbre of his voice.

Because of Frankie's superb writing, particularly with "Have You Seen Me Lately Joan" and "(I Can't) Breakaway", and such consistently fine singing, it'd be a real pleasure to say this is *the* Miller album. Unfortunately it isn't and it looks like his fans will have to wait a little longer for that.

The problem is that some people are getting a little impatient.

Tony Stewart

STEVE HACKETT
Please Don't Touch (Charisma)

IT'S BOTH a measure of this record's random nature and its maker's lack of any strong musical personality that were it not for Steve Hackett's moniker being plastered all over it, it would be difficult to gauge exactly whose show "Please Don't Touch" is.

Within the Genesis group framework Hackett was never the most conspicuous of guitarists, preferring to embellish the band's compositions — to which he was a healthy contributor — and only occasionally step into the solo spotlight.

Not surprisingly, "Please Don't Touch" is not a guitar album, even though there's a fair slice of Hackett's work in evidence, particularly his acoustic playing which is considerably more effective than his classically based solo work.

As on its predecessor "Voyage Of The Acolyte", it's Hackett's compositions which are on exhibition here, showcased as they are by the likes of such vocal talent as Ritchie Havens (two cuts), and more black singing in the shape of little known soul m'aam Randy Crawford (one cut) and Kansas' Steve Walsh (two cuts).

Though Hackett himself is credited with several vocals, he's only audible on "Carry On Up The Vicarage" and then his voice, doctored as it is by one of the many expensive electronic devices he has at his fingertips, could really belong to anyone.

As a writer Hackett is no great shakes; he has ideas, though usually he doesn't make the most of them. Often his melodies are annoyingly derivative (the romantic instrumental "Kim", presumably dedicated to Hackett's new found love who, naturally enough is eulogised in at least one number, would serve as perfect background music for any number of romantic films).

"Racing In A" is okay as beefy techno-rock, but ruined by the intrusion of one of Hackett's neo-classical guitar breaks tacked on for no apparent reason.

Havens sounds acutely uncomfortable on his two songs. On the first, "How Can I?" he sounds as if he's reading the lyrics as he sings, putting no feeling into the song. Still, you can't blame him. The best cut is "Hoping Love Will Last" where Ms Crawford does a sterling job, utilising jazzy phrasing on a song that doesn't really do her justice.

Steve Clarke

'EVERY KINDA PEOPLE'

THE PIRATES
Skull Wars
(Warner Brothers)

IF THINGS carry on like this much longer, The Pirates will have achieved the status of being Part Of Our Cultural Heritage, because they're about as good as conventional rock and roll is ever going to get.

When it comes to channelling the rock and roll legacy of the '50s straight into the '70s just as if the excesses of the late '60s had never happened, no-one whips The Pirates.

"Skull Wars" is a signal improvement over its predecessor "Out Of Their Skulls" for a number of reasons. The material's better, bassist Johnnie Spence has got his vocal chops up and everybody seems less willing to stand back and let it turn into The Mick Green Show — including Mick Green.

This ain't a criticism of Mick Green; men with less than one per cent of Green's talents have been known to exhibit egos several thousands times his size. It's just that Green's astonishing command of the Telecaster and general cult-figure status have thus far been the focal point of the band.

This crack out of the bag, things have levelled off and, after "Skull Wars" it's a safe bet that no-one's going to be making remarks about how The Pirates could — ummm — really do with a good singer. They've got one, and it's the same singer they had before.

The only trouble is that the lead vocals are so far down in the mix on some of the tracks (notably the opening "Long Journey Home" with lyrics by some bloke called Roy Carr) that the vocals are reduced to a distant bullroar.

The standard of the band's songwriting has risen immeasurably: I wouldn't be surprised to hear songs like "Voodoo" and "Four To The Bar" cropping up in the repertoire of those pub bands who aren't too leery about copping contemporary material (as opposed to R&B and Beat Boom standards). The powerful Who-like "All In It Together" (which should've done better in its incarnation as a single) sounds, if possible, even better in the context of the album.

One track that I'm particularly fond of is the sneaky-sinister, slowed down country blues rendition of "Diggin' My Potatoes".

Perhaps the crucial composition on the album is Green's "Johnny B. Goode's Good", a paean of praise to The Classic Rock Song in general and the works of Charles Edward Berry of St. Louis Missouri in particular, and it's followed up by a straight jump-cut into a storming live version of — you guessed — "Johnny B. Goode" itself, which in turn cuts to the same author's "Talkin' 'Bout You".

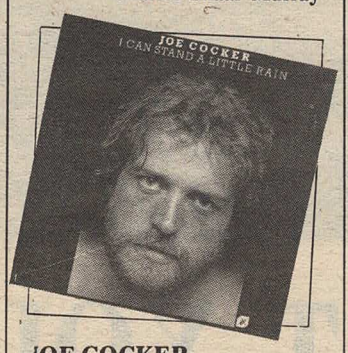
Only The Pirates could get away with sticking a mouldy old chestnut like "Johnny B. Goode" onto an album, and only The Pirates could make you glad they did.

See, The Pirates regard their role as rock and roll band as being sufficient unto itself. They're not going to lay their politics or their lifestyles on you, presumably because they believe that anyone with the basic suss to walk and breathe at the same time can work all that stuff out for themselves. The Pirates just do music, Straightahead, no-bullshit, no-regrets, rock-and-bleedin'-roll music.

Charles Shaar Murray

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

A PIRATE'S LIFE IS THE LIFE FOR ME



JOE COCKER
With A Little Help From My Friends / Joe Cocker (Cube)
I Can Stand A Little Rain (Cube)

RE-ISSUES ALL, no doubt in the absence of any contemporary product from Cocker, of whom little has been heard since his abortive comeback at the beginning of last year and consequent return to America.

"With A Little Help From My Friends", his debut album, was mostly recorded in 1969 with producer Denny Cordell, the original and quite wonderful Grease Band, and a long list of guest musicians, among them Jimmy Page, Steve Winwood and Arthur Lee. It's the only album of the three that was made in England and, conincidentally perhaps, it's the best of the lot.

The title track remains Cocker's finest moment, but much of the credit must go to Grease Band keyboardist Tommy Eyre for his inspired arrangement. Other stand-outs are the version of Dave Mason's "Feeling Alright", sensitive readings of "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" and Peter Dello's "Do I Still Figure In Your Life?", and also the best of the three Cocker-Stainton originals on the album, "Sandpaper Cadillac".

On to the hardly less impressive second album, recorded in Los Angeles with Cordell again but also with the assistance of Leon Russell, who contributes two tracks with "Hello, Little Friend" and the classic "Delta Lady", a rather different Grease Band, and another long list of guest musicians.

In an attempt to emulate his previous success with a Beatles song, Cocker wraps his lungs around two here — "She Came In Through The Bathroom Window" and "Something", which sadly fail to improve on the originals. Still, there are hot covers of Dylan's "Dear Landlord" and John Sebastian's "Darling Be Home Soon" to make up for it.

"I Can Stand A Little Rain" was made in 1973, with Jim Price as producer, arranger, and writer of two tracks. It's by no means a bad album but it's not in the same class as the first two. Apart from Henry McCullough playing guitar on two tracks and contributing a song, there is no sign of the then defunct Grease Band — a pity because at times the album positively cries out for them in place of the accomplished sessioneers.

There is one track that stands out head, shoulders and chest above the rest — Jimmy Webb's "The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress". Cocker is backed only by Webb himself on piano and, towards the end, there's the comparative rarity of a tasteful string arrangement.

But, despite the indisputable excellence of much of these albums, it's hard to see them gaining Cocker many new fans if he himself makes no attempt to re-activate interest . . .

Neil Peters

TYRANNOSAURUS REX
My People Were Fair/Prophets, Seers, Sages (Cube)
Unicorn/Beard Of Stars (Cube)
T. REX
T. Rex (Cube)
Electric Warrior (Cube)
Bolan's Boogie (Cube)

A RESPECTFUL pause after the elf-king's untimely death, and here come the re-releases. An almost complete set of Bolan's triumphs prior to the forming of his own T. Rex label and the release of "Telegram Sam". From memory I think only "The Best Of T. Rex", a fairly important compilation, is missing.

Of course, there's plenty of early singles — "Hippy Gumbo" for instance — that have vanished into obscurity, but the Bolan discography is a complex affair: we might as well settle for this bunch of Pye/Fly discs which offer a comprehensive selection of the man at his peak.

The four Tyrannosaurus Rex albums, available as two doubles, date from the halcyon days of flower power. Three of them are full of short, daft, hippy-songs; Bolan's assisted by Steve Peregrine Took on instruments such as pixiephone and talking drums as well as the inevitable bongoes.

Nice nostalgia if your memory stretches that far. Every song's got a cute melody, it just depends if you can stand the Tolkienesque lyrics and Marc's very stylised, strangulated vocals. "Deborah" remains typical of the period, all about a girl with a face like a galleon. The titles are endlessly fascinating: "Like A White Star, Tangled And Far, Tulip That's What You Are", "Nijinsky's Hind", "Salamanda Palaganda".

"A Beard Of Stars" from 1970 is the turning point. Mickey Finn has replaced Steve Took in the pattering drums department and organ and bass creep into Bolan's previously acoustic design. On the closing track, "Elemental Child," he seizes an electric guitar and goes loopy with it.

One easy step from that to becoming the legendary T. Rex, wetting a million knickers and becoming *the* pop face of the early '70s.

That step involved "T. Rex," my personal favourite among the albums. The name of the group is abbreviated and although Bolan and Finn are standing in some green glade on the cover, Marc's clutching the dreaded electric axe. What you get, despite the clumsy, fairy-tale words, is a collection of brief, exquisite tunes ("Diamond Meadows," "Summer Deep") striking a neat balance between the flowery, folksy style and his more familiar excursions into rock. "Beltane Walk" sounds like an obvious precursor of "Hot Love" and Bolan fulfills his guitar-hero/mystic visions on the epic "The Wizard."

"Electric Warrior" is the album that really cried out to be re-released. It was the first pop record I bought in the '70s at the height of "T. Rextasy" as the papers insisted on calling it. Perhaps that's why Marc's death was of more importance to me than the demise of Presley.

A sticker on the cover claims that "Lean Woman Blues" was a hit single. I can't recall that event, but it doesn't really matter because any cut from this milestone would have been a number one at the time. "Jeepster" and "Get It On" are the classics, but I was amazed to discover that my friends remembered "The Motivator", "Planet Queen" and "Rip-Off" in as much detail as I did.

To tie up the loose ends, "Bolan's Boogie" is a compilation of "Ride A White Swan", Hot Love" and other essential items which didn't make the official albums.

If you want something to remind you of Marc Bolan's remarkable talent as singer-/guitarist/songwriter and all-purpose star, "Bolan's Boogie" provides the widest selection of gems. Unless of course you've never heard "Electric Warrior": *". . .I danced myself out of the womb. . .I danced myself into the tomb."* He's still dancing.

Kim Davis

IMPORTS

THIS COLUMN gets more like *Multi-Coloured Swap-shop* all the time. Queasy green, yukkey yellow and bum brown — each successive album has its own hue.

In the meantime, import fashion connoiseurs could well aim their lorgnettes in the direction of *Gabriel Bondage's* "Another Trip To Earth" (Dharma), which can be purchased in either red, white or blue, Dharma pressing up around 8,000 in each colour. The music is said to be vaguely Yes-like — but, heavens to Murgatroyd, who cares about *that* aspect of records anymore?

***Suzy And The Red Stripes'* "Seaside Woman"/"B-Side To Seaside" (Epic) single is also around. Thankfully it's not in red stripes, just plain ol' unfashionable black. But it's actually a Wings-thing, with McCartney producing and playing and Linda Mac doing her outfront in the spotlight thing — which means that the disc will receive a modicum of attention.**

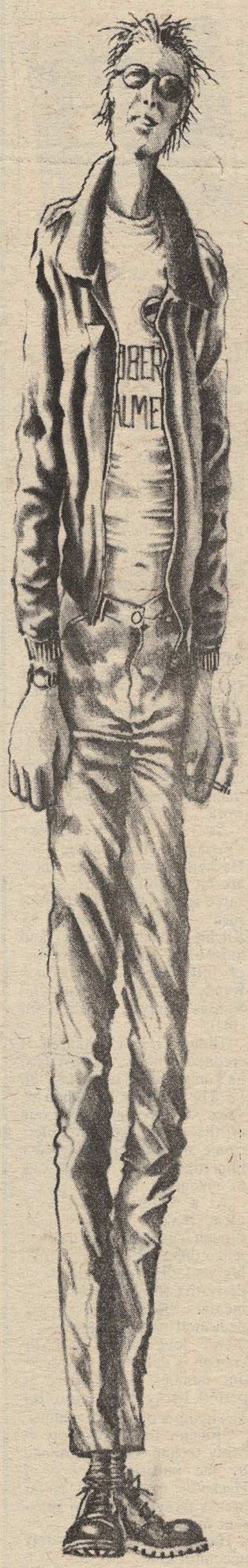
***Elvis Presley's* "Elvis Speaks To You" double-shot is also in reverential black — though the label is Green Valley. Again it's interview-alley, all chat and mumbles and strictly for the trivia-trade. However the sleeve looks classy, the Jordanaires provide a moment or two of musical relief and Merle Haggard puts his two cents worth in via the liner notes.**

In the real class division, I offer *Bruce Cockburn's* "Circles In The Stream" (True North), a double live-shot cut during the Canuck's concerts at Toronto's Massey Hall, last year. A singer-songwriter who slots in somewhere between Neil Young and Gordon Lightfoot, Cockburn plays great acoustic guitar and dulcimer, sports a songbook that harks from down-homesy blues to in-French love songs and fronts a small band that includes a genuine, tartan-tailored bagpiper.

Meanwhile, back in Collectorsville, *Nick Lowe's* solo LP has turned up in new guise. Now in a US edition titled "Pure Pop For Now People" (Columbia) — didja really think the American League of Housewives would let Basher get away with that Jesus bit? I mean, who does he think he is, Lennon ??? — the sleeve features some different poses to the sextet of shots decorating your homegrown effort.

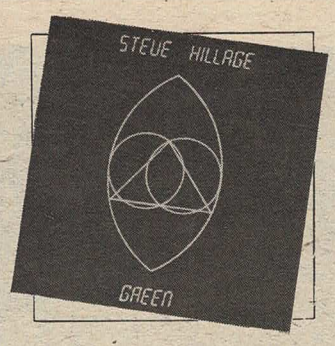
The glass swans have disappeared off the back cover to be relaced by another hunky shot of *NME's* Christmas party entertainer. Incidentally, "Rollers Show" also finds its way onto this Stateside version. They do things differently in the colonies.

Fred Dellar



STEVE HILLAGE: FACTS
ALBUM–GREEN V2098
MUSIC–WIDE SCREEN ROCK
APPROACH–UNCOMPROMISING
HAIR–LONG (UNFASHIONABLE)
GUITAR–ELECTRIFYING
DEGREE OF COOL–UNCERTAIN

'EVERY KINDA PEOPLE'



STEVE HILLAGE
Green (Virgin)

BUDDHA KNOWS, when all's said and sung, I've enough trouble convincing myself that Steve Hillage is someone and something more than just a tousled troubadour fishing through the silvery shoals of the great cosmic all-mind, let alone arguing the toss with anyone else.

I like (no, love) the man's music. It's the attendant attitudes that scramble me. All those weird metaphysical maps Hillage tries to measure — he even subtitles "Green", his fourth solo album, "A Celebration Of Space-Time Travel Through Nature".

I suppose I'm as enthusiastic about the arcane and esoteric as the next enthusiast, but with reservations. Take the lyrics to side two's "Crystal City", for instance: *"And now the silent words of light are. . .passing through our eyes to touch the secret lines of power that run across the land and sea. Waiting for our hearts to build The New Fusion of Earth and Sky."*

Still with me, all you astral travellers? Good, or should I say 'green'? Like Hillage I'm interested in the (ley) lines he mentions, but unlike him I don't reckon they're going to feed power into the National Grid or replace it altogether as we all 'energise' on some higher plane. I can't cross that canyon, can you?

And what about this sample from side one's "Sea Nature": *"We'll learn to feel the Devas and feed them through our vibes/Hear the music of the spheres through the ears of the cauliflowers and the living grass that breathes"?*

Hmmmm — does Hillage automatically assume that everyone'll know he's referring to the Findhorn community in Scotland, a curious venture started by three people who managed to grow *vast* vegetables (serious t'ing) just by talking to them and their 'Devas' or plant spirits?

Does Hillage deliberately run the risk of spinning right over his audience's heads? Does any of this matter at all? Imponderables, Imponderables.

I tend to feel Hillage presumes rather than preaches. But as I've said before, if the majority of his fans *are* well acquainted with his lore, then Hillage *must* articulate their hearts' desires for a new outer world based on precepts of the old inner.

But there *is* an aura of ambivalence about his work, in its way as mildly disturbing as the Pistols' blank refusal to take or make a stand on the content of their songs — and in "Unidentified" Hillage simply avoids the issue by refuting labels.

Meanwhile, I never took all the way to Malcolm Cecil's production of "Motivation Radio"; it seemed to sacrifice much of the breadth and depth of Hillage's material for upfront impact. I prefer the softer mix here, the work of Hillage and co-producer Nick Mason; "Green" sounds serene. Even the sly funk of "Unidentified" benefits convincingly.

"Green" also gains from sympathetic sidemen. Retained from "Radio", drummer Joe Blocker is as snappily sharp on "Unidentified" as he's mightily muscular on "The Glorious Om Riff", a flaring remake of "Master Builder" from Gong's "You", or touchingly tender on the pastoral "Musick Of The Trees".

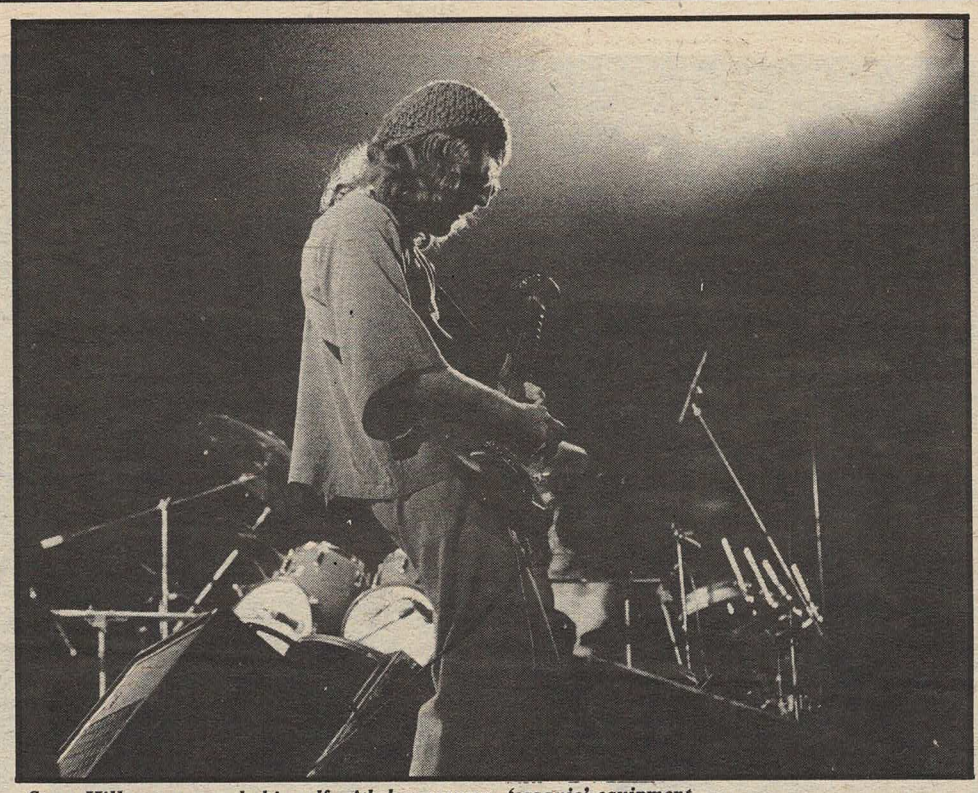
Retained from the last tour, bassist Curtis Robertson, another black American player, seems to have acquired an innate empathy with Hillage's songs. Stepping out to emphasise or back to entice, he suits past perfection. Miquette Giraudy co-writes, adds synthesiser and a wishfully daft Vocoded poem.

"Sea Nature" ressembles the opening cycle of songs from "Fish Rising". Melodies and rhythms segue and shift gently, often imperceptibly. Here and elsewhere, especially on "Palm Trees", a sublime ballad, Hillage demonstrates he's now well able to orchestrate (synthesise?) sound as impressively as his producer on "L", Todd Rundgren. What was it Rundgren once said about the highter frequencies carrying more information? Going by "Green", he was probably right.

Hillage's guitar is omnipresent in many guises and sizes, courtesy of his polyphonic synthesiser. Even though there's a slight irony in Hillage using this electronic technology to try and reduplicate the natural' electricity he hears in his inner ear, he's still an adventurous and unusual improviser. Interesting too to note how seamlessly he's now absorbed so many Eastern inflections.

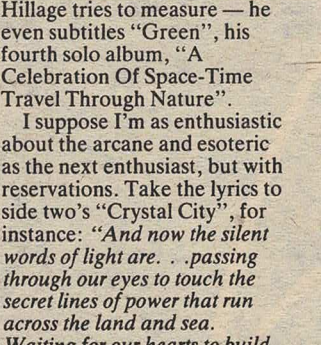
But who knows? Maybe Hillage will prove all us rationalists wrong. Somehow though, I reckon that twentieth century man has got to do a lot of 'unlearning' before he can learn more about his past and future. For the time being, I'm just glad to be green.

Angus MacKinnon



Steve Hillage surrounds himself with homegrown, 'organic' equipment

SING IF YOU'RE GLAD TO BE GREEN



GREG KIHN BAND
Next Of Kihn
(Berserkley)

GREG KIHN *might* have known where he was going for his third album, but he's in such a giddy hurry he passes his destination without pausing for breath.

The whole approach of kicking open the studio door and dashing in, laying down the music and bolting out before the door slams shut again worked on "Greg Kihn Again", but it doesn't here.

Ideas worth developing are lost in the slipstream as unfinished songs are impetuously bashed down; the production is more often dull rather than just plain awful. The whole impression of almost indecent haste is compounded by placing the songs in the most obviously convenient way possible.

Side one is the Kihn Band's rock tunes; side two is largely sentimental pop, Swap "Secret Meetings" with its contrived atmosphere of dark intrigue for the dreamily acoustic "Remember", occupying band three on the top side, and the division would be total.

The signs that Kihn knew what he was trying to achieve come with "Cold Hard Cash", "Museum" and to a lesser extent "Chinatown". All three bear the trademarks of the Kihn Band: good melodies; powerful rhythms from Larry Lynch on drums and bassist Steve Wright; Greg's positively clean vocals; and some consistently daring electric guitar lines from Dave Carpender.

Elsewhere Kihn carelessly adopts Springsteen vocal mannerisms ("Sorry" and "Everybody Else") and even openly declares his affection for British Beat Music — and on this set The Searchers and The Beatles are the most glaring examples — without bothering to blend such influences with his own ideas.

If he'd done this, "Understander" would undoubtedly have been more than a hollow collision between The Searchers-type guitar lines and vocal harmonies more generally associated with Simon and Garfunkel.

Made and played in such a rush you're almost tempted to dispose of "Next Of Kihn" in the same way.

Tony Stewart

GARLAND JEFFREYS
One-Eyed Jack
(A&M)

IT'S HARD to believe that only one year ago Garland Jeffreys won great acclaim for "Ghost Writer". Heralded as "the quintessential New York rock record" by *Village Voice*, the album is a far cry from this year's offering, "One Eyed Jack".

The problem is that Jeffreys anxiously craves a profitable piece of the action, proving as much to his detriment. On the final cut, "Been There And Back", a diluted reggae number, he smugly explains: *"Thanks for all the great reviews / Now show me some cash"*.

Well at least he admits it. There's scarcely a trace of "quintessential New York", rock or otherwise. The terse, tough lyrical strength of "Ghost Writer" has been replaced by a paucity of words and an abundance of one-line hooks. The rockers (all three of them) aren't about runnin' wild in the streets, but ostensibly concern Roman Polanski, haunted houses, or the evils of cursing and lying. And instead of the turf of Brooklyn, it's really the common ground of commercial 'catch appeal' that's our setting.

The result is readily guessed. Jeffrey's music has flown to Hollywood, to 'The Coast', to the star-factory. Like Boz Scaggs, he's pleasant, often catchy, well-produced, and can sing a variety of material.

Of course, it's all so safe: slick gospel; polite jazz, light blues; slight reggae; regular rock; 'useful' ballads. In a word, 'accessible' music.

Ironically, "One Eyed Jack" is dedicated to Jackie Robinson, the first black to play major league baseball in America. *"Here comes the One-Eyed Jack / Sometimes white and sometimes black"* sings Jeffreys on the title track. He might just as well be singing to himself.

Marcus Smith

FLAMIN' GROOVES
New (Size)

PERHAPS one of The Flamin' Groovies' greatest assets has been their adaptability: their almost infinite skill in personalising other artists' material and their careful streamlining of proven stylistic devices in an acceptable and rewarding manner.

No doubt about it, The Flamin' Groovies and Dave Edmunds (their producer) were made for each other. Not only do they both spring from the same basic roots, but both are aware of the directions each seeks to explore. One can take these similarities a step further, drawing comparisons between Edmunds' classic "Get It" album and this album. Whereas Edmunds refurbishes the finer characteristics of the '50s, The Groovies draw their strength, for the most part, from the mid-60s. They cross-over around the same points of reference.

As The Groovies' previous Edmunds-produced album "Shake Some Action" illustrated, The Fab Five no longer refine the Stones-based R&B thuggery that was prevalent on "Flamingo" and "Teenage Head". In moving forwards, The Groovies have backtracked to scoop up the more melodic glories of West Coast pop and seminal Beatleisms.

Subsequently we find that similarities between The Byrds and Beach Boys at one extreme and The Mop Tops at the other are *not* purely coincidental. Here vibrant textures of sound which have almost been lost or neglected over the years are suddenly given a passionate kiss of life to the extent that to younger ears they must sound quite innovative.

For the opening track, Gene Clark's "Feel A Whole Lot Better", the Groovies come right out and acknowledge their debt yet steer clear doing a under-par re-run. Similarly, the album concludes with audacious brilliance — a remarkable retread of Lennon and McCartney's minor classic "There's A Place". In between, the action takes place.

First up, the originals. A Cyril Jordan / Chris Wilson collaboration, "Between The Lines", gives the listener a fly on the wall idea of what might have transpired had Roger McGuinn and Brian Wilson ever chosen to combine their talents. Co-opting Edmunds as co-writer. Jordan and Wilson pursue this line of thought on "Good Laugh Mun" and "Yeah My Baby", before Edmunds drops out on "Take Me Back" — a respectful re-write of "Goin' Back".

The jaunty "All I Wanted" could well have been conceived as the theme for a zany, non-existent Monkees-type TV series, whilst the ominous "Don't Put Me On" slowly moves into gear in much the same manner as Jagger and Richard conceived the lengthy intro to "Gimme Shelter".

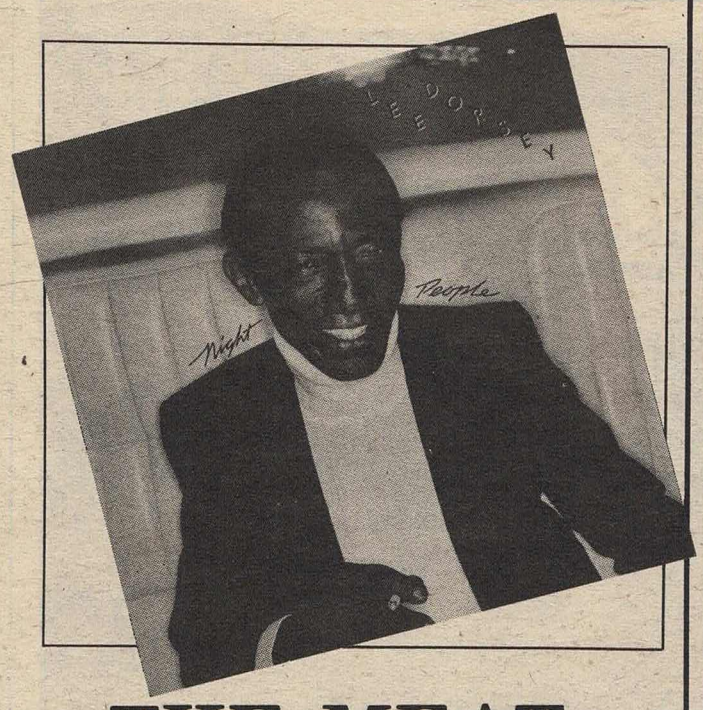
Pause for thought. Don't misconstrue this proliferation of source references as being indicative of a wholely derivative exercise. The Rutles they ain't. In much the same way as say, Edmunds, Nick Lowe, The Bee Gees, Rundgren, even The Stranglers, The Jam and The Sex Pistols have taken great musical moments in rock, freeze-framed them and redesigned specific licks to accommodate their own character, so it is with the Groovies.

When it comes down to *covers*, the Groovies really shift into overdrive. For this album, they grab Cliff Richard's "Move It", Buddy Holly's "Reminiscing", Paul Revere and The Raiders' "Ups And Downs" and Merrill Moore's "House Of Blue Lights" from off the shelf and use them as if they were demos.

The next time you hit your local diskery, at least insist on hearing this album. Who knows, you'll probably like it and maybe even buy it.

Roy Carr

ISLAND



THE MEAT AND THE MOTION

ALLEN TOUSSAINT
Motion (Warner Brothers Import)
LEE DORSEY
Night People (ABC)

IF THE recent *Saturday Night Fever* hustle strikes you as nothing more than a bad cold then here are two albums which provide a painless antidote.

Allen Toussaint's "Motion", his first since the gorgeous "Southern Nights" (not counting the indispensable contribution to the New Orleans 1976 "Jazz Heritage" Festival set) is particularly welcome. Since Donny Hathaway, Marvin Gaye and Curtis Mayfield went AWOL Toussaint has consistently proven himself a worthy contender to the vacant soul seat.

The Crescent City is, as usual, far from waning. Recent visits from Prof. Longhair and Johnny 'Promised Land' Allen bear out that deep in the south one branch of America's ethnic past is alive and well.

Utilising producer Jerry Wexler and a basic bunch of five musicians Toussaint's "Motion" moves him further away from the catalyst role into some kind of limelight previously reserved for the likes of Boz Scaggs. But hold on — the material is generally a deal more fun than any white soul artist fare.

The mixture shouldn't disappoint fans of "Life, Love and Faith" or "Southern Nights". Wexler is part of the team, not just a sympathetic interpreter and the band manage to hang loose and low, allowing the mainman's moody electric piano and stone-free voice to insinuate late-night promise of summery sensuality.

Turning the studio into a night-club has always been Tousan's forte, and only occasionally does the formula fall slightly flat. "Declaration Of Love" and "To Be With You" don't quite overcome the sugar coating but the sexual rhythms of most of the (excellent) tracks easily tilts the balance his way.

The arrangements, even Nick De Caro's sometimes soupy strings, are first class, and irresistible in the case of the syncopated horns and bass lines running through "Just A Kiss Away", the novelty social comment of "Viva La Money" or the crafty mid-tempo "Lover Of Love" (*pace* Toussaint's similar "Basic Lady").

Richard Tee provides infectious barrel house acoustic piano on "Optimism Blues", the dry wit of the lyric here being one aspect of Toussaint's repertoire, the silky word play on the title track quite another. The album is called "Motion"; it could have been "Emotion" because the man means it. Soul is not a commodity in short supply down on Clematis Avenue.

Lee Dorsey, contemporary brother, boxing champ and good time singer has his own solo album slot, long overdue, with Toussaint producing and arranging, natch.

Dorsey's method is the whipped cream to his champion's black coffee. As lovers of the "Yes We Can" disc will know ole Lee is best served when he's interpreting a slightly crazy, silly song with a simple melodic hook to move his large personality into close-up. He's an entertainer in the grand style, comic where Toussaint is serious.

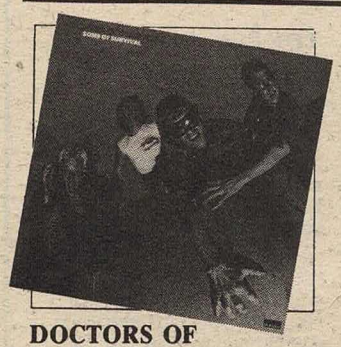
Both albums contain a version of "Night People" and make interesting comparisons for examiners of style. I know a few people think Dorsey is not quite at home with the very sophisticated backing he receives here — preferring his earlier rough mix classics from the mid-60s. But, after all, the truth is that funk has only recently caught up with the technique mastered by Toussaint in New Orleans and I reckon both men do it heaps better than their many imitators.

The neatest numbers open and close Dorsey's venture. On "Say It Again" and "Draining" he evokes memories of Otis Redding: alternately throaty, exuberantly muscular and sweetback for the side order. Dorsey can stretch it these days since the good time enterprise is now matched by subtle shading on the vocals and melodies. "Thank You Babe" is a taste, a whisper of immortality proving you don't have to maintain a tough asceticism to move your listener.

As Toussaint and Dorsey continue to play something sweet while ensuring that everything they do gonna be funky, how can they lose?

The New Orleans mystique grows more acceptable whilst Philadelphia and Detroit flounder and droop. These guys they got the meat and the motion.

Max Bell



DOCTORS OF MADNESS
Sons Of Survival (Polydor)

THE DOCTORS seem to metamorphose at such a rate that they make their work obsolescent as they go along. Since the recording of this latest album, they've shortened the name of the group, worked as a three piece and recruited Dave Vanian.

Plenty of changes, not necessarily for the better, maybe changes for their own sake as a matter of policy. Personally I haven't felt much affection for any incarnation of the Doctors. I've never shared Kid Strange's conception of the band as being at the centre of all things new, good or interesting.

Their contrived new wave respectability is probably a burden to the group, even if it has made them relatively newsworthy in the past year. Names like Urban Blitz (now departed violinist) and Peter Di Lemma are embarrassing at best.

But adopting a chic, radical stance and an image of outrageous, energetic rockers, the Doctors are asking to be judged by those standards. An efficient polished band they might be, revolutionary leaders of the new order they certainly aren't.

"Here we are the '50s kids, on collision course with 30 . . ." Okay, no need to boast about it. They launch at a brisk canter, guitar laying down a catchy rhythm, violin squealing unpleasantly. "Into The Strange" has Kid turning on the menacing, growling vocals; the song gradually degenerates into a chaotic mess which the Doctors would probably be pleased to call anarchy.

"No Limits" is slower, tuneless, and shows Kid Strange's vocal range to be limited to a predictable sneer. *"You know there's nothing more to life than living day to day . . ."* Thanks, glad someone told me.

"Bulletin" shows the band in a more typical, staccato, uptempo context but the opening of "Network" drags them down to dirge level again: supposedly portentous lyrics against a dull, featureless backdrop of sound.

"Back From The Dead", cowritten by TV Smith, has the Doctors chanting in unison with all the fear-quotient of The Magic Roundabout. "Sons Of Survival" and "Triple Vision" are the most melodic tracks, both quite memorable even though the band's intended lyrical opulence repeatedly drags the material into a swamp of pomposity.

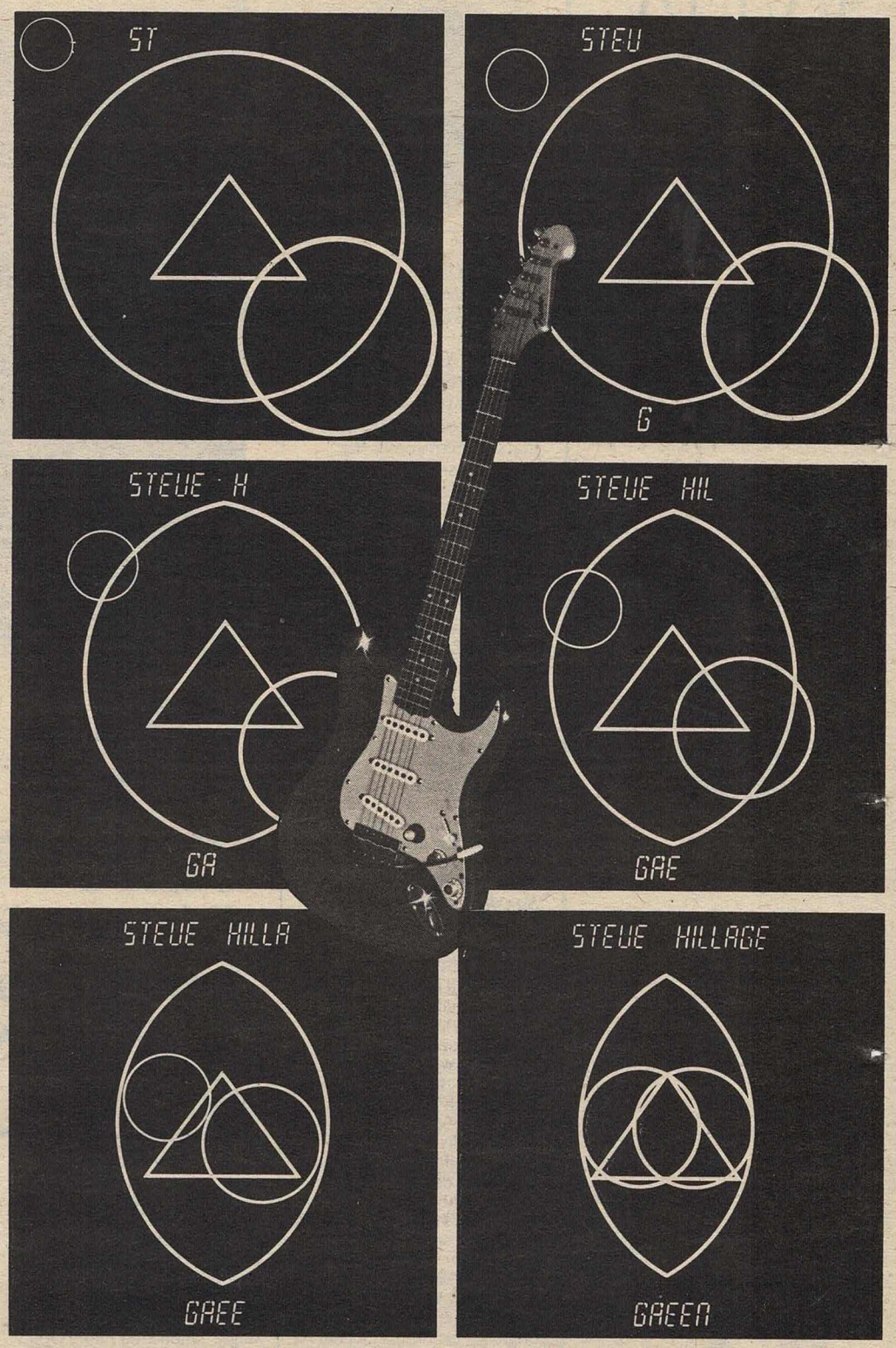
"Kiss Goodbye Tomorrow" is an intriguing oasis of calm in the midst of the rock barrage. Just Kid singing without annoying affectation and his guitar. The tune sounds acutely familiar but the words are unexpectedly gentle and thoughtful.

After that pause it's back to full blast on "Cool", a lengthy rocker with interminable stretches of instrumental confusion, feedback and directionless drumming.

So that's it. Nothing special, nothing exciting. A proficient, noisy rock album, and that's fine if you like straight, monodimensional rock. I don't.

Can't imagine what Dave Vanian's going to do with the band, it's difficult to think of him singing these songs. Looks like there's more changes ahead, and The Doctors Of Madness can only get more interesting.

Kim Davis



STEUE HILLAGE
THE TOUR

APRIL		
20/21	PLYMOUTH	METRO
22	TORQUAY	TOWN HALL
23	SWANSEA	TOP RANK
25	CARDIFF	TOP RANK
26	BANGOR	UNIVERSITY
28	KEELE	UNIVERSITY
29	LANCASTER	UNIVERSITY
MAY		
1	FOLKSTONE	LEAS CLIFFE HALL
3	AYLESBURY	FRIARS
4	BRISTOL	UNIVERSITY
6	LEICESTER	UNIVERSITY
8	STAFFORD	TOP OF THE WORLD
9	SHEFFIELD	POLYTECHNIC
10	MANCHESTER	UNIVERSITY
12	EDINBURGH	UNIVERSITY
13	GLASGOW	STRATHCLYDE UNIVERSITY
14/15	REDCAR	COATHAM BOWL
16	NEWCASTLE	POLYTECHNIC
18	POOLE	ARTS CENTRE, WESSEX HALL
19	SWINDON	BRUNEL ROOMS
20	MALVERN	WINTER GARDENS
21	CROYDON	GREYHOUND
22	BIRMINGHAM	MAYFAIR BALLROOM
23/24	LIVERPOOL	ERIC'S
25	OXFORD	POLYTECHNIC
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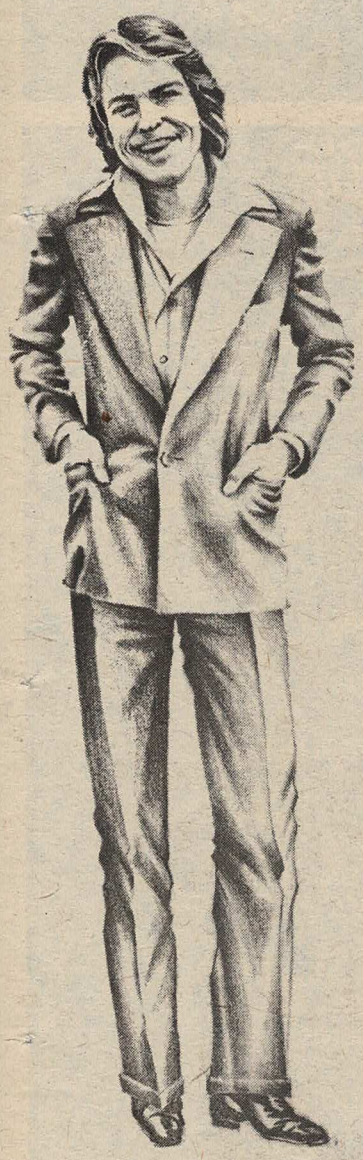


ISLAND
WIP 6425

VARIOUS
Soul Deep — Vol 2 (Atlantic/Contempo)

A 16-TRACK capsule of "soul music" as it is generally recognised by addicts from the '60s, mainly recorded in the southern states of the USA.

It includes the famous — Sam And Dave ("Living It Down"), Joe Tex ("She Might Need Me"). Wilson Pickett ("Covering The Same Old Ground") — and undeservedly obscure — Bobby Patterson ("If He Hadn't Slipped Up And Got Caught"), Doris Duke ("Woman Of The Ghetto"), Sam Dees ("Signed Ms Heroine").

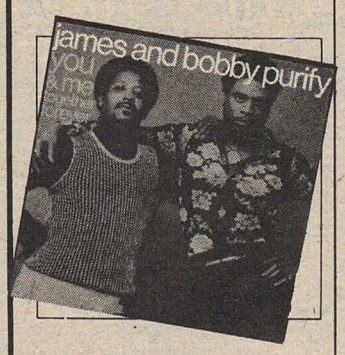
Not such a powerful mixture as one might have hoped for, considering the quality of the vaults being plundered, nevertheless, a welcome antidote to disco fever. Likewise, the next three . . .

THE EMOTIONS
Sunshine (Stax)

THE ORIGINAL line-up of the trio of fillies now re-arranged and groomed to international success by Maurice White's Kalimba stable, recorded in the days when they were only a step away from their gospel debut.

Although The Emotions' new-found stardom undoubtedly prompted the re-activated Stax label to make this one of their first releases, it's by no means just a cash-in job. There's a lot of folk who'll prefer this selection to their recent recordings. Tracks include Carla Thomas's "Gee Whiz", Bill Withers' "Ain't No Sunshine" and some excellent originals; producers include Al Jackson Jr., Al Bell and Pervis Staples.

A round of applause.



JAMES AND BOBBY PURIFY
You And Me Together Forever (Casablanca)

THERE WAS a time when J&BP nearly made the top grade alongside the similar team of Sam and Dave. Now they're confined to the fourth division cabaret circuit; a fact that doesn't do justice to their enjoyable records, which are still almost first rate, despite one replacement Purify and slightly modified accompaniment from Papa Don/Tommy Cogbill-produced Nashville session personnel.

Recorded in 1975, this includes their versions of Isaac Hayes's "Do Your Thing", Jimmy Ruffin's hit "Gonna Give Her All The Love I Got", Joe Jones's "You Talk Too Much" and Sam & Dave's "I Need You" amid half a dozen other fine examples of their soul harmonising. Hearing them on record is better than seeing them on stage. Try it.

LENNY WILLIAMS
Choosing You (ABC)

MODERN RECORDING but older soul values involved here. Williams is an excellent

ETA Moonbase — April 25th, 1898

ALL SOULED UP But Not Quite Out

CLIFF WHITE Departs For Distant Worlds With An Amassment Of Recent Soul & Funk & Smooch & Smarm & Sex & . . .

singer in the flexible black gospel-soul tenor tradition; his accompaniment is not at all bad, even with full-scale, West Coast orchestration and a mild disco bias; and none of eight songs are total failures.

Some are particularly good, including the title track, his single "Shoo Doo Fu Fu Ooh" and "Look Up With Your Mind". Some pockets of soul fans have awarded this release a ticker-tape welcome; I'm pretty enthusiastic about it myself.

KELLEE PATTERSON
Be Happy (EMI International)

DISSAPPOINTING SET from the lady who does it oh so right on "If It Don't Fit, Don't Force It" (included here). That single has much of the same panache as Jean Knight's "Mr. Big Stuff" or Betty Wright's "Clean Up Woman"; unfortunately most of the rest of this album is coy, cosy and calculated. . . competent arrangements of undistinguished songs, performed well but unremarkably.

CARL DOUGLAS
Keep Pleasing Me (Pye)

OPINION CAN'T help but be influenced by expectation. Anticipating a strong album from Kellee, I was let down; here I'm agreeably surprised by no greater quality. I hadn't credited Carl Douglas with much to offer but it turns out that he's an acceptable singer with some nicely arranged, attractive pop-soul-disco songs to perform. There is a lot worse about.

MFSB
End Of Phase 1 (Philadelphia International)

AN EARLY, if not the first, bunch of musicians to take lushly orchestrated instrumentals onto the disco floor, MFSB have actually made a few enjoyable records — all included on this 11-track collection of their greatest hits. "TSOP", "Back Stabbers", "Love Is The Message" and the like. . . these were the nub of The Philly Sound.

21st CREATION
Break Thru (Motown)

YOUNG QUINTET of stand-up singers, mainly led by the one with the husky voice and poor breath control. Material is pretty good — including the group's single hit, "Tailgate", and songs by Marvin Gaye and Willie Hutch — but the group lacks sparkle. A new Jackson Five they ain't.

ENCHANTMENT
Once Upon A Dream (UA)

THIS FIVESOME are older and sweeter than 21st C and feature a very fine high-voiced leader. The nine songs are all as acceptable as their current US hit, "It's You That I Need"; the arrangements are imaginative (well, they're not entirely predictable); the overall feel is not unlike the early Stylistics, occasionally breaking loose to perform the sort of material favoured by Tavares. Quality stuff this; I'd buy it.

TAVARES
Future Bound (Capitol)

MUCH BETTER than their last album but no great leap forward. Producer Freddie Perren has gone some way to ease the relentless chopping of his disco accompaniment, allowing the group a more varied workout than they've recently been restricted to. Includes their latest single, "The Ghost Of Love"; their Bee Gee's-penned contribution to the movie Saturday Night Fever, "More Than A Woman"; and six other numbers — a couple of which ("Timber", "Slow Train To Paradise") sound like future hits to me.

RAYDIO
Raydio (Arista)

SURPRIZZO. DESPITE an exceedingly silly single ("Jack And Jill", included here), this quartet are not at all bad, in a weird kind of way. Voice-box, synthesizers and the like are used on most tracks, giving the group a similar feel to the Mandre album released on Motown last year.

Elsewhere they rock along in more conventional disco style, with a strong lead vocalist (presumably Ray Parker Jr., writer/producer of all tracks and biggest cat in their photo) performing love songs that are uniformly better than "Jack And Jill", thank the Lord.

SLAVE
The Hardness Of The World (Cotillion)

LARGE ASSEMBLY of young blacks from Dayton, Ohio, who have swapped the strut and throb of their debut set for a more mellow approach to the same funky situation.

There's a lot of pleasant music here for fans of New Breed Hip, although the group tend to undersell themselves and occasionally lapse into boring lethargy when they presumably mean to sound cool. Their songs are ordinary, the two most promising titles ("Baby Sinister", "Volcano Rupture") turning out to be instrumentals. Shame.

POCKETS
Come Go With Us (CBS)

COMPETENT BUT unexciting newcomers to the Kalimba stable whose American success has probably been as much a result of their association with the Earth, Wind & Fire crew as anything else. I try hard not to be cynical about groups like this — after all, the eight members seem to be promising musicians — but there's no point in beating about the bush, since they offer nothing yet that hasn't already been better expressed by assorted other funky outfits. Lead singer OK though.

CON FUNK SHUN
Secrets (Mercury)

RELEASED SOME time ago (we missed it), this album is still gathering sales, partly on the strength of "Ffun" — the group's latest US hit, which is included — and undoubtedly because word has got around that it's a tasty little package. Drifting ballads and bass-driven funk are juxtaposed in the standard New Breed manner, none of them wondrous but all performed with much class. The group's vocals put them on the favourable side of average.

MAZE
Golden Time Of Day (Capitol)

NO COMPLAINTS about this. An excellent follow-up to their highly-rated debut album; perhaps a bit more mellow than before, but equally interesting. Lead singer, producer and composer of all tracks, Frankie Beverly, is an extraordinary voice to find in such a contemporary setting, coming from a Tyrone Davis-style direction rather than the more common post-Sly Stone school. His songs are all good, if uncontroversial, and the band is solid talent. The best of the bunch.

THE PIPS
At Last (Casablanca)

NOTHING SPECIAL from Gladys Knight's kith and kin. After years of hesitating to record without Glad — because they wanted to develop "an individual sound" — they've come out with a very undistinguished selection. Admittedly their harmonies and leads aren't immediately comparable with any similar team, but the dull songs and arrangements limit them to discount bin distribution.

SYLVESTER
Sylvester (Fantasy)

UPFRONT QUEEN of the West Coast disco scene, who looks considerably more attractive in drag than he does straight, judging by the contrasting pix on this album, Sylvester continues the black falsetto tradition with a lot of class on ballads but is little more than a cog in the machinery of the dance tracks. Not just a run of the mill release, this; some unusual talent in evidence from time to time.

Cliff White

Normally Strange But Strangely Normal

KEVIN COYNE
Dynamite Daze (Virgin)

IF I WERE Kevin Coyne, I'd be damn mad.

After all, having written a considerable body of work over the past seven years, having released several fine albums under his own name (never mind the Dandelion/Siren stuff), he still remains as enigmatic to the populace at large as perverse eccentrics like Syd Barrett, say, or even Captain Beefheart when by rights he should be as popular as readily accessible individualists like Elvis Costello and Ian Dury.

Maybe he did too much too soon in releasing "Marjory Razorblade", a double dose of scarifying case histories which must have frightened off a good few potential listeners. Whatever, his resolute refusal to play to the gallery and his willingness to take chances has denied him a wide audience.

Behind the puckish face of a wizened old man (Coyne eerily resembles the homicidal dwarf of *Don't Look Now)* and beneath an unlikely shock of frazzled curls is an astute, agile mind — Coyne the commentator never preaches nor wallows in neurotic self-pity. He is able to both laugh and cry at what he sees, the first sardonically (sometimes cruelly), the second openly, compassionately.

"Dynamite Daze" begins, appropriately, with an explosive opening track and gradually winds down to the whimper of "Dance Of The Bourgeoisie", a Zappa-like throwaway which may (or may not — at 120 seconds it doesn't bear *that* close a scrutiny) reflect people's apathy towards the, er, status quo.

In between Coyne creates a desperate, dream-like world of scared children and *"crumbling aged people".* His is a singular vision, one in which involvement repays handsomely.

Side one is stunning and seductive by turn as Coyne sucks you into his private, obsessional nightmares, side two only marginally less so.

His utterly distinctive vocal stylings — a kind of harried, harrowing howl which many find alienating — garble on, seemingly wilfully oblivious to what's going on around him. But, as on the title track, it all fits.

"Daze" has a tried and true rock'n'roll riff, bashed down and tarted up later as it were, with bracing perambulatory guitar work (acoustic rhythm, electric lead) from Bob Ward as Coyne, miraculously remaining the antithesis of jaded cynicism, swears laughingly that, in the politico-rock stakes, he's *"seen it all before."*

The climactic shout of *"Revolution!"* is followed by an evil, sneering chortle that ill prepares you for the tragic inevitability of "Brothers Of Mine". With Vic Sweeney's relentless drums sounding like a cross between Buddy Holly and Glitter Band backing tracks, Coyne disconcertingly harmonises with himself (if such a 'nice' word can be applied to his harsh vocals) on the chorus: *"Workers of the world unite / And put the poor boy down."*

His coiled-spring intensity and astonishing ability to employ hairpin dynamics without rupturing the melodic line serves him well throughout, but nowhere better than on "Are We Dreaming?" wherein Paul Wickens' melancholic accordion perfectly complements the gritty narration. A stream of faded photo images gradually become, in the persuasive treatment

Continued over

FILTH

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From Page 44

afforded them by both voice and instrument, genuinely moving and this elegiac tone is continued on "Take Me Back To Dear Old Blighty".

The old First World War-horse is given a sweetly understated patriotic irony by Zoot Money's resonant piano as Coyne precisely delivers the words with barely supressed desperation.

The segue into "I Really Live Around Here" is not so strange as it first appears, since while only the chord of fear seemingly connects the two disparate songs (urban paranoia here as against "Blighty" 's desolate isolation), Coyne actually concocts a darkly ironic joke from the bizarre juxtaposition.

The nostalgic yearning of "Blighty" is thrown into sharp relief by the nightmare evocation of the UK in '78 in "I Really Live Around Here", and the nerve-tingling laugh on the fade contributes further to the sense of unease.

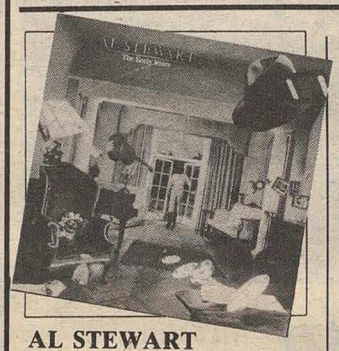
Nothing is quite so brilliantly judged thereafter, though Coyne remains never less than hypnotic as he gives a superficially 'twee' song like "I Only Want To See You Smile" a sinister cutting edge and even his musical romantic lyricism (as on "Juliet And Mark") completely eschews sentimentality.

Both these and the extraordinary "Cry" are emblematic of his acute dramatic sense. "Cry" is the quintessential tear-jerker that reached its apotheosis in Johnny Ray's maudlin performance (a real Kleenex-box job), though you'd never guess it from Coyne's 'treatment'.

There's nothing remotely 'soft' or 'wimp' in this interpretation which employs explicit emotionalism to convey the singer's dangerously open vulnerability and consuming capacity for compassion.

"Dynamite Daze" is quite the best album from Coyne since the awesome "Blame It On The Night". And it may even be better than that.

Monty Smith



AL STEWART
The Early Years (RCA)

FROM BEING an authoritative singer/songwriter on CBS with six excellent albums to his credit, Stewart has — since "Year of the Cat" — become a marketable commodity on RCA. But since that successful album and single 18 months ago, the normally prolific Stewart has been strangely silent. In the interim RCA have compiled a tasteful collection from his early albums.

I've always liked Al Stewart and rated him as a lyricist, guitarist and tunesmith. If you've only zeroed in on him since "Cat", then this is as good a collection as you deserve. It contains the essence of Al Stewart as bedsitter bard — drawn from his first three CBS albums — although the exclusion of anything from "Past, Present and Future" does tend to negate the value of this collection slightly, since that album showed how good a writer Stewart could be if he distanced himself from internal angst and lovelorn traumas.

The wonders of the modern world allow "Love Chronicles" to be squeezed onto side two with a couple of other songs, but it's "Chronicles" itself which shows the best — and worst — of Al Stewart.

Aside from it being the first folk/rock/whatever song to include *"fucking"* (albeit tastefully) in the lyric, the saga of this Cassanova of the Home Counties going through his affairs of the heart one by one tends to pall over 18 minutes!

"Manuscript" — from "Zero She Flies" is an interesting indication of ideas which Stewart was to develop more fully on "Past, Present, Etc.", and it's nice to have "Clifton In The Rain" available again as it wasn't on the first album.

Patrick Humphries

THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
The Electric Chairs (Safari Records)

WAYNE COUNTY is at his best when inspired by others. Here the irrepressible Wayne gives us a basic rock 'n' roll album which toys with teds, punks, Pistol music, California groovin' and Patti Smith.

Add County's own daring brand of sexual sledgehammer, the epitome of "pseudomacho" affectation, and it's all rather ghoulish, gleeful, and funny. Let's call it The Dolls-meet-The Dictators aesthetic. For fun, that is.

"Eddie and Sheena", the story of a Romeo and Juliet romance between a teddy-boy and a "punque", starts in classic '50s teen ballad style. The guitar strings pluck away as we learn a son is born, one Elvis Rotten. Then it's one-two-three-four into a marvellous Sex Pistols homage and/or parody. A great song with which to enliven a deathly party.

Also worth some ink on side one is "Bad In Bed", a 'blatantly offensive' rocker right up (or down) there with "You Make Me Cream In My Jeans" and "F★★★ Off", as well as "28 Model T", a coy send-down of Beach Boys hot-rodding with vintage lyrics.

Flip it and "Rock 'n' Roll Resurrection", a Patti Smith take-off which uncannily captures her mannerist extremes, stands out as proof County is one of the most talented imitators in rock. "Resurrection" is one of those rare songs that both amuses and convinces, especially lyrically: *"Rock me Jesus/Roll Me Lord/Wash me in the blood of rock 'n' roll."*

There are two more catchy rockers, "On The Crest" and "Take It", another sex-groan. Outstanding is "Big Black Window", a softer number reminiscent of The Doors at their melancholy best.

The number one flaw is a speeded-up version of New York's '76 punk anthem, "Max's Kansas City". Omitting the original's catalogue of the garage band scene, it sounds like an album version of "Sweet Jane" played at 45 rpm.

The number one oversight is not including the B-side of the "Eddie and Sheena" single, "Rock 'n' Roll Cleopatra", one of County's better tongue-in-cheek assaults.

Marcus Smith

THE BOTHY BAND
Out of the Wind — Into the Sun (Polydor)

THEY ARE not alone. Plenty of other bands on smaller independent labels are helping to introduce people to the delights of traditional Irish music, but The Bothy Band are fortunate in tapping a potential mass market courtesy of Polydor, much like the Chieftains with backing from Island.

Unfortunately I missed their recent Rainbow gig, but "Out of the Wind" is ample compensation. The six members of the band muster a bewildering array of instruments between them, using them to stirring effect on this selection of traditional tunes.

The timeless blend of pipes, flute and fiddle either tugs at your heartstrings or leaves you cold. I love the sound, and welcome any further efforts by The Bothy Band and their ilk.

Patrick Humphries

THE TOOLS OF THE TRADE

YOU CAN'T BEAT A DRUM BARGAIN...

MAXWIN'S Stage 704 kit, price £225.

INSTRUMENTS: By TONY STEWART AND ANDREW McCULLOCH

. . . if you do it might bend out of shape! But, on the other hand, these cheap drum kits for beginners or semi-pros do have points in their favour. This feature road-tests one of them.

CHEAP NEW drums are still a comparatively rare sight in most instrument shops, and just hearing the names Maxwin, Kent, Hoshino or Olympic is enough to horrify the professional drummer.

Theres obviously a great deal of musical snobbery in their attitude, with cheap automatically being synonymous with tacky: an assumption that's not always justified. But only future developments and proven quality in budget priced drums can erase this haughty scepticism.

So far not even the clever Japanese have flooded the country with inexpensive copies of more famous kits — which is surprising considering they've cornered the market with bass, guitar and keyboards copies that retail at anything from a tenth of the cost of an original.

Some people jokingly predict the Japs will soon begin work on an android musician prototype, and if its circuitry can omit the temperamental aspects of the human model it'll undoubtedly be a great seller.

Perhaps there have been no major innovations in this area of drums because there doesn't *seem* to be a potentially lucrative market for inexpensive new kits.

Unlike many Gibson or Fender guitars, drums don't increase in value with age and therefore there's an extremely competitive secondhand business. And kits don't become collectors' items because there's been significant development in design.

Last year, for instance, the single-head North drums with shells that look like bloated saxophones were introduced. Also with rock drummers in mind, the strength of drums has been improved over the last few years.

Put simply, old kits are soon considered obsolete.

On the other hand even brand new kits quickly depreciate in value simply because the retailer pays at least a third less than his own shop prices for stock direct from the agent. The reality is that a £600 kit is worth only £400, unless it's sold privately. But still you'd be hard pressed to raise the tag to much above £500.

The other problem is that manufacturing kits is an expensive process.

For a start good wood is pricey; and secondly something like maple, of which most American shells are made, is difficult to work. Steaming it into a cylinder is a delicate operation; in the case of Rogers and Gretsh painstakingly so, with each layer of wood bent and glued separately to get the required shell thickness (to five and six ply respectively) and perfect shape.

On top of this there's the cost of the metal fittings and stands. Bearing in mind that a functional kit comprises four drums, stands for the hi-hat and snare drum, holders for the tom-tom and cymbal, plus a bass drum pedal, it's a wonder any firm can get an inexpensive kit on the market.

Maxwin, a division of the Japanese company Pearl, have done so, and through their UK agents Norlin, offer six kits in the budget range. They're the Studio 503 and 504, the Funky 405 and the Stage 704, 705 and 805. Recommended retail prices start at £137 going up to £285.

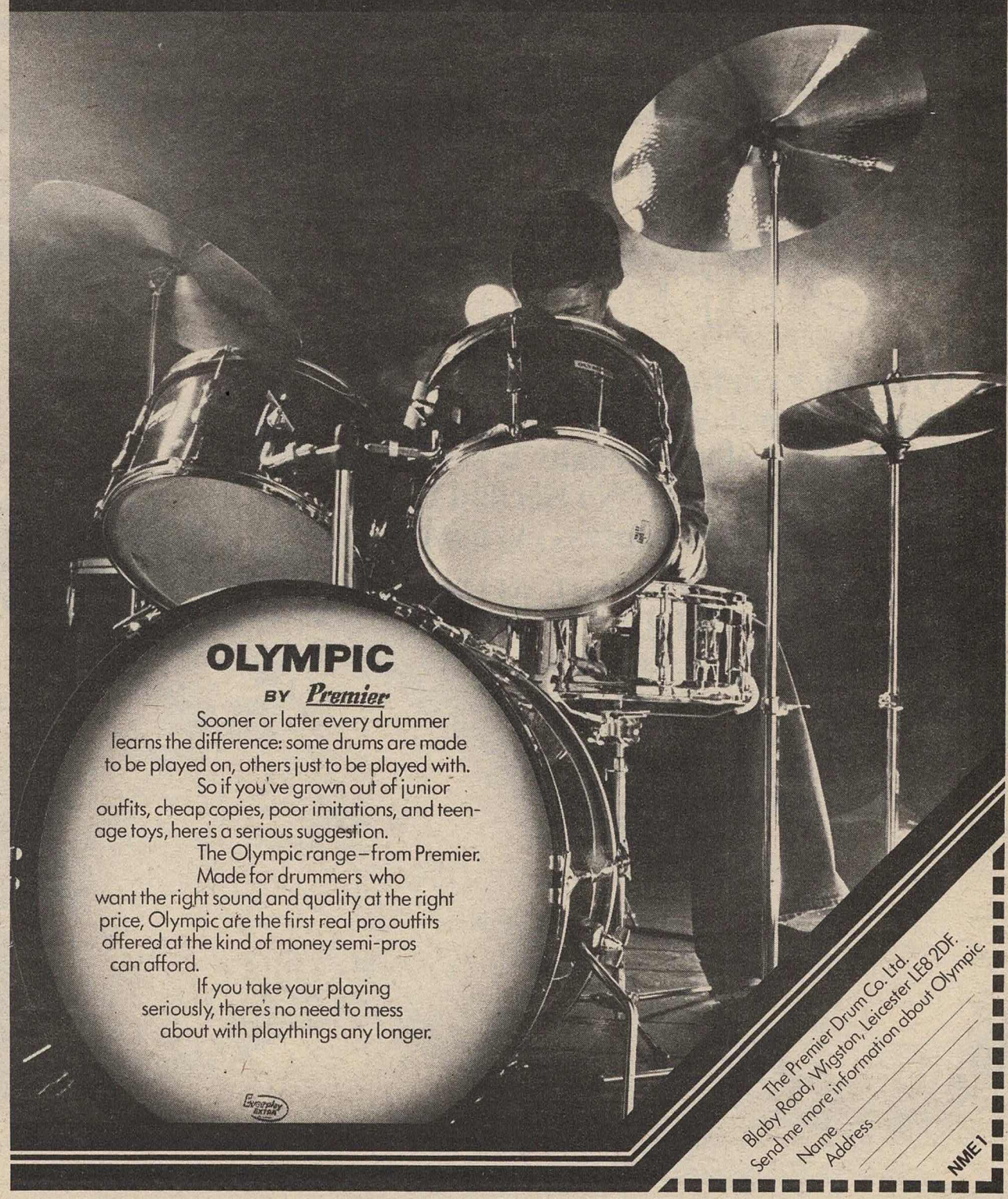
Considering the scope and low cost of the range, we decided to road test one of their models: the Stage 704 which sells at £225 and meets the minimum requirements listed above.

The finish on the kit is fairly good, providing you're colour blind or wear shades because (on our model) the bright red coating's gaudy to say the least, and the other colours available are equally dazzling.

A close inspection of the structure of the shells, fittings

■ *Continues over page*

OLYMPIC: the difference between playing and just playing about.



OLYMPIC
BY Premier

Sooner or later every drummer learns the difference: some drums are made to be played on, others just to be played with.

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CHEAP DRUMS

■ *From previous page*

and stands quickly reveals that Maxwin, like Premier's cheap range, Olympic, are using inexpensuve materials.

The drum sizes are fairly standard, comprising a 14″ × 22″ bass drum, 9″ × 13″ mounted tom-tom, 16″ × 16″ floor tom-tom and a 5½″ × 14″ metal snare drum; so they've cut back on the quality of wood and metal rather than on size.

The immediate criticism of this concerns strength rather than tonal quality. Even if a kit sounds and looks immaculate it still has to stand up to a good hammering from the rock drummer himself and when it's carted about from gig to gig.

The cymbal, hi-hat and snare stands seem too fragile to take such treatment, and the single thin screw taking the weight of the tom-tom also seems insufficient. Otherwise the smaller-than-standard but fairly stout nut boxes, and the simple ballbearing on the tom-tom mounting (similar to the Rogers swivelmatic idea) are wise economies in material.

Using a particularly soft wood (probably Malaysian) for the shells does mean a lot of sound is absorbed rather than projected, although a couple of coats of varnish could help in this respect. But, beyond praying, there's little can be done to prevent the shells eventually being battered out of shape.

Unlike certain bass and guitar copies on sale that approximate the sound quality of the originals on which they're based, the 704 has no such pretensions. Even so, during an hour's playing and experimentation in the London Drum Centre's studio it was apparent that the drums speak with a clarity and warmth that steers well clear of kiddies' korner in the small-town instrument shop.

Both the snare drum and tom-tom have surprisingly proud presence and poke. And by removing the front skin and stuffing in a pillow, it's possible to get a fairly forceful punch out of the bass drum. Unfortunately, removing the metal rim further weakens the shell, which you can ill afford to do.

Really it's only the floor tom-tom that proves to be inadequate. Like the other three drums it has Remo plastic-rimmed heads, but the major fault is in the quality of the wood. For us it was impossible to create anything other than a dull thud from it.

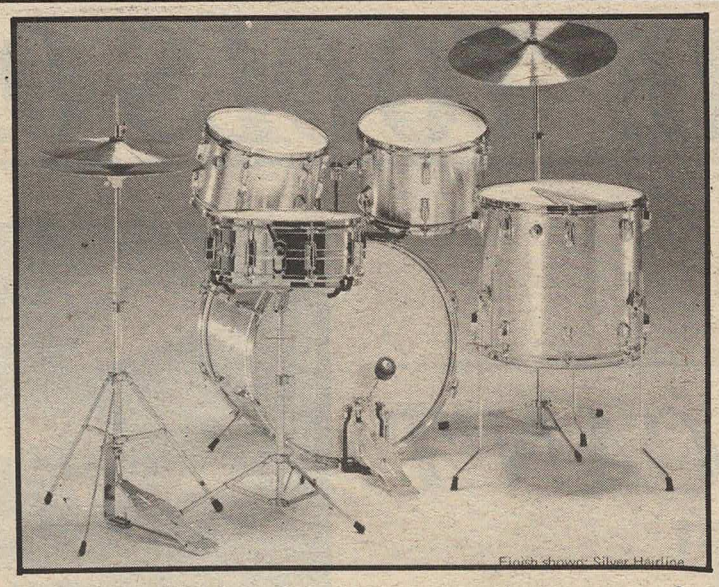
Clearly though, the Stage 704 is designed for either complete novices or drummers who are still playing in small clubs and pubs — i.e. musicians who are likely to be setting their kits up themselves and, unlike roadies will have due regard for the frailty. Under these circumstanced the 704 would be a good buy at the price.

But at the same time you've got to decide whether or not an inexpensive new kit is preferable to second hand drums.

At the moment there is this choice, but according to Pat Pickton at the Drum Centre, old kits are now increasing in value.

Good quality wood is in short supply and drummers who prefer it to fibre glass or acrylic shells will obviously be searching out the trusty old kits in a few years time. Should the prices on these increase dramatically, then the likes of Maxwin will have a monopoly at the bottom of the market.

Perhaps these are the changes the manufacturers are anticipating, but for now your best bet is to check out private sales in the instrument columns and tramp around looking for an old Ludwig or Gretsh kit.



From the same range, MAXWIN'S Stage 705, with two mounted tom-toms (8 × 12 and 9 × 13).

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ON THE TOWN

At the last: a Damned night to remember

The Damned

RAINBOW

FOR A BAND who — professionally at least — have more than lived up to their collective moniker in the past, The Damned can hardly have been surprised that their farewell performance at the Rainbow on Saturday was blighted almost from the outset.

Some key London venues were not exactly co-operative, so the Rainbow was chosen as a last-minute alternative.

Things looked fairly grim upon entering the hall where **Prof. and the Profettes** — a motley collection of both sexes, i.e. at least two girl guitarists, several other players of indeterminate gender (no slur intended — there were so many on stage, and the dim lighting didn't help), plus one laboratory assistant lookalike on vocals were performing what appeared to be an Albertosesque pastiche of punk styles to decidedly negative reaction from the crowd.

The 85% full house didn't take to confused and garbled versions of "Chinese Rocks" at all — plus the fact that there were no monitors working made the vocals totally inaudible and the sound unappealingly muddy.

Under such heinous conditions, I'll reserve comment on any potential myself.

The Soft Boys suffered a similarly muddied fate with their sound as well.

I've seen this band in more impressive circumstances before — namely at the Elvis Costello free gig at the Roundhouse a few months back — so that it would again be grossly unfair to judge them on this outing.

By the time The Damned took the stage, the monitors were at least functioning and the crowd's prior restlessness / antipathy turned to feverish acclaim for their retiring heroes.

The set commenced with the five-piece (James, Sensible, Vanian, Lu and drummer John Moss) performing a spirited run-through of the, uh, more agreeable songs from the "Music For Pleasure" album, plus "Sick Of Being Sick" with all the spirited dashing-around that typified The Damned of yore.

Halfway through, a second drum-kit off to the left of the stage was occupied by an almost sheepish-looking character in a cap, rejoicing in the former handle of Rat Scabies, who commenced to play with a surprising modicum of reserve and — dare one say — sensitivity.

Meanwhile, chestnuts like "Fan Club", "Neat Neat Neat", "Fish" and "Don't Cry Wolf" were whipped out at an agreeably frenzied pace.

In fact, The Damned played this last bash with a style and authority that were virtually absent from their latter-day forays.

Vanian was his usual darting self, Moss and Scabies played well together and Brian James proved himself finally to be a real stage presence, moving in a style that recalled Stooge-era James Williamson at times.

Only Sensible soured the stage antics by his tiresome buffoonery — but then some people never learn.

Highlight of the set was an elongated "You Know" with Lol Coxhill on sax, followed sprightly by their finest hour, "New Rose", sounding better than ever.

One encore ("I Feel Alright") later and it was all over, the gig itself and The Damned too — a band who, more often than not, came out looking like irritating arseholes, but who could still provide a good sturdy jolt into rock when the egos and monitors were set up right.

More to the point, it was a good gig — arguably the best I've seen them, in fact.

Nick Kent

Farewell Damned pix: DENIS O'REGAN

This year's Poodle

Fabulous Poodles Dead Fingers Talk

CHARING CROSS ROAD ASTORIA

FIRST OF all: a public service announcement.

The Charing Cross Road Astoria is one terrible gig.

It has all of the disadvantages of the big theatre gigs and none of the advantages.

It has the kind of seats that encourage you to slump into them instead of rockin' on out of them, the shape of the room means that you can't get a really good sound out front (for the audience to groove on) or on stage (so that the band can hear what they're doing, relax and just play), and the ambience is totally un-rock.

During the run of the *Elvis*, it's being used for Sunday night gigs as a supposedly "prestigious" venue, but what's the point of a "prestigious" venue if it's a drag for both the bands and the audience?

Under the circumstances, it was unsurprising that the best Dead Fingers Talk could do was fight the audience (and the hall) to a draw.

DFT are a new-wave band out of Hull, just signed to Pye Records.

They have an oft-remarked-up on tendency to rewrite "Sweet Jane" a few times too many, which is something that they'll grow out of, and a highly charismatic frontman in the magnificently named Bob Phoenix.

Their tour-de-force is a number called "Harry", a melange of spoken word and dangerman riffing in which Phoenix, aided only by a dirty overcoat, a pair of garden shears and a torch, transforms himself into a psychotic faggot-baiter and racist, so far gone in his delusions and his hatred of "niggers" and "queer boys" that he becomes entirely lost in his fantasies of castration and genocide: the *real* threat to this country is what lurks beneath the straight facade of the man next to you on the bus.

Poodles pix: ROSS HALFIN

Swaying around, flashing his torch into the audience and asking them if they've seen any of those "queer boys", Phoenix becomes a truly horrific figure, exposing a raw nerve in the mass consciousness and then stomping all over it.

Unfortunately, the impact was lessened by the numbers which followed, resulting in something of an anti-climax; the band thrown off their stride by the lousy sound.

Still, DFT have inspiration, ideas and musical ability: the rest'll come later. Watch'em.

The Poodles were urbane, professional and funny.

They have enough collective confidence to deliver a full-tilt show to what was considerably less than a full-tilt response — due more to the acoustics and atmosphere than any failings on the band's part.

They were helped considerably by a thoroughly partisan contingent in the audience.

Bands dependent on whimsy and humour often fall flat on the traditional rock and roll virtues: a problem which doesn't effect the Poodles thanks to the wit and energy of their miniature drummer, an amiably thuggish thrasher named Bryn Burrows, whose stage demeanour contrasts admirably with the slightly precious behaviour of Top Dog Tony de Meur.

They're certainly blessed with more rock and roll muscle than one would have expected from their album, which helps on numbers like "Works "Bike Blood" and "Do T Wrist."

"Mr. Mike" benefitted particularly from the effect of Burrows' good-humoured, muscular drumming.

As if to assert their roots, they finished up with "See You Later Alligator", featuring a ludicrous fuzz-guitar solo from de Meur, and even encored with some Chuck Berry.

While never attaining the anarchic heights of the Albertos, the Poodles are certainly more than good for a laugh, and even a bit of rockin', though the latter is certainly in short supply at the Astoria.

Bob Phoenix summed things up best: "It may be all right for Elvis," he sniffed, "but he's dead."

Charles Shaar Murray

Racing Cars

DINGWALLS

RACING CARS and fashionable music have nothing in common. Absolutely zero.

Two years ago, when they were getting established as another sweaty troupe of rock-'n'roll dynamos, they suddenly veered into the slow lane.

Had they remained as straight rockers, they would probably have become an eternal small-time boozing band, and never had a chance to progress.

But their present set, a semi-sedate rampage through funk rock, reveals a large amount of talent.

As you all know by now, the Cars' frontman is the swarthy and muscle-bound Morty.

Equipped with an amazing voice that ranges in expression from delicate, almost pretty, balladeering, to the likes of an unoiled chainsaw, he can adapt naturally to any musical style.

They played a neatly shuffled collection of punchy rock songs and slow back-porch crooners, like "Downtown Tonight".

Almost all the credit for maintaining the flow went to guitarmen Graham Williams and Ray 'Alice' Ennis.

They used their very different styles to maximum effect, (Ennis — smooth, fluid, and Williams — harsh and attacking), as well as getting good mileage out of the old southern rock twin leads. They both tear off the most gymnastic-looking solos with effortless ease.

I couldn't get enough of "Dancing Island", which is partly sung in Hawaiian against an alternating beat of coconut calypso and sun-baked reggae. (What about a stage act? Morty in grass skirt guzzling iced Bacardis. Parasols, palm fronds, bikinis . . .).

They wound up with the statutory rock'n'roll overdrive.

Not the gutsiest boogie I've ever heard, but, as evinced by the wild looning on stage of Morty and his equally crazed brother, their approach is none too serious.

Not only are they excellent technically, but Racing Cars' deliberate attempt to remain uninfluenced by current trends is producing some extremely imaginative music.

Mark Ellen

U.K.'s prophet without honour?

Kevin Coyne & Zoot Money

RAFTERS
MANCHESTER

I MUST admit to having been whipped up and carried away in the hysteria of the new wave this last twelve months.

However, the other night I resisted the temptations of the current vogue and went to see Kevin Coyne.

The attendance at Rafters told its own tale.

The night before it had been packed for X-Ray Spex. The night after it was to be packed for Wreckless Eric. For Kevin Coyne the club was less than half full.

You see, Coyne is not a cult figure, he never was and probably never will be.

In an atmosphere where any idiosyncratic talent is elevated to instant stardom it seems ironic that one of Britain's most innovative and abrasive talents is left behind.

However as he makes perfectly clear, he will never give in. He's prepared to take on the whole wide world if necessary.

The last time I saw him was at Manchester University where, having just packed in his band to go solo, he faced a hostile audience.

It was an astonishing performance ranging from improvised rantings on Manchester's infamous Hulme housing project to delicate love songs. Needless to say he won.

Rafters was different. The audience was friendly. An intimate atmosphere was soon established and he received one of the best receptions I've witnessed, four encores.

He is still without a band but now has the immense talents of Zoot Money back with him. Together they conjure up a world of misfits, lonely old men, fat girls and lunatics.

His songs are abrasive, honest and chillingly evocative, none more so than his song about Martin Webster, "Karate King."

Coyne himself tiptoes along the tightrope between the absurd and the actual, between the comic and the frightening reality.

In songs like "Fat Girl" he can have the audience bellowing with laughter only to strike them with their own absurdity, leaving them quiet and embarassed.

His songs are not for the squeamish.

His set included material from all of his Virgin albums, including several from his excellent new offering "Dynamite Daze".

As well as thorough reworkings of Coyne classic like "Eastbourne Ladies", "Saviour" and Mummy", the set also included several old standards like "Take Me Back To Dear Old Blighty" and "As Time Goes By". All were given the same intense treatment.

Whether the decision to work without a band was artistic or economic I don't know: what I do know is that his songs are given an abrasive edge that is only hinted at on record.

Gerald Liddell

Cock Sparrer on the wing.

Pic: WALT DAVIDSON

Cock Sparrer

BIRMINGHAM

AS VENUES go, Barbarellas on a Wednesday night must rate fairly low on the puntometer.

Not a particularly auspicious setting for the finale to round off Cock Sparrer's ill-advertised nationwide tour.

But by all accounts the Cockney kids are grateful for any gigs they can get.

Still hampered by an unmerited aura of notoriety as hooligans/ bovver-boys/-undesirables (a handicap largely self-inflicted, and traceable to an over-enthusiastic publicity campaign in those far-off days of '77), they find many promoters unwilling to run the risk of riot and devastation as a likely consequence of staging a Cock Sparrer gig.

A pity, for on this showing the East-enders have plenty to offer.

They're basically a bloody good pub band, capable of packing an incredible amount of energy into a joyously idiotic half-hour set.

Garrie Lammin on rhythm guitar hurls himself around the stage — one moment performing wild acrobatics on the drum plinth, where Steve Bruce (aka "Charlie") gleefully beats the hell out of an arsenal of percussion devices — and the next, launching a hilarious assault on singer Colin McFaull.

Meanwhile, stage left, bassist Steve Burgess and crop-headed lead guitarist Mick Beaufoi leap frantically around together, generating a formidable wall of sound to complement the visual picture of total energy that the band projects.

Many influences are apparent, most notably The Small Faces and The Who.

Indeed, arguably the band's strongest numbers are their very passable interpretations of the Faces' standards, "All Or Nuffin' " and "Wot Yer Gonna Do 'Bout It?" — not to mention a superbly sneering presentation of the Stones' classic, "We Love You".

Unfortunately, the weak link so far appears to lie in the Sparrers' own material.

Despite an enthusiastic and quite proficient delivery, Burgess/Lammin compositions like "Public Relations", "High Society" and "Teenage Heart" still lack a strong enough hook to render them instantly memorable.

Even the Cockney boot-boy anthem "Runnin' Riot" failed to dent the charts when it was released as their first single last year, and this perhaps casts a shadow of doubt over the likely potential of their forthcoming debut album.

But Cock Sparrer's saving grace is in their amazing stage presence.

They are essentially a *live* band — they have to be seen in action to be fully appreciated. I'm gonna check 'em out again as soon as I can.

Walt Davidson

Random Hold

THE BASEMENT, COVENT GARDEN

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`KILLER´

Wenn die Panzer Polen über rollen

AUTOMATICS

ISLAND

chameleon creature, encompassing and incorporating all manner of modes.

To a degree the music press dictates what the public at large desire; so where does that leave a band like Random Hold?

In this instance, a cellar in Covent Garden for the benefit of about 30 people.

They merit more than a subterranean existence playing for a handful of people, but their position in these troubled times is an unfortunate one.

They're a three-piece band, keyboards, guitar and drums, who haven't landed a record deal and I can't see them finding a niche on the Hope and Anchor/Nashville circuit.

Their music has a drive and verve which draws on influences the like of Eno, Bowie, Devo and mid-period Floyd, with their long, insistent pieces, involving an audience in the overall sound, on nodding terms with Kraftwerk, but humanised and accessible.

'70s music, not the brash enthusiasm of Punk, but disciplined with all the technology and verve available. Enjoyable monotony!

Random Hold are not perfect — at times they are self-indulgent, and there is a lack of variety in the mix — I longed for guitarist David Rhodes to come through with a clear solo, instead of one processed with electronic treatment, but the overall sound is distinctive.

Drummer Pete Phipps (ex-"well known teenypop band", unnamed for contractual reasons y'understand) treats his skins as an integral instrument instead of simply bashing down a beat, and Machiavellian keyboard dynamo Dave Fergusson lays a foundation to their wall of sound.

There's talk of a management deal, which means Random Hold could be out playing regular gigs for the benefit of others. I hope they make it. **Patrick Humphries**

Tavares

CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE

ANGELA IS a slim, pretty, 16-year-old blonde with the kind of Camay complexion and wide-eyed innocent appeal that drives randy old journalists into that wretched limbo twixt lust and noble abstinence.

Trish, a year her senior, is the dark-haired one with the twinkling eyes who's undoubtedly a bit of a heartbreaker herself.

Angela and Trish think Tavares are great. Along with Hot Chocolate and Real Thing, the group is one of their favourites.

A lot of their local contemporaries seem to agree, for this the only two-set show on the group's British tour. Newcastle is obviously a Tavares town.

Down in the Big Smoke, folk are apt to sneer at groups of black stand-up singers with itchy feet and a natty line in matching suits.

Puppets on a string, they say; sodapop and discobop and all that schlock.

I even say it myself from time to time, for there's no denying that in the lower reaches of this genre are some of the most embarrassingly awful acts in the business.

Tavares, on the other hand, are currently just about the best of the breed, and on this night in Newcastle they wrung two performances out of their souls that restored all my faith in a long and generally fruitful tradition (and happily disprove the bad press they got last year, when they fouled up a London gig in front of a lot of sharp-tongued scribes).

Fronting just their own tight little band and an unusually sympathetic British horn section — and spurred on by solid ranks of fans — they were smokin' sensational.

The strength of the group is in their canny ability to juggle two opposing values at once.

They are fraternally tight when necessary, blending in five-part harmonies that conjure up the magic of all those oldie but goodies outfits of yesteryear.

At the same time four of the five are individually impressive lead singers, especially Chubby, who ranges through Shep (of The Limelites) style delicacy to powerful traditional soul wailing and Butch, the high-voiced man who sounds like he's just stepped out of church.

Add all of that to their compelling personalities and dexterous footwork and you've got one hell of a strong team. Especially as their musicians are right in the same pocket.

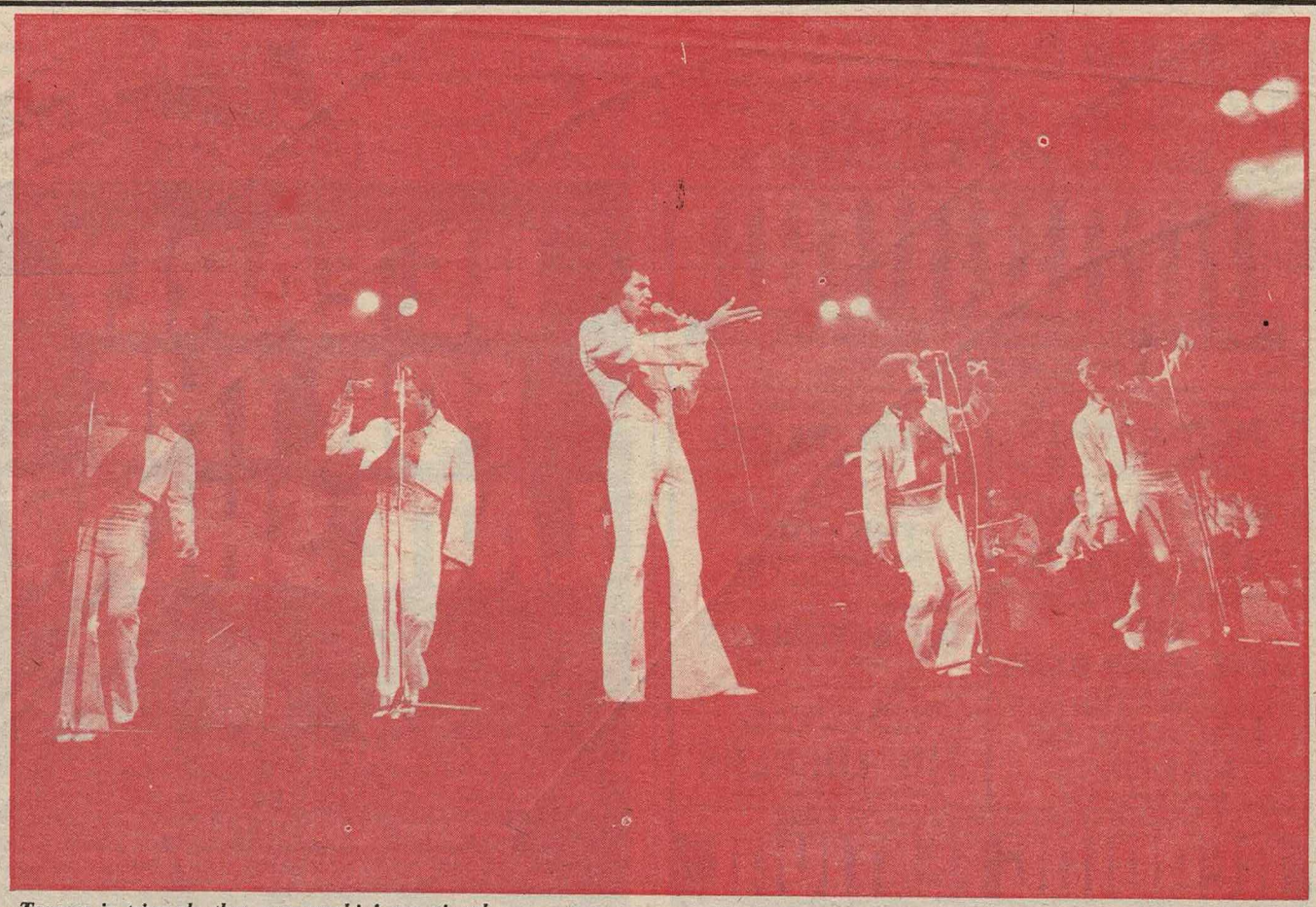
It's pointless to detail the material (for all the hits were included), except to say that the group's combined talent is such that they managed to pull off a wondrous version of that dreadful opus. "This Guy's In Love With You", and that even dogmatic doowop fans wouldn't argue with their treatment of Jesse Belvin's "Goodnight My Love."

There are no pretensions about Tavares. They simply want to perform good time music and create a joyous vibe — and they succeed magnificently.

Given a choice between white rock cynicism and Tavares' style of optimistic, if rather starry-eyed, fun and games, I would prefer my bread buttered both sides.

But if forced at gunpoint to jump either way I'd plump every time for an evening in Newcastle with Angela, Trish and Tavares. Their view of reality is never oppressive.

Cliff White



Tavares in triumph: they were smokin' sensational.

Pic: ELAINE BRYANT/LFI

DOCTORS OF MADNESS
SONS OF SURVIVAL
See them with DAMNED new DOCTOR DAVE VANIAN at:-
April 14th Penthouse, SCARBOROUGH
April 15th Triad Centre, BISHOP STORTFORD
April 16th Marquee, LONDON
April 17th Outlook, DONCASTER
April 18th Leeds Football Club, LEEDS
April 19th Barbarellas, BIRMINGHAM
April 20th Rock Garden, MIDDLESBOROUGH
April 21st YORK
April 22nd NOTTINGHAM
April 28th Erics, LIVERPOOL
April 30th Top Rank, SHEFFIELD
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New Album-Available Now.
The Doctors of Madness will resist the invasion of the Coca Cola culture on all fronts.

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What would the Blues Harp be without Hohner? From folk blues legend Sonny Terry to modern session giants like Charlie McCoy and Harry Pitch – a whole generation of blues, R & B and Rock men have grown up with the Echo Super Vamper and other great Hohner harps.
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Please send me details of the world's greatest harmonica range—and the National Harmonica League.
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BRIAN B.
WHO?
WELL I REMEMBER PLAYING WITH BRIAN DOWN THE BEER GUT CELLER IN EAST BERLIN"
RONNY BELLVUE
BUT DID BRIAN B. HAVE THAT CHARISMA THEN, THAT HE HAS NOW?
BRIAN B? I THOUGHT WE WERE TALKING ABOUT BRIAN WOMB!
ERIK SPORCLUSTER "NEVER ERD OV IM"
ERICK VON SMIFF "WHO"?
NO COMMENT ERIC ERIC
FOCUS ON FACT: NO 12
3 OUT OF SIX PEOPLE ON THIS PAGE HAS THE NAME ERIC
QUOTES FROM FAMOUS PEOPLE WHO'VE NEVER HEARD OF....
BRIAN, ER, OH
WHO?

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thursday, 13th April (Adm 85p)
NEW HEARTS
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Friday, 14th April (Adm £1)
ADAM AND THE ANTS
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Saturday, 15th April (Adm 75p)
OZO
DAVE LEWIS BAND
& Ian Fleming

Sunday, 16th April (Adm 75p)
DOCTORS OF MADNESS
Johnny Warman & DJ

Monday, 17th April (Adm 75p)
AFTER THE FIRE
Gypp & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday, 18th April (Adm 65p)
THE LOOK
Plus support & Joe Lung

Wednesday, 19th April (Adm 70p)
THE BOYFRIENDS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Thursday, 20th April (Adm £1)
Beggar's Banquet presents
THE LURKERS
Tubeway Army & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers and other hot and cold snacks are available

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

UNCLE DESERTS AUNTIE FOR MUMMY

UNCLE PO
Weds. April 12th 8.15pm, Mummy's Concert, Lyceum, WC2.
(Supporting Sad Cafe & Supercharge)
Thurs April 13th 9pm The Swan, Hammersmith Brdy.
Ist single out now "Use My Friend" BEEB U23

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD. W.6

Friday, April 14th FREE
STARJETS
Saturday, April 15th FREE
ZAINE GRIFF
Sunday, April 16th FREE
WARREN HARRY
Wednesday, April 19th FREE
CHARLIE DORES BACK POCKET
Thursday, April 13th FREE
THE SKIDS

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday, April 13th £1
THE SOFT BOYS
+ The Inmates

Friday, April 14th/ Saturday, April 15th £1
RACING CARS
+ RUMBLESTRIPS

Sunday, April 16th £1
CADO BELLE
+ The Cadets

Monday, April 17th £1
SQUEEZE
+ The Late Show

Tuesday, April 18th 75p
THE POLICE
+ The Crooks

Wednesday, April 19th 75p
THE BANNED
+ The Monos

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel 01 603 6071)

BE EARLY FOR THE LATE SHOW

MONDAY APRIL 17 NASHVILLE
WEDNESDAY APRIL 19 ROCK GARDEN
FRIDAY APRIL 21 N.E.POLY
SATURDAY APRIL 22 MARQUEE

THE PLOUGH AND HARROW
High Road, Leytonstone, E11
Tel 01-539 1683
WEDNESDAY APRIL 19th
Rock'n'Roll with
MIKE BERRY & THE OUTLAWS

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428

MUSIC MACHINE
Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday April 12th £1.50
BLACK SLATE
+ The Dandies

Thursday April 13
BETHNAL
+ Support
Advance tickets £1.50 from Box Office

Friday April 14th £2.00
BRITISH LIONS
+ Special guests from the USA
The Orphans

Saturday April 15th £2.00
REGGAE REGULARS
+ Support

Monday April 17th £1.00
TRAPEZE
+ Support
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Tuesday April 18th £1.00
SORE THROAT
+ Support

Wednesday April 19th
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
+ The Table
+ Spizz Oil
Advance tickets £1.50 from Box Office

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

Stardate Concerts Present

at the MUSIC MACHINE, CAMDEN HIGH STREET, N.W.1.
(opposite Mornington Crescent Tube Station)
Tel. 01-387 0428

Thursday April 13th

BETHNAL
+ Support
Doors open 8 pm
Advance tickets £1.50 from Box Office

Monday April 24th

THE ADVERTS
+ Special Guests

KILLJOYS
+ Supports
Doors open 8 pm
Advance ticket £1.80 from Box Office

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday April 14th 75p
THE RECORDS

Friday April 15th £1
THE SOFT BOYS

Saturday April 16th 75p
COMEDY FACTORY

Sunday April 17th 60p
JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS

Monday April 18th 50p
SPECIAL GUESTS

Tuesday April 19th 75p
WARSAW PAKT

Wednesday April 20th 60p
THE TOURISTS

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel: 704981
FRIDAY APRIL 14th
THE PLEASERS
SATURDAY APRIL 15th
FUNKY TEEN
+ PONDERS END

FRIARS AYLESBURY
AT THE MAXWELL HALL
Saturday April 15th at 7.30 p.m.
Crossing the Red Sea
THE ADVERTS
+ THE REACTION + THE VICE CREEMS
A C Sound and Vision
Tickets 165p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Free 'n' Easy Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore Bletchley Dunstable & Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham, or 150p at door on night. Life membership 25p
Modern Lovers. Tickets (April 22) still available at press time. Steve Hillage (May 3rd) & The Buzzcocks available from Adverts gig onwards. Tickets for all four gigs limited to a maximum of two per applicant.
BORED TEENAGERS (OVER 16) AND DROWNING MEN WELCOME

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E.16

Thursday April 13 **THE VIPERS**

Friday April 14th
★ **THE ROLL UPS** ★ 30p

Saturday April 15th
HEADWAITER
(featuring Doug Ferguson — ex-Camel)
30p

Sunday April 16th
SPECIAL GUESTS 30p

The following bands are being recorded live for "A week at the Bridge" album

Monday April 17th **SPRINKLER** 30p

Tuesday April 18th **BLUES JAM** 30p (big names)

Wednesday April 19th **REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD** 30p

Thursday April 29th
★ **ROLL UPS** ★ 30p

Friday April 21st
JACKIE LYNTONS HAPPY DAYS 30p

Saturday April 22nd
S.A.L.T. 50p

DINGWALLS
COMING ATTRACTIONS
01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 13: CADO BELL
FRI 14: CHARLIE AINLEY
supported by SLINK SMITH
SAT 15: THE YOUNG ONES and WARREN HARRY
TUES 18: JAPAN
WED 19: THE VOICE SQUAD
BOOZE HALF PRICE PRIOR TO 10pm.

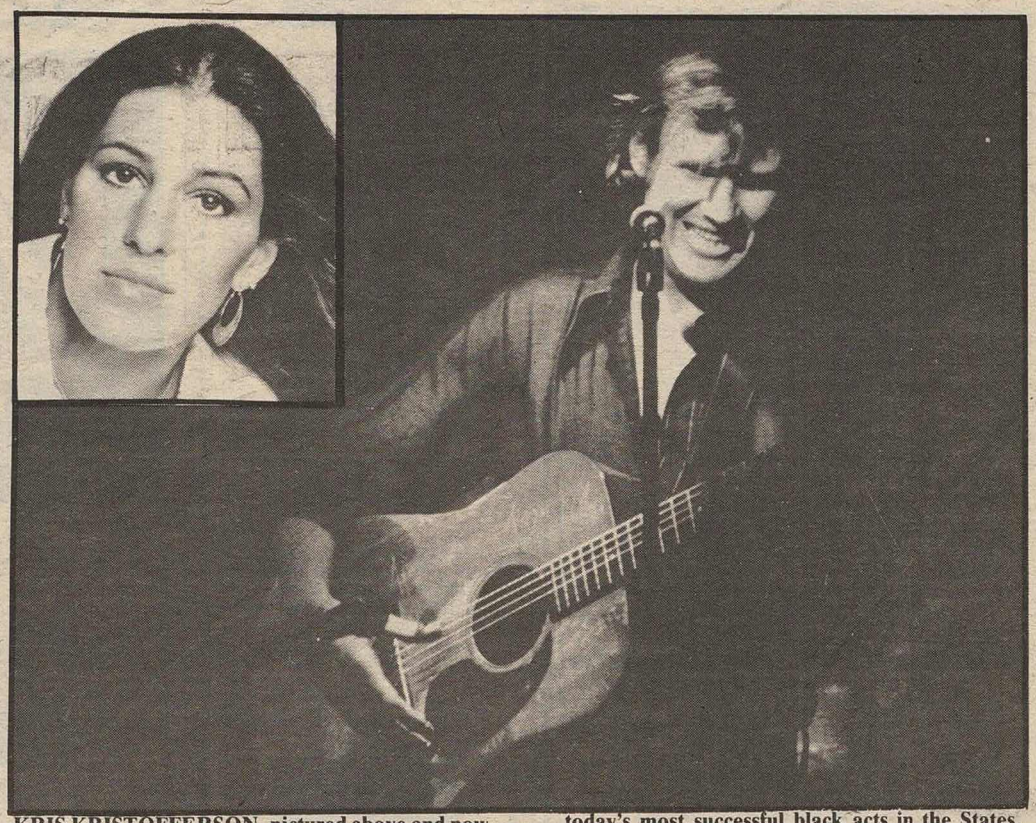
ASTORIA THEATRE
Charing Cross Road, WC2. Tel: 01-734 4291
Sunday April 16th at 7.30 pm
★ THE REAL THING ★
+ guest Cissy Stone
£3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON
Sunday April 16th. Tickets at the door
X-RAY SPEX
+ SKID MARX & D.J. Peter Fox
Sunday April 23rd SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS

LOGARITHM
are appearing at the
RED LION, LEYTONSTONE, E.11
Friday April 14th. Admission 75p
New single available April 15th

Thursday April 20th
Only London appearance of
SUZI QUATRO
Advance tickets now on sale £2.00
MUSIC MACHINE, Camden High Street, N.W.1
(opposite Mornington Crescent tube)

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



KRIS KRISTOFFERSON, pictured above and now clean-shaven again, takes time off from his cinematic legal wrangles, to play a string of British concerts dates together with his wife RITA COOLIDGE (inset above). He's in such great demand as a Hollywood superstud these days that he gets very little chance to make live appearances, so these gigs are welcome, even though seat prices are sky-high. Kris and Rita both have new solo albums out, plus a new duo set. They play Glasgow (Thursday), Birmingham (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday) and London (Tuesday and Wednesday).

THE COMMODORES (below right) are one of today's most successful black acts in the States, and on stage — so we're assured — they're sheer dynamite. Well, now we have the opportunity of judging for ourselves, when they open their British tour at Bristol (Thursday), Brighton (Friday), Birmingham (Saturday), Newcastle (Monday), Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday), to be followed next week by three London shows.

CARL PERKINS (below left) is currently on tour with another rock veteran Bo Diddley,whose picture we printed last week, and we thought we should play fair by Ol' Blue Suede and give him the pic treatment as well!

Thursday

ABINGDON R.A.F. Station: BEANO
BARTON STACEY Bumpers: MUSCLES
BASILDON Double Six: THE VIOLINS
BATH Pavilion: WRECKLESS ERIC
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golde Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: TELEVISION
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: DAVE BERRY (for three days)
BLYTH Golden Eagle: THE SQUAD
BRADFORD Princeville Club: BLACK CAT YARD / RAMBLER
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THE COMMODORES
BRISTOL Tiffany's: THE PLEASERS
COVENTRY Dog & Trumpet: RAW DEAL
COVENTRY Hand & Heart Inn: SCHOOL MEALS
COVENTRY Locarno: THE REAL THING
CUMBERNAULD The Maltings: ETHNA CAMPBELL
DARLINGTON Firthmoor Hotel: DISGUISE
DERBY Bailey's: THE IMPERIALS (for three days)
DONCASTER Outlook Club: 2.3 / PATRICK FITZGERALD
DUNSTABLE California: STREET BAND
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: KLAUS WUNDERLICH
EPSOM Art College: THE RIVVITS
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: RITA COOLIDGE & KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: RACING CARS / BOWLES BROS.
HAVANT Black Dog: SAILMAKERS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: REGGAE REGULAR
ILFORD The Cranbrook: REDNITE
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND / BAND OF JOY
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: DAGABAND
LEEDS 'F' Club: CYANIDE
LEEDS Vivas Wine Bar: ARC ROUGE
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: ANAL SURGEONS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: BERNIE TORME
LONDON BRENTFORD Red Lion: PIN-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CADO BELLE
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: THE CASUAL BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BETHNAL
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE VIPERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawford's: THUNDERFLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: HANDBAG
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE SKIDS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Ruland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Country Club: SPITERI
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: BABY GRAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DEAMON PREACHER
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MAUREEN & THE MEATPACKERS
LONDON Marquee Club: NEW HEARTS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: PSALM
LONDON Palladium: THE SUPREMES' MARY WILSON & HER GROUP (for three days)
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: BLACK ENCHANTERS / CRASS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: THE CRUISERS / STORM FORCE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SORE THROAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE CRACK
LONDON WIMBLEDON Dog & Fox: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
MACCLESFIELD Krumbles: MARACAIBO
MALVERN Festival Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: RORY GALLAGHER
MANCHESTER Pips: THE DEPRESSIONS
MANCHESTER Rafters: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
MARGATE Dreamland: PLANET GONG
NEWCASTLE City Hall: CARL PERKINS & BO DIDDLEY
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: OASIS
NOTTINGHAM Albert Hall: NEW SEEKERS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: ADAM & THE ANTS
NUNEATON Chilvers Coton F.C.: RENO
OXFORD R.A.F. Benson: SOUL DIRECTION
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
PENZANCE The Garden: BRITISH LIONS
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE YOUNG ONES
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: THE STYLISTICS / CANDI STATON
POYNTON Folk Centre: PAUL PENFIELD
READING Bones Club: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: BODY
SUTTON Red Lion: TUNDRA
WHITLEY BAY Jonah's: HARCOURT'S HEROES
WORCESTER Hideaway Club: ALVIN STARDUST (for three days)

Friday

ASHFORD Kempton Manor: BLACK GORILLA
ASHFORD Stanhope Hall: GLOBE ROAD SHOW
BARROW Civic Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
BASILDON Towngate Theatre; GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarellas's: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic: GRAND HOTEL
BIRMINGHAM: Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLETCHLEY Wilton Hall: SCRATCH
BOGNOR Ocean Bars: PAINTED LADY
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: J.A.L.N. BAND
BRADFORD Star Hotel: TIM LAYCOCK
BRADFORD St George's Hall: NEW SEEKERS
BRADFORD Technical College: THE DEPRESSIONS
BRAINTREE Waggon & Horses: THE CRACK
BRIGHTON Dome; THE COMMODORES
BRIGHTON New Regent: X-RAY SPEX
BRISTOL Colston Hall: TELEVISION
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: WILKO JOHNSON BAND / BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
CAMBERLEY Ragamuffins Club: PIN-UPS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: THE BANNED
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: BULLETTS
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: JEREMY TAYLOR
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
CRAWLEY White Knight: SOUTHERN RYDA
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: DEAD FINGERS TALK / REMOULD
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre; CARL PERKINS & BO DIDDLEY
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: THE STYLISTICS / CANDI STATON
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge: JASMINE PIE
HATFIELD Polytechnic: MARSEILLE
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: MIKE SILVER
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: GENERATION X / THE JOLT
HINCKLEY The Bounty: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
HULL College of Education: ZHAIN
HURLFORD The Parakeet: ETHNA CAMPBELL
ILFORD The Cranbrook: REDNITE
KINGSTON College of Further Education: THIEVES LIKE US
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDERS BLUES BAND
LEEDS Roots Club: MATUMBI
LEICESTER Polytechnic: JIGSAW
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA / GHEORGE ZAMFIR
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: DAGABAND
LONDON BRIXTON Old Classic Cinema: THE RIVVITS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PANTIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CHARLIE AINLEY / SLINK SMITH
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: SWIFT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BRITISH LIONS / THE ORPHANS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON Central Polytechnic: PLANET GONG
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southbank Polytechnic: LIONHEART
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STAR JETS
LONDON HOLBORN The Blitz: FAN CLUB
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE RECORDS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RACING CARS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: MARIBOU
LONDON Marquee Club: ADAM & THE ANTS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JEBB AVENUE
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: EARTHBOUND
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: THIEF
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: BULLY WEE
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBOUND / BAND OF JOY
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: GONZALEZ
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE LOOK / THE RIVVITS
LONDON TWICKENHAM The Albany: LANDSCAPE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PRIVATE EYE
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
LONGNOR Countryman Club: VESUVIUS
LOWESTOFT College of Further Education: OZO
MACCLESFIELD Travellers Rest: CRAZY FACE
MANCHESTER Pips: THE ACCELERATORS
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
MARGATE Dreamland: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: KLAUS WUNDERLICH
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE REAL THING
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: ODIN STORM
NORTHAMPTON Nene College: MUSCLES
NORTHWICH Winnington Club: LITTLE ACRE
NORTHWICH Toppers: BETHNAL
NOTTINGHAM Ad Lib Club: REGGAE REGULAR
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: BERNIE TORME
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: DOUBLE XPOSURE
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE PLEASERS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
ST. ATHAN R.A.F. Station: BEANO
TAUNTON Odeon: HOT CHOCOLATE
TYNEMOUTH Maxwell's: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / BIG G
ULVERSTON Penny Farthing: ENGLAND
WITHERNSEA Grand Pavilion: FUNKY TEAM
WOKINGHAM Rock Club: MAGGOTTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: WRECKLESS ERIC

Saturday

AYLESBURY Friars: THE ADVERTS/THE REACTION
BELFAST Whitla Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: RITA COOLIDGE & KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE COMMODORES
BIRMINGHAM Old Crown & Cushion: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Centre: X-RAY SPEX
BOGNOR Harrison's Bar: BLACK GORILLA
BRIDLINGTON Spa Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
BRIGHTON Dome: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND/BAND OF JOY
BRISTOL Granary: WITCHFYNDE
BUXTON Harpur Hill Club: VINTAGE
CANTERBURY Marlowe Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: HONKY
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: ACE
DURHAM Dunelm House: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES/NEON
EASTBOURNE Beach Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
EASTBOURNE The Cavalier: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: FURY/DEAD DOGS DON'T LIE/HIGH ALTITUDE/BERLIN
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: 90° INCLUSIVE
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
HEREFORD Mitchel Dean: BEANO
HULL City Hall: NEW SEEKERS
HURLFORD The Parakeet: ETHNA CAMPBELL
LEEDS Haddon Hall: THE SNEAKERS
LEEDS Roots Club: TRIBESMEN
LEEDS: Viva Wine Bar: DORIAN GREY BAND
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LIPHOOK Royal Oak: JASMINE PIE
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: CARL PERKINS & BO DIDDLEY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SUCKER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE YOUNG ONES-/WARREN HARRY
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: REGGAE REGULAR
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS/WHIRLWIND
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GRAND HOTEL/GONZALEZ
LONDON EDMONTON Pymmes Park Inn: BABY GRAND
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southbank Polytechnic: THE MAGNETS
LONDON E.1 Dame Colet House: THE RESISTERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: SLADE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: REDNITE
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Country Club: SPITERI
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: MAUREEN & THE MEATPACKERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RACING CARS
LONDON Marquee Club: OZO
LONDON National Theatre Foyer: SHIRLEY & DOROTHY COLLINS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON N.8 Jackson's Lane Community Centre: DANSETTE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PRIVATE EYE
LONDON W.1. Speakeasy: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: WILKO JOHNSON BAND/BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LUTON The Griffin: NIGHT DRIVE
MACCLESFIELD St Paul's: THE GUTTER PRESS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA/GHEORGE ZAMFIR
MANCHESTER Ashton Tameside Theatre: THE STYLISTICS/CANDI STATION
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: JOHN COOPER CLARKE / SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / GYRO / JILTED JOHN / ED BANGER
MANCHESTER Rafters: DEAD FINGERS TALK
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: THE SQUAD
NEWCASTLE Guildhall: THE YOUNG BUCKS / SABRE JETS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: JAMESON RAID
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Raleigh Club: THE TOURISTS
PETERBOROUGH Fleet Centre: THE BANNED
PRESTON Polytechnic: WRECKLESS ERIC
READING Technical College: PLANET GONG
RETFORD Porterhouse: FUNKY TEAM/PONDERS END
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: MUSCLES
ST ALBANS City Hall: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
STEVENAGE Tiffany's: GIMMICK
TAMWORTH Manor Golf Club: ARMPIT JUG BAND
TIVERTON The Motel: GIRLS SCHOOL
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

Sunday

AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: HIGLIN'S PIECE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LITTLE ACRE
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: CARL PERKINS & BO DIDDLEY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BRIDLINGTON Royal Spa: FRANKIE LAINE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND / BAND OF JOY
BURNLEY Bank Hall: VESUVIUS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: RADIATORS
CHESTER Valentino's: THE ACCELERATORS
COVENTRY Belgrade Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
COVENTRY Dog & Trumpet: ARMPIT JUG BAND
COVENTRY Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: RANDY EDELMAN
CROYDON Greyhound: X-RAY SPEX
DERBY Old Bell Hotel: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
EAST KILBRIDE Queensway: ETHNA CAMPBELL
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
HAYWARDS HEATH Claire Hall: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: HELICOPTERS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS / WHIRLWIND
LONDON CHARING CROSS ROAD Astoria: THE REAL THING
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: STREET BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PEKOE ORANGE

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: TELEVISION
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON LEWISHAM Odeon: DENNIS WATERMAN
LONDON Marquee Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: PANAMA RED
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON Piccadilly Theatre: GONG with guests MICK TAYLOR / DARRYL WAY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE MONOS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: REDNITE
LONDON W.C. 1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LUTON Cesar's: GENE PITNEY (for a week)
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: RITA COOLIDGE & KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
MOLD Theatre Clwyd: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: MARSEILLE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
POYNTON Folk Centre: FIDDLERS DRAM / MARTIN & GRAHAM
PRESTON Moonrakers Club: DAGABAND
READING Bulmershe College: ROCK ISLAND LINE
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: WILKO JOHNSON BAND
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA / GHEORGE ZAMFIR
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club: THE SUPREMES' MARY WILSON & HER GROUP
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: MUSCLES
SHEFFIELD Woodseats Club: BEANO
STOKE Berryhill British Legion: VINTAGE
SWINDON Oasis Leisure Centre: MAX BOYCE
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: THE BARRON KNIGHTS (for a week)
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES

Monday

BASILDON Double Six: REDNITE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BRITISH LIONS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Locarno: THE REAL THING
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: THE SUPREMES' MARY WILSON & HER GROUP (for a week)
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: SUZI QUATRO
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: WILKO JOHNSON BAND
BLYTH Golden Eagle: STEVE BROWN BAND
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: MAX BOYCE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
CROYDON Red Deer: THE HERO'S
DONCASTER Outlook Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
DONCASTER Skellow Grange Club: BEANO
FAREHAM Roundabout Hotel: THIEVES LIKE US
HULL Tiffany's: BLACK SLATE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
KIRKCALDY Adam Smith Centre: ETHNA CAMPBELL
LEEDS Yeadon Peacock Hotel: GIRLS SCHOOL
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BABYLON
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FRANKENSTEIN-/RIBS/NO SWEAT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TRAPEZE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE MAKERS
LONDON E6 Ruskin Arms: DANSETTE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: TELEVISION
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
LONDON Marquee Club: AFTER THE FIRE/GYPP
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: MAHMOOD
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JOHNNY MONAGHAN
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: KLAUS WUNDERLICH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RIFF RAFF
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE THRILLERS/U.K. SUBS
LONDON WILLESDEN The Cavern: THE MAGNETS
LONDON W14 The Kensington: PEKOE ORANGE
MANCHESTER Fagin's: THE DRIFTERS (for a week)
MANCHESTER Rafters: BICYCLE THIEVES
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THE COMMODORES
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: AVALON
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: THE YOUNG BUCKS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: VESUVIUS
PORTSMOUTH Gabriella's: GIMIK
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND/BAND OF JOY
PRESTON Guildhall: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA/GHEORGE ZAMFIR
SOUTHSEA King's Theatre: "GODSPELL" (for a week)
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: STREET BAND
SWANSEA Circles Club: MARSEILLE
SWANSEA Guildhall: NEW SEEKERS
SWINDON The Affair: X-RAY SPEX
UCKFIELD Youth Centre: RAZAR/SOUTHERN RYDA
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: DAGABAND

Tuesday

ABERYSTWYTH University: SLADE
BERKHAMPSTEAD The Crown: GEORGE MELLY AND THE FEETWARMERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON New Regent: RAZAR/SOUTHERN RYDA
BRISTOL Colston Hall: NEW SEEKERS
CARDIFF Top Rank: X-RAY SPEX
EDINBURGH Odeon: THE COMMODORES
FAREHAM Collingwood Club: THE DOOLEYS
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA/GHEORGE ZAMFIR

RANDY EDELMAN flies into Britain to headline a short concert series, opening at Croydon on Sunday.

- **GONG play their London concert, delayed from March 26, on Sunday. Mick Taylor and Darryl Way are among guests appearing with them.**
- **THE GLADIATORS arrive from Jamaica for their first-ever British tour, starting in Brighton on Wednesday.**
- **ELVIS COSTELLO reaches the climax of his tour with two big London concerts on Saturday and Sunday.**

GRANGEMOUTH Lea Park Hotel: ETHNA CAMPBELL
ILFORD Tiffany's: THE REAL THING
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: FRANKIE LAINE
LEEDS 'F' Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SORE THROAT/THE MONOS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: STREET BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE VIPERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: TELEVISION
LONDON Marquee Club: THE LOOK
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ADAM AND THE ANTS
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: RITA COOLIDGE AND KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: TRASH
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: MENACE/DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: GYPP
LUTON Royal Hotel: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
MACCLESFIELD Bees Knees: ANGEL VISITS
MANCHESTER Rafters: WILKO JOHNSON BAND
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: WHITE HEAT
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: HARCOURT'S HEROES
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: JEFF GRANT BAND
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: ANGEL VISITS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: KLAUS WUNDERLICH
PRESTON Piper Club: PIN-UPS (for five days)
SLOUGH Thames Hall: JASPER CARROTT
ST NEOTS Kings Head Hotel: TELEPHONE BILL AND THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: GIRLS SCHOOL
WHITLEY BAY Red Lion: ACHILLES HEEL

Wednesday

AYLESBURY Britannia: THE SPEEDOS
BASILDON Woodlands: STEVE HOOKER & THE HEAT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: DAGABAND
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND/BAND OF JOY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRIGHTON Top Rank: THE GLADIATORS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: KLAUS WUNDERLICH
CHATHAM Central Hall: CARL PERKINS & BO DIDDLEY
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn; POACHER BROWN
DERBY Civic Theatre: FRANKIE LAINE
DONCASTER First Aid: LIVERPOOL POETS
DORKING Halls: WRECKLESS ERIC
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA/GHEORGE ZAMFIR
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE COMMODORES
GLASGOW Ashfield Club: ETHNA CAMPBELL
GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffany's: THE REAL THING
ILKLEY College of Further Education: OZO
LEICESTER Bailey's: SUZI QUATRO
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: GIRLS SCHOOL
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE VOICE SQUAD
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES/THE TABLE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawford's: THUNDERFLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE ROLL-UPS / OVERSEAS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: STREET BAND
LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmiths College: WARM JETS
LONDON N.1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: NEBULA
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: BRONX
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star and Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: RITA COOLIDGE & KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: STARTLED SAINT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STANGERS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: TONIGHT/THE BOYS/THE YOUNG ONES
LUTON Sands Club: BEANO
MANCHESTER University: SPITERI
NEWARK Palcae Theatre: RACING CARS/BOWLES BROS.
NORWICH East Anglia University: RUMBLE STRIPS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: THIEVES LIKE US
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: BETHNAL
READING The Hexagon: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Guildhall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STOKE Jollees: THE STYLISTICS (for four days)
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: DAVE SWARBRICK & FRIENDS
TAUNTON Odeon: NEW SEEKERS

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with
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Lyceum, London, WC2
Wednesday 19th April at 8.15 pm £1.75.
Tickets available from the Box Office 01-836 3715, the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond St., London, W1. 01-629 3453 and all usual agents.

STRAIGHT MUSIC IN ASSOCIATION WITH MARSHALL ARTS PRESENTS
COMMODORES
WITH GUESTS
'3 OUNCES OF LOVE'
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST W6
SAT/SUN/MON - 22/23/24 APRIL at 7·30
TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 £2.00 (INC VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 7181081 LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS SHAFTESBURY AVE 439 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE 240 2245 USUAL AGENTS ON NIGHT

Pure Noise Presents
Wednesday April 19th
at the Music Machine, Camden High Street, N.W.1.
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SIOUXSIE
& THE
BANSHEES
+ THE TABLE SPIZZ OIL
D.J. Alan Allan. Doors open 8 pm.
Tickets £1.50 in advance from Box Office Tel: 01-387 0428.

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01-580 7930
SPEAK-EARLY
Wednesday 12th April
DEPRESSIONS
(BBC Live recording)
Thursday 13th April
KRYPTON TUNES
Friday 14th April
SOX
Saturday 15th April
GEORGIE FAME
Monday 17th April
JAGUAR
Tuesday 18th April
GORDON HUNT
& Friends
Wednesday 19th April
Special guests
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

the makers
APPEARING AT:—
ROCK GARDEN COVENT GARDEN MON. APRIL 17th
RAILWAY HOTEL (Moonlight Club) WEST HAMPSTEAD TUES. APRIL 25th

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Beside British Rail, New Barnet
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Thursday April 13th
I.O.U.
Friday April 14th
JEBB AVENUE
Saturday April 15th
PEKOE ORANGE
Sunday April 16th
JERRY THE FERRET
Tuesday April 18th
NEBULA

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First Professional Theatre Production Since The Film
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by the Who
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26 APRIL to 20 MAY (Not Sundays or Mondays)
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DEAD FINGERS TALK
PYE RECORDS
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'HOLD ON TO ROCK 'N' ROLL'
Hear it at
14th April Village Inn, West Runton
15th April Rafters, Manchester
16th April Clouds Disco, Edinburgh
17th April Winter Gardens, Cleethorpes
19th April Bones Club, Reading
20th April Canterbury College of Art, Canterbury
21st April Dreamland, Margate
22nd April North East London Polytechnic, Walthamstow

ROYAL CHARING CROSS RD
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ALL NIGHT POP MOVIES
From Sun 16th April—7 nights 11pm
LONDON ROCK AND ROLL SHOW X
JIMI PLAYS THE BERKELEY A
THE CREAM'S LAST CONCERT U
JOAN U
RAINBOW BRIDGE A

LANDSCAPE
MUSIC FOR THE NEARLY NORMAL
Friday April 14th — Albany, Station Yard, Twickenham. 75p. 8.30pm
Fri April 21st — Fulham Town Hall. £1 8pm
Bookings: Event Horizon 01-703 7677/870 2061.

THE PHONE NUMBER OF THE LIVE PAGE IS 01-261 6153

THAMES POLYTECHNIC,
Calderwood St., Woolwich S.E. 18
SATURDAY APRIL 15th

WILKO JOHNSON BAND
+ Blast Furnace & the Heatwaves
Licenced Bar, Non students welcome, Doors open 8pm

BONES, MINSTER STREET, READING
TEL: READING 52304
Wednesday April 19th 9pm — 2am.
DEAD FINGERS TALK
Licensed Bar Food Admission £1.50

SUNDAY AT THE REGAL
Regal Cinema, Station Road, Ashington.
This Sunday April 16th
WRECKLESS ERIC
with Special Guests
Showbiz Kids
Tickets £1.25 & £1.50.
Sunday April 23rd
SUPERCHARGE
Tickets £1.00, £1.25 & £1.50.
Sunday April 30th
HEAVY METAL KIDS
Tickets £1.00, £1.50 & £2.00
Sunday May 7th
DAVID COVERDALE
£1.00 Back Circle, £1.25 others.
Book your tickets at the Regal Booking Office, 12 Station Road, Ashington, tel. 812231: The Music Boxes, Blyth & Ashington: or HMV Music Centre, Eldon Square, Newcastle.

words words words words words words words words words words words words
WORDS (Barry Clarke), CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday April 15th at 8pm
John Grimaldi's
CHEAP FLIGHTS
+ MOONSTONE
Mary Jane Disco Bar Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer Street, St. Albans, Tel: 64511 or available on door.
Saturday May 6th: DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE SNAKE
+ SIDEWINDER
words words words words words words words words words words words words

Friday April 14th
First London appearance of
BRITISH LIONS
At the Music Machine, Camden High St.,
(opposite Mornington cres. tube)

DORKING HALLS **WED 19th APRIL**
DORKING
WRECKLESS ERIC
AND CAPITOL RADIO'S
MIKE ALLEN
Doors open 7.30 pm. Admission £1.50

SPATS "37" JAZZ CLUB
37/39 Oxford Street W1
(nr Tottenham Crt Rd Tube)
Tuesday April 18th
TERRY LIGHTFOOT JAZZ BAND
8.30 pm — Midnight
Late bars. Admission £1.75

THE PEGASUS
109 Green Lane, Stoke Newington, N.16
SORE THROAT
APRIL 13th, 20th & 27th
Admission 50p
Produce this ad before 9 pm on any of the above dates for free admission

COLCHESTER INSTITUTE OF HIGHER EDUCATION
SHEEPEN RD, COLCHESTER : Tel 70271
Friday, April 14th
WARM JETS + THE GENTS
Late Bar, Tickets: 80p S.U. £1 Guests

BLANK SPACE
AND
PLANET GONG
FRIDAY 14th APRIL
CENTRAL LONDON POLYTECHNIC
115 New Cavendish Street.
Doors open 7 p.m.
Admission free

Kingston College of Further Education
St. James Road.
Friday April 14th at 8 pm
THIEVES LIKE US
+ Support
Non Students welcome
A NIGHT FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE!

SUZI QUATRO
Appearing
Saturday April 22nd
at the
California Ballroom, Dunstable, Beds.
Telephone: 0582 62804
Admission £2.00. Doors open 7.30 pm.

UNORFADOX
at THE CROOKED BILLET
Southborough Lane, Bromley
on Friday April 28th Admission 75p
Tickets available from Bonaparte Records, Bromley
also at **THE NORTH OVER,** Verdant Lane S.E.6
on Saturday May 6th
Admission 75p on door.

29TH & DEARBORN
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AND PRESS FOR A REALLY GREAT THREE MONTH
TOUR — AND A HELL OF A LOT OF FREE ALE!
SPECIAL THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING:

Jan
6 SCARBOROUGH Penthouse
7 BOLTON Polytechnic
13 LIVERPOOL University
14 COVENTRY Warwick University
20 MANCHESTER Salford University
21 ST ALBANS City Hall
26 LONDON Music Machine
27 SHEFFIELD Polytechnic
28 NORTHAMPTON Cricket Club

Feb
2 MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden
3 NEWCASTLE Polytechnic
4 LEICESTER Polytechnic
5 LIVERPOOL Sportsman
6 BLACKPOOL Jenk's Bar
8 LONDON Rainbow
9 KENT University
10 LONDON Nashville
11 RETFORD Porterhouse
14 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's
15 LONDON Rock Garden
17 HATFIELD Polytechnic
18 BEDFORD College
23 LONDON Dingwall's
24 EDGBASTON Mason Hall
25 LONDON Hitchin College

Feb
26 PETERBOROUGH Oundle School
27 LIVERPOOL Kirkland's

March
3 READING Polytechnic
4 DUDLEY J.B's
8 WORKINGTON Polytechnic
9 WEAVERHAM Salter
10 NOTTINGHAM Sherwood Hall
11 OXFORD College
13 MANCHESTER Rafters
15 CHELTENHAM College
17 LONDON Goldsmith College
18 WARRINGTON Lion
19 LIVERPOOL Sportsman
20 CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens
21 SOUTHPORT Floral Hall
22 WIGAN Bluto's
23 LONDON Marquee
25 RETFORD Porterhouse
27 COLWYN BAY Dixieland
31 WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette

April
1 ROCHDALE Roc Rock
7 HARROW Polytechnic
8 LONDON Music Machine
9 REDCAR Coulton Bowl
17 LIVERPOOL Eric's

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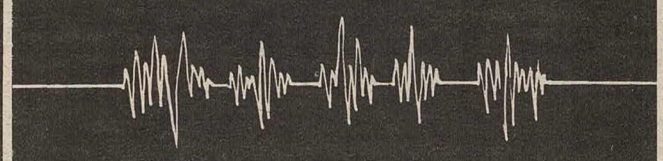
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JAZZ DIARY

THE FAMOUS Newport Jazz Festival is showing this year at Ayresome Park Football Stadium, Middlesbrough, Cleveland, thanks to Cleveland County Council. The line-up includes Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Bill Evans, Johnah Jones plus three as-yet unannounced jazz giants. The Festival runs from July 21-23 inclusive.

Dutch jazz pianist Lee Cuypers will be appearing with Harry Miller — now resident in Holland — and Louis Moholo, plus the Mike Osborne Quartet at 100 Club on April 17th. Cuypers has worked with the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Willem Breuker, and his most recent work has been "Zeeland Suite" for a seven-piece band and the recording has become Holland's fastest selling jazz album.

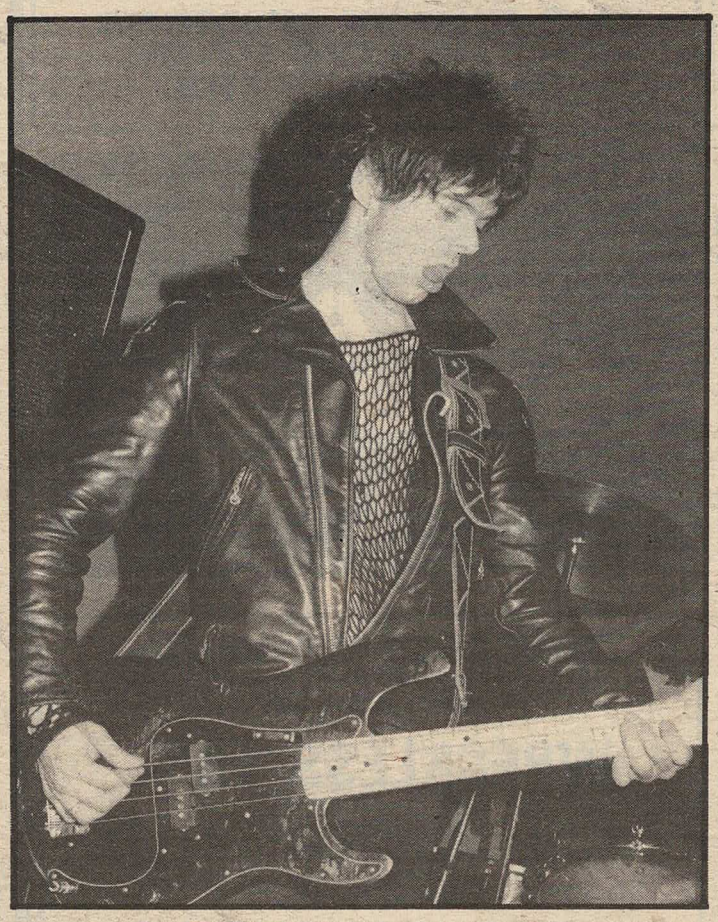
Following the closure of the Star & Garter, Jazz Centre Society have come up with a new venue every Sunday evening at The Half Moon Hotel, 93 Lower Richmond Road, Putney. The Bobby Wellins Quartet are playing there on April 16th, Don Rendell Five on 23rd, and Big Chief featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith on 30th. Young's beer.

The London Musicians' Collective are presenting percussionist Anthony Barnett, ex-John Tchicai Orchestra, on June 10th, in a concert of improvised music and composed poetry. Also on the strength, Tony Wren, bass. LMC are also featuring Roger Dean's Lysis on April 21st, with Dean on bass and piano, Hazel Smith violin and Ashley Brown percussion.

This year's Company Week from May 30th to June 3rd will use various combinations from a pool of musicians including Leo Smith, Tony Oxley, Misha Mengelburg, Maurice Hortshuis, Johnny Dyani, Terry Day and Derek Bailey. The concerts will be held at the ICA Theatre, The Mall, and an exhibition of jazz photographs by Roberto Massotti is also featured.

New release from Ogun, "Blue Notes In Concert", Volume One, recorded live at 100 Club last year: Chris McGregor, Dudu, Dyani and Moholo. Two fine New York avant-garde albums from the new label, Kharma, feature Frank Lowe's "Doctor Too Much", and Sunny Murray and The Untouchable Factor's "Charred Earth".

Brian Case



Stranglers, getting a grip on the States

THE STRANGLERS are playing in strange places.

A train took the press corps to Philadelphia where, following an accidental morning fire that gutted the town's only new wave venue, The Hot Club, on March 16, Hot Club owner Dave Carroll quickly rigged up a temporary site called Act One.

The interior of the club was still being built as The Stranglers did their sound check on Monday.

Stepping in on Tuesday night was much like stepping right back on the train — the small, narrow hall had a joke of a bar in back and a slightly larger one up front; it was filled randomly with chairs and tables and empty equipment cases.

Perhaps strangest of all was the positioning of the stage. It was in the centre of the room, rather than at one end, leaving an area of only 15 or 20 feet directly in front of the stage before one's back was to the wall.

There were stacks of Marshall amps when small Fenders would have sufficed and the proximity of the wall caused a half-second sound ricochet directly into Hugh Cornwell's ears.

If it bothered him, he transferred his anger to a hot performance and a terribly droll stage presence.

Exuding the essence of boredom, Cornwell began: "Well, we're *really excited* to be continuing playing in America. We can't describe *how stimulated* we feel." And a little later, "Shut up! We've got to concentrate to play this music!"

No-one in the band was saying anything, but I have a feeling they were relieved to be playing small gigs in towns where a new rock audience is just beginning to build.

What it lacks in prestige is made up for with real applause, and none of the typical New York "so what?" response was felt.

They began surprisingly, with "Get A Grip On Yourself", one of their best songs, and I thought at once that The Pirates, whom I haven't seen, must be very much like this in their approach — very little talk and quite a bit of playing.

Scratching the build-up, as it were, and inserting an explosion says more than lines and lines of stage chatter that would have satisfied those critics who felt badly in the limosines on the way back to New York because The Stranglers didn't "relate to the audience."

Dave Greenfield's keyboards are the most sophisticated parts of The Stranglers and the most annoying too, for he has a bad habit of playing moderately ingenious runs with his right hand while drinking or twisting knobs with his left. He is most effective when playing inside a hook and answering Cornwell's guitar as is done beautifully on "Hanging Around."

Cornwell, on the other hand, is constantly ingenious through his simplicity. He's apparently mounted a cheapo-cheapo Japanese pickup between the standard hardware on his incredibly beat-up Telecaster, carrying with it a subliminal grating that is very much a part of The Stranglers' overall sound.

He's the best singer in the group too, though Jean Jacques Burnel sang nearly as many songs as him during the set.

Burnel, you see, acts and looks like more of a cliche; just a young punk who has no qualms about singing *"Send me a piece of my mother/She was very close to me."*

There's a new reggae song in their set, which will be released soon in England; it's not very exciting, and the band don't even seem suited to it.

A great deal of the material came from their new album, which won't be released in the States for a while yet.

I was particularly intrigued by the obvious superiority of their material live in comparison with the recorded versions.

Seeing Cornwell's manic eyes as he sang "No More Heroes" was an education. As he sang I looked around and saw Burnel being frightful on the bass and Jet Black leaning over slightly to hear his own beats, steady ones. I think Greenfield has finally stopped drinking and twisting too, working instead on a hook that extends throughout the song.

At times like this The Stranglers show their true strength as four corners with weight on everyone's shoulder. When any one of them sticks out too much, they are less powerful.

Dan Oppenheimer

Dandies

UPSTAIRS AT RONNIE SCOTT'S

LYRICALLY DRAMATIC and musically unsettling, Dandies assault the senses like so much cosmetic buckshot.

What is initially disturbing is that they are virtually impossible to categorise. The set ranges from a Hebrew devotional chant to cabaret rock, and even the individual impressions they make on stage seem to conflict very strongly. While singer/pianist Adrian Arriva looks intangibly sinister with his eye-glitter, guitarist Michael Malden is almost elegantly charming.

First impressions aside, their songs show an exceptional understanding of musical structure — although the rhythm changes that sustain a continual emphasis often lose them any immediate audience reaction by being largely unpredictable.

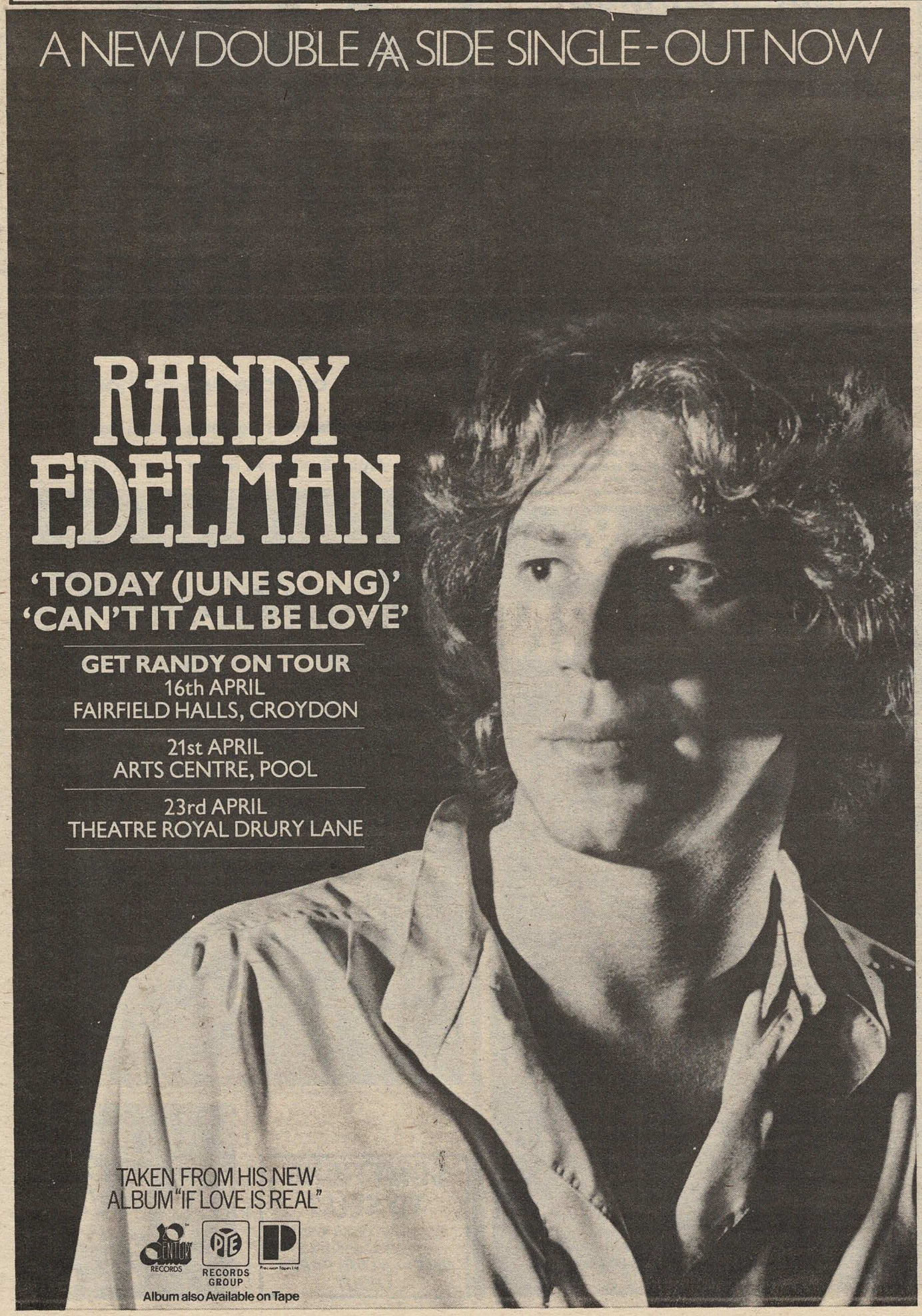
Both Malden's numbers, and those of bassist Colin Cue, sound punchy and very electric, with well-arranged vocal, guitar, and sax harmony parts. They motivate limbs, and they demand attention.

Most of Arriva's songs are less confined, especially the all-absorbing drama "Red Feet". Built around his classical piano style, it moves through several distinct themes that reflect the changing images in the lyrics — an entire performance in itself.

They end with a machine-gun sequence of fast rockers, such as "Impossible Boogie" and "I Want To Be Famous", with frantic structured backing behind very controlled guitar solos.

You either buy their whole approach or you don't. But for their technical skill and vivid imagination alone, Dandies remain quite unique.

Mark Ellen



JEAN-JACQUES BURNEL. *Pix JOE STEVENS*

Welsh New Wave Night

DINGWALLS

"THE WELSH New Wave Night" proved to be the most miserable gig I can ever recollect having to review.

The music produced by the three Welsh groups booked to appear acted as a perfect soundtrack for the disgusting behaviour of a large section of the three coach-loads of supporters they had in tow.

While a number of lads ripped off their shirts and practiced block-tackles on the dance floor, their lady-friends stood by the p.a., waved leaks and gave a display of mass vomiting!

The less extrovert strutted around in last season's bondage bloomers, loon pants, glitter rags, flashed peace signs and complained to one another about the price of the beer.

I caught only the last 15 minutes of the first band, and even that seemed like an eternity. Their name, I believe, was **The Tax Exiles.** Guitar, bass and drums struggled to no avail to co-ordinate themselves whilst the equipment spluttered and gave the impression it was about to object to such ill-treatment.

The power(less) trio was fronted by a sallow-faced vocalist with sculptured hair who looked like he'd dyed his barnet flame orange in the days of Ziggy Stardust only to discover that it didn't grow out.

He tottered about in *de rigeur* black leather on high-heeled hooker boots, shouted unintelligent lyrics and mutilated "White Heat".

The equipment failed one and a half numbers into **Dai Kapp's** set.

Sporting Andy Capp headwear and chopping out Status Quo re-writes, they succeeded in getting the chords of "Black Magic Woman" arse-about-tit. The equipment breakdown only extended an overlong performance.

If it wasn't for the fact that yours truly is on the wagon, by then I would have probably drunk the bar dry out of sheer desperation.

When, yet again, the equipment faultered for the bill-toppers, **Beggar,** I assumed it was Kismet. The band revved up like a car plagued with big-end problems. In an effort to up his punk creditability, the be-blazered singer — a parody of T.V. Geldof — insisted on cussing over the p.a. as guitar, bass and drums slammed through every ramalamadole-queue cliche in the book.

The only record company executive on the premises, a usually affable fellow, was almost motivated to jump on stage and pull the plug. We both agreed that bands of this ilk give the New Wave a bad reputation.

In Wales, they may well keep a welcome in the hillside, but on Monday night's showing it doesn't extent to Camden Lock!

Not surprisingly, the evening ended in a fight.

Roy Carr

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Professor Longhair

RONNIE SCOTT'S

I HAVE immense admiration for Professor Longhair.

He is a gifted and very influential pianist who, once upon a time, combined Creole, Caribbean and Latin-American rhythms to create a unique style of playing that is still heard in New Orleans nearly 30 years later.

And although his singing is not so hot, several of his songs have proved to be as long-lasting as the style in which they were performed.

Nevertheless, although he was the victim of a lot of bad luck, it seems to me that the main reason he was never awarded so much as a sniff of that heady scent, fame, is that he possesses none of the charisma of an artist like Fats Domino, and that, even though he was supposedly the originator, he just isn't as technically proficient as an artist like James Booker. (In fact, if I may be allowed a controversial opinion right here, I reckon that, when his head is functioning properly, the erratic Booker wipes the floor with all other New Orleans keyboard players).

So, what I'm saying is, Professor Longhair has been miserably treated by a fundamentally obnoxious industry, but I'd like to see him under better circumstances than his present trip to Britain before I express some kind of definite opinion about his talent.

The Longhair legend demystified *Pic: ANDRE CSILLAG*

At Ronnie Scott's he went through the motions, but only occasionally displayed the kind of keyboard mastery for which he is "famous". (I use inverted commas because, of course, he is anything but famous, except among residents and observers of New Orleans).

His opening number, a version of the Ray Charles workout "Mess Around", was O.K. but messy, almost as many thumbs as fingers; "Every Day I Have The Blues" offered him a chance to give vent to his extraordinary yodel but was hardly convincing; and his own "Bald Head (She Ain't Got No Hair)" was proficiently unexciting.

Only on "How Long (Has That Train Been Gone)" and "Big Chief" did he come close to matching his reputation.

Thirty years ago, or after his next album is released, might be more propitious occasions for comment.

Even so, I hope you realise that I'm being deliberately harsh. When all's said and done, I'd still sooner see Professor Longhair in action than a lot of what currently passes as entertainment.

Cliff White

Europe

EDINBURGH

EUROPE, IT seems, have risen phoenix-like from the ashes of Elegy who had their brief moment of glory as winners of the 1974 *Melody Maker* Contest and subsequently toured with that outfit of musicians' musicians, National Health.

Not necessarily news to make you leap onto the nearest northbound express, I'll grant you, but this is no remote or cerebral 'head' band.

Quite the reverse — Europe's brand of highly rhythmic and tirelessly inventive melodic flow certainly won over a student audience usually more attentive to beer than to bands.

You're right — it's not exactly basic rock'n'roll either.

The centrepiece of this five piece's musical showcase is the near telepathic understanding and interplay of the two keyboard players, Bruce Rayner and Peter Vettese.

Their range is mind-boggling — from funky undertones right through the heavier spectrum to light, jazzy improvisations, all handled with consummate ease.

Disciplined and ceaselessly imaginative, they sail effortlessly past the usual cliched pitfalls and technoflash turgidity that plagues most keyboard dominated bands.

It's beautiful stuff, rolling and dancing along on the flow of the keyboards above the positive but unobtrusive rhythm section.

Drummer Glen Jones has all the faultless precision you would associate with a former AWB member and six-foot-plus bassist Rob Adams completes the solid base that provides a constant urge to toe-tap, the perfect foil for the extended improvisations of Rayner and Vetesse.

Yes, there *is* a guitarist. John Singers is one of those pleasingly modest guitarists who keep quiet when there is nothing to be said.

When he does step forward, his lyrical style is quietly impressive, the perfect antidote to the angry scratchings of the New Wave.

Not only is the standard of musicianship almost unbelievably high, but better still, Europe's music has a smile on its face.

Lyrics are frequently witty, as in the song about a voyeur called "View With a Room", or the humorous chanted words to "Can We Really Be This Ugly?" There's a touch of the old style Caravan whimsy about the band.

Only in the last number, "Tobacco Seven", do they go seriously wrong.

This self-indulgent overkill on a weak theme is manifestly out of proportion to the rest of their work and could earn them a role as ELP understudies if they're not careful.

But even then the flow of clever ideas — like synthesised vocals — never stops.

Since their home ground of Dundee is not the most accessible of places (though Dundee readers are frequently urged to catch London bands), we'll have to hope that some perspicacious record company latches on.

Arista are believed to be interested. Good for them.

Twin keyboard bands may have never made it big so far (with the arguable exception of Greenslade), but Europe could well prove that exception.

Ian Cranna

G.L.C.
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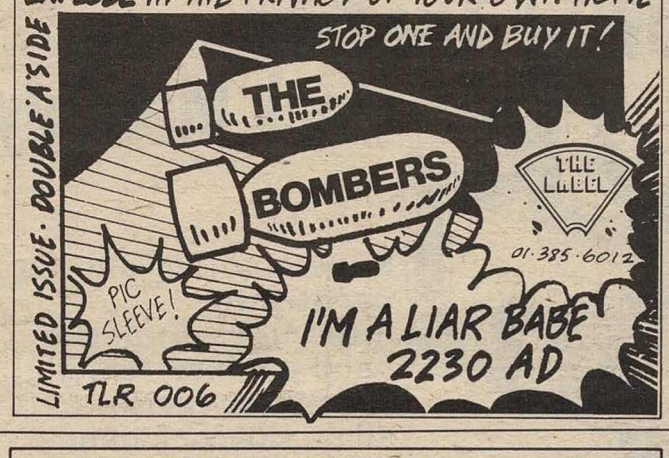

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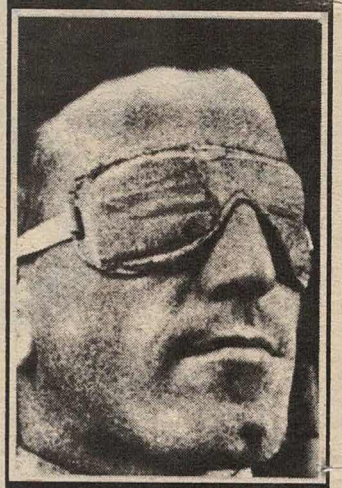

... then try John Martyn's album 'One World' - it has subtler ways to move ya.

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Produced by Chris Blackwell

Rumble Strips

UPSTAIRS AT RONNIE SCOTT'S

HAVING HAD to endure the aural torture of an hour of the disco and auto-funk the DJ was playing beforehand, I wasn't in a particularly receptive frame of mind when Rumble Strips came on . . . but they proved well worth the wait.

The trendies who had come for the disco rather than the band clearly didn't know what to make of them and only gave them a polite, if confused, reception, when they deserved better.

It's hardly surprising really because they're a hard band to pin down, evoking anyone from The Pirates to Television at different times, but without sounding too diffuse.

Their rhythm section is powerful but supple; drummer Paul Wooldridge doesn't let the pressure drop for a moment and Lyndall Leuw plays dense but buoyant Fender bass, sometimes showing a sense of space that would suggest he listens to a lot of reggae.

Hal Chenhall positively shines on guitar, playing a steam of sharp, trebly riffs and biting solos, and he's sometimes ably assisted by frontman Philip Bird when the latter doubles on rhythm or on electric piano for the slower numbers.

At their best, they achieve a tension between these elements that gives their material an impressive, straining-at-the-leash feel.

They're not a young band — they all look over 20 and their maturity is reflected not only in their playing but also their songs — there are no non-originals in the set — which deal articulately with personal or urban angst and are never less than sound and are often very good indeed.

The potential's definitely there — all it needs are gigs more regular than those they've been playing up till now, and at venues where they're more likely to attract the attention they deserve.

Neil Peters

The Tunes

THE CAVALCADE, MANCHESTER

THE TUNES are currently Manchester's hardest working band.

Their formation little over half a year ago neatly coincided with the demise of *powerchordis minimalis* and since then they've clocked up knocking on a 100 gigs.

For their efforts they've received a residency at the Cavalcade in delightful downtown Didsbury, possibly the Mancunian equivalent to the Nashville Rooms.

First and foremost The Tunes are a rock band, although, having said that, that's not to say they remain entirely uninfluenced by some of the finer points of the '75-'77 Wave. This is most apparent in the words dept. where many of the lyrics are thematically punk.

That and the somewhat cliched presentation of vocalist Wayne aside, The Tunes show more than a hint of originality.

Colin Thorpe on keyboards, vocals and enigmatically receding hairline (eat your heart out, Howard Devoto) displays prodigious amounts of instrumental prowess, specialising in timely chord progressions and knowing when to keep schtum.

The rhythm section, comprising George Budd (bass) and Bernard Nuttall (drums) also acquits itself with verve suggesting that this lot are hardly short on talent.

I saw them three times last week and noted an improvement in their performance on each occasion.

A very promising outfit that are likely to go far unless they prematurely run out of steam.

Oh yes, and they will be doing more than themselves a favour when they drop tired old "Sweet Jane" as the encore which they always seem to earn.

Mike Nicholls

Levi's for feet

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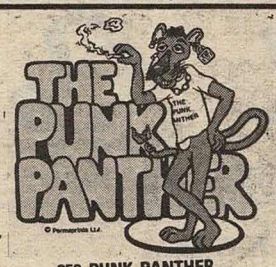

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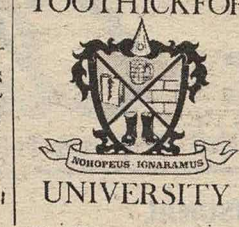

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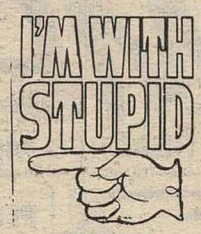

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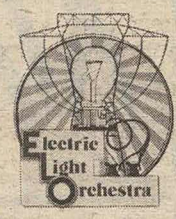

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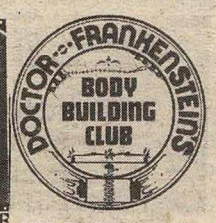

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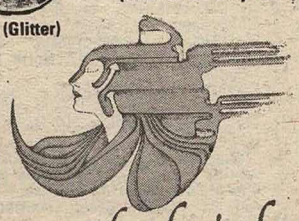

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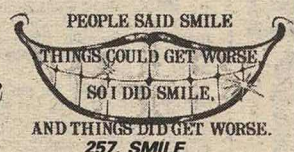

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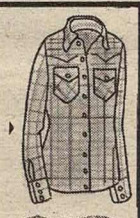

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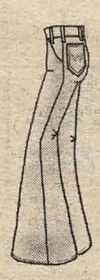

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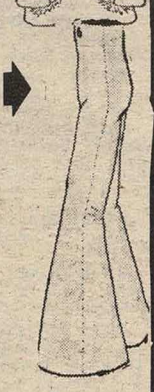

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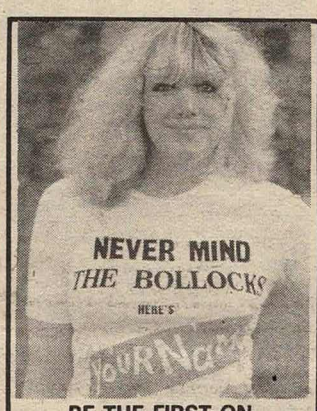

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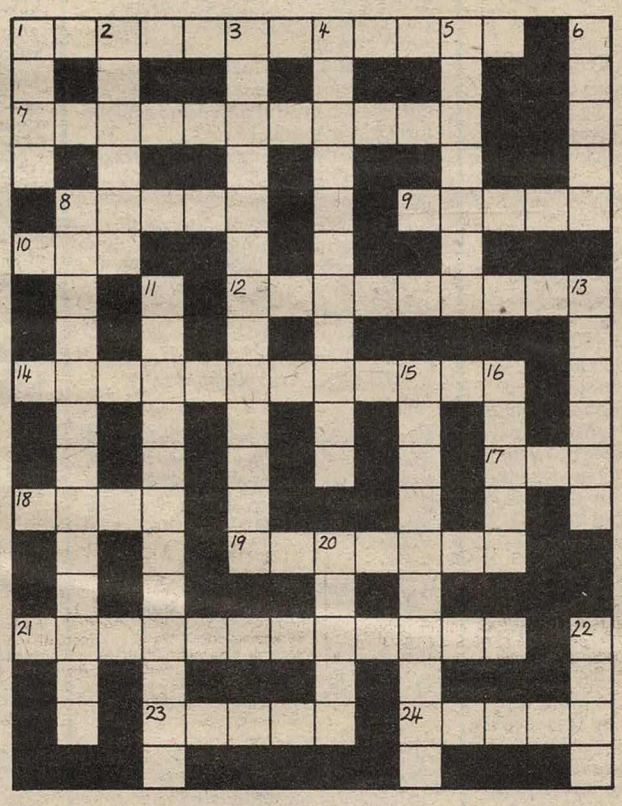

ACROSS

1 Teenybop idol — *last year's model,* or was it the year before that? (5,7)
7 Arm visor, non (anag. 3,8)
8 Stone in the ghetto!
9 "You Really Got Me" was the start of *their* beat boom!
10 Michael Jackson's hit love song to a rat! From the movie of the same name
12 Pyschedelic survivors (4,5)
14 US soul centre. W.C. Fields went there once. It was closed!
17 A container in Uriah Heep (*(geddit? geddit?)!*
18 Nils Lofgren's old band
19 & 6 A Beach Boys' greatest hit (3,4,5)
21 "The Best Years Of Our Lives" combo (6,6)
23 & 13 One of the pioneering pub-rock bands, featured Sean Tyla on guitar
24 They turned down The Beatles but signed the Stones

DOWN

1 & 2 Ex-Damned vocalist currently of Doctors
3 Remember his ill-fated Sharks band? His "Motorbikin' "hit? His days as a Womble? (5,8)
4 The original punk fanzine (7,4)
5 Has a hit with "Sometimes When We Touch" (3,4)
6 See 19
8 The Meteorological Office's favourite band?! (7,6)
11 Byrne, Weymouth & Co (7,5)
13 See 23
15 Australian MOR singer struck it big in the USA (5,5)
16 & 22 Moptops elpee
20 Krieger, Densmore, Manzarek + one
22 See 16

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Steel Pulse; 6 Phil (Spector); 10 "This Year's Model"; 11 Jam; 12 Richard Carpenter; 14 Poly Styrene; 18 "Oh You Pretty thing"; 21 "Emotions"; 22 The Shadows; 24 Spector; 26 Dusty Springfield; 27 "Rastaman Vibration".
DOWN: 1 "Saturday Night Fever"; 2 Eric Clapton; 3 "Lay Lady Lay"; 4 Lyricist; 5 Elmore (James); 7 "Hejira"; 9 & 8 "Teenage Lament"; 13 "Hush"; 15 "Stupidity"; 16 Reeves; 17 Janis Joplin; 19 Toots (Hibbert); 20 "(I Don't Want To Go To) Chelsea"; 23 "Exodus"; 25 Gibb.

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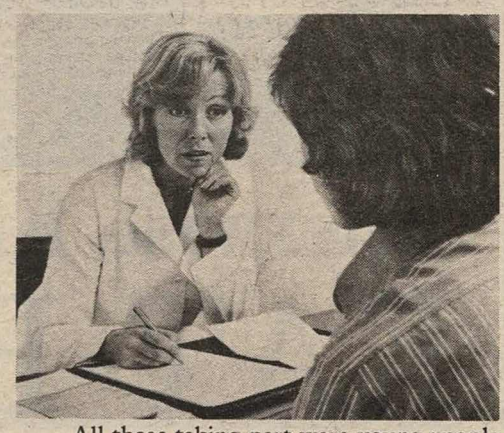

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STUFF YER SENSITIVE, ARTY CRAP! HERE'S....
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IN LIVING MONO-CHROME
IN 20
WITH 14 GREAT SONGS, 3 GREAT CAMERA ANGLES, 2 GREAT SETS!!
RUN LIKE HELL! IT'S ANOTHER GRATUI--TOUS GASBAG EXTRAVAGANZA!

Graphic by RAY Ready-when-you-are-Mr-DeMille LOWRY

Otherwise Known As FAT-BAG

FOR SOME MONTHS now *Snouds* has featured a regular write-in by assorted acid casualties and long-haired football hooligans who like to style themselves 'hippies' and whose intent is either to list their mucho macho neo-Fascist heavy metal heroes in alphabetical order, Alan Freeman-style, or to pronounce their intent to commit GBH on punks in the name of Peace 'n' Love (maaan).

Worst of all are those signalling the onset of middle age by the old cry of 'things were better when I was young', or 'I got stoned for you, you ungrateful sod, and now all you do is pogo.'

I see from some of the letters in recent *NMEs* that they are now trying to perpetrate this brand of senile dementia on *Gasbag*, but I hope that in the interests of keeping the *NME* a rock 'n' roll paper, not a forum for passed out, passed by B.O.F.'s, you will consign such garf to the trash can.

The fact is that ten years of 'progressive music' and 'peace 'n' love' has resulted in little else other than a handful of ageing ex-rebels are now millionaires and that long hair and flared trousers are now the mark of middle-class, middle-aged, Marks & Sparks conformity.

As for needing another Woodstock, as 'The Man' suggests, I seem to recall that the doped up, drop-out rich kid Woodstock generation also produced Altamont, of which the current 'kill the punks' attitude is a legacy.

Next time (heaven forbid there is one) it won't be the Hell's Angels that trample over the pathetic hairy drop outs from life's real struggles and conflicts, but the National Front. It's going to be the working class boots and braces that will stop the Fascists, not peace signs, flowers and spliffs. 1957 was a great year for rock 'n' roll; 1977 was even better, but it's time the corpse of 1967 was laid to rest under the wilting flowers. The hippies made a hash of it, in every sense of the word.

My qualification for writing this? I'm 28 (yeah! I can't beleive it!) and I was a middle class hippy — in the summer of '67 I even had a kaftan. How we hated those working class skin-heads in '69, but they were right to fight, and we were livin in cuckoo land. I ended up a surbaban conformist playing Genisis albums.

Now I've got a shave, a hair cut and some big boots, and thanks to John Lydon, the Bromley Contingent, et al, I see that we never had peace and love, only 'hate and war', and the only way to change it is to stand up to it.

No more hippy dippy noodlings in the Bag, please
STEVE SENILE, Eastvote, Middx.
Right! Out, demons, out (woops! what a giveaway). But now you lot know what to do: get yer hair cut, buy big boots and stop listening to Genisis. Hmm, don't think it'll work, do you? — D. BUM.

YOUR READER Mark Brennan has got sweetie mice in the head if he thinks that any record is going to change our precicament. The 'troubles' in Northern Ireland will only be resolved (for another 20 years) when the people on the streets of Belfast, Derry, etc, tell the Mafia-type U.D.A. and Provisional thugs to piss off and play their Russian-roulette among themselves. I am not going to go into the politics of the thing but if the paid liars (politicians) can't deter the gangsters how can anybody take a record like "Suspect Device" seriously, when it comes to solutions: *"Why can't we take over, And try to put things right."*

Personally I think Stiff Little Fingers are a great rock 'n' roll group and as such must be expected to glamourise a given situation, which is common practice in the entertainment industry, e.g. Cowboys and Indians, War films, *Jaws, Zulu* etc. I prefer to take everything with a pinch of salt because even computers can tell lies, if they're programmed to do it.
THE ARCHBISHOP OF BELFAST
P.S. Thanks to every group that's come here in the past few years.

RE: MARK BRENNAN (8th April ish).

So he calls it "cashing in on the troubles" does he? All I can say is that we've had nine years of this shit, it's our life as we know it and all we're doing is singing about it. Mark B. doesn't criticise The Clash for singing about letter bombs in London, yet it's not okay for us to complain about little things like knowing friends who've been shot for no reason, being forced to move home, being scared to go out at night (even if you find any places open late enough) et bloody cetera.

We've been through that and all he can do in his petty tirade is to call it "romanticising the situation". What we're trying to achieve is to get people to take notice of what we're saying in songs like "Suspect Device" (. . . *"they take away our freedom/In the name of liberty. . .")* or "Wasted Life", "Breakout", "Alternative Ulster" — to try and get through to the sort of people who think that killing is OK "in certain circumstances" (quote from a guy we met in a pub who was acting heavy and wanted to know what party politics we were into — if you thought rock 'n' roll was risky, try this game). All that's going on is a lot of propoganda, war, money games — nobody even believes in anything anymore.

What we have achieved is bringing Protestant and Catholic kids together at gigs — like other Belfast bands — the only "alternative" here is trying to have a good time.

What M.B. has achieved is that he's given *us* hope by the fact we've annoyed someone by telling the truth about here. He mentions subtlety — what does he want, a country-style peace song for Chrissakes??

I don't know if I'm over-reacting or being over-defensive or whatever, but all I do know is that I'd argue our case to *anyone* 'cos this is the only band I've ever believed in and we're only complaining about here in our own way.

Others kill each other.
A STIFF LITTLE FINGER, North Belfast, Co. Antrim.

WHEN, oh, when will you album critics write reviews devoid of personal hang-ups, literary intransigence, cumulative pseudoism. Burchill, leave your amphetamine tablets, memo's of National Front Rallies and jealousy of Nick Kent in the uncloseted sewers of your pretentious consciousness.

Tom Verlain may not be Rimbaud in disguise — does he profess to be?

Kids, the TV platter is rock music, above the dole infested queues of punkola. Don't label them as new wave, 'cos the surf's rising and they're on it. —
A BUDDY PERSON, Limerick, Ireland.

A LONG time ago the Stalinist pompsities of Julie Burchill used to annoy me. Now I just laugh.

Ha ha.
NORMAN MALLARME, (Nice Paper, Nice Writing).

MAY I BE the first not to complain about J. Burchill's slagging off of the new Television album. The very fact that she does probably means it's brilliant, so who cares what the woman thinks?
THE IDIOT BOX, Leigh, Surrey.

SOME INCONSISTENCIES and plain back-biting/time wasting are beginning to show amidst all the print. I haven't got last week's (April 1st) copy, but I can remember being shocked and surprised to see an anti-semitic 'joke' hiding amongst the photo captions (some highly original comment about having big noses and being rich, thereby colluding with the mistaken assumption that all Jews are rich, money grabbing and foreign . . . and we all know where that line of though takes you).

Then, in this week's (April 8th) issue, an apparently unwarranted, bitchy and purposeless attack on Elvis Costello from the safe anonymity of *Thrills.* And Julie Burchill's Television album review, which was little more than a retching of invective against the band and the readership, who are 'accused' of rushing out to buy "Marquee Moon' simply because *NME* gave it heavy coverage. Well, here's one reader (of thousands) to whom that accusation doesn't apply — and I'll still be checking out "Adventure", Ms. Burchill because your review was INADEQUATE.

I guess what I'm saying is that for several years now I've felt that *NME* has been concerned about supporting anti-racists and anti-fascists, that it prided itself on providing its readers with information and informed opinion and that the readership was seen as being as intelligent, perceptive and discerning as the editorial staff. This now seems to be changing, and I think you should be as concerned as I am that this does not happen.

With best wishes for a speedy recovery.
R WOOD, London W1.
Thought that was a shade ambiguous ourselves. The 'offensive' reference was to Ringo's proboscis not any of 'those' people a lot of whom, of course, are very good friends of ours. And the cheque's in the post. And we promise we won't come in your month. — D. BUM.

RE PAGE 21 NME 1.4.78: "The page for coprophiliacs."

How long are you going to carry on feeding us this shit?
TONY THE POO, Dungfermline
Till you got tired of the taste — D. BUM

DEAR TONY,

Keep your opinions to yourself. If you must bury MUD before they've had the chance, then go and do it somewhere else. Mud's new single "Cut Across Shorty" is brilliant — the best thing since sliced bread, so there. I saw it on stage first and fell in love with it, so don't knock it, just 'cos they're on the same label as Iggy and Bowie that does not mean they want to be on the same label as them. They're proud to be on it 'cos of The King — not 'cos of those two feeble excuses for fellas. Mind you it's probably them that they are secretly jealous of ol' Fit Bit Gray and his glorious assets, known to my brother as Les (it's a hosepipe) Gray — but it's not so there.

He's just plain HE-man and everything he sings is brilliant 'cos of his Golden Voice (he is known as Prince Gray), and therefore "Cut Across Shorty" should be a hit, apart from the fact that people like you knock it and the BBC don't play it. But 'cos MUD ROCK rules — they won't give in.

All in all I could make this letter full of swearing and insulting you — but 'cos I'm dead civilised and a fan of Les Gray's Assets, I won't.

I wonder why people hate MUD so much now? — I don't, I think they're just too much. I hope that soon you'll come to realise there is more to life than going round insulting wonderful records such as "Cut Across Shorty" — then perhaps you will become a good person.

I wish you luck 'cos you're gonna need it! (PAL!)
BARBARA, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.

Wow. Babs, we here in Sheffield think there's just no answer to this. But even we're not convinced that Les is as well-hung as Eddie Cochran (was). — D. BUM

TO ENA Sharple's protege —

Ya set 'em up, ya knock 'em down, eh Parsons? Goodbye Patti Smith, Tom Robinson will follow you by the end of the month.
CLAIRVOYANT, N.W. Essex.

DID RAMBALI play the Gen. X album at the right speed? Or perhaps the translator misunderstood the article in its original Italian form. If neither of these is true the review is void anyway because I like the album and it's ME that matters. For a debut album it is to say the least FAB (to use the hip word).

If you bother to look up "mundane" in your useful English-Italian phrase-book you will find therein a complete biography of Paul Rambali. Just 'cos you're too old to be called "Yewf" any more you bitchy bastard. Why don't you go to a new 'Rent-a-Review' company.
NO FUN, Burford Park, Birmingham.
Who's too old to be a yewf? Rambali's at least three years younger than Tony James and maybe a lot more for all we know. And as for Italian . . . guess again pal. He doesn't even like ice-cream — D. BUM.

WHEN YOU play "Wuthering Heights' at 33 it sounds like a woman. Does this mean that it really *was* Pinky and Perky who made the recording?
PUZZLED, Stoke-on-Trent.
We always thought it was some Chinese drunk — D. BUM.

YIPPEE!! So a lawyer, in all his wisdom, was recently heard to remark that the age for having naughties should be lowered to 14! Great, but when does it become legal for two homosexuals to hold hands in public?
DOUGAL SNODGRASS, Outer Mongolia, Nr. Surbiton.
You Southern jessies might go in for that sort of thing but up here we won't even tolerate two blokes sharing the same packet of crisps — D. BUM.

LESTER BANGS sucks! This is '78, we don't want to read about Beefheart the relic never mind Bangs life story and self hero worship.

I know times are hard but where the hell did you dig up this crap. Run out of naughty punk stories did you?. Who's Bangs kidding, "I've been a boring raving drunk enough times in my life" — he always will be. "Do you know what I mean"!! Next week he'll be claiming Beefheart's the Father of Punk. I had the misfortune to hear some of Beefheart's 'work" — and they call punk rubbish!
(THE REAL) BILL STICKERS

HOW COME every five page article by Lester Bangs ends up as four and a half pages about Lester Bangs?
LESTER BAG
We don't mind people knocking Lester (he's big enough to take it), but we won't hear nuthin' agin the Captain — D. BUM

I WOULD like to point out that although I watch Melvy-Babe's *South Bank Show,* I am not addicted to it — just addicted to the fact that there might be a bit of tit in it.
A PHANTOM TIT ADDICT, Wirral.

Now you mention it, Bargg is kinda chunky. But your best bet for catching a Flash of tit is to stick with *The World About Us.* — D. BUM

TO ANYONE interested, I'm a leg man myself.
CJC, Birkenhead.
P.S. Whatever happened to Angiè Errigo?
Her legs dropped off. Next! — D. BUM.

WHY DOES Jimmy Carter need the neutron bomb (kills newts!) when we give him The Bee Gees, capable of boring to death an immense number of people while leaving buildings intact? . . .
NORMAN SPOTTS/DOG
So, you think they're a bunch of RSOs as well? — D. BUM.

AFTER reading your complete discography on Nick Lowe in your feature "Information City" I was wondering: are you sure this guy ain't Jonathan King in disguise?
THE WONDERER, Somewhere in North Wales.
No! Basher has a firm hand-shake and he looks you straight in the eye. And he buys his round. — D. BUM.

Pic: P WALINSKI (Russian Geog. Teacher)

Brought to you this week by a bunch of drunken bums somewhere in Sheffield

(A bottle of crisps to the first reader who can pinpoint exactly where)

Okay, okay, so we owe yer a bleedin' explanation for all that palaver goin' on with Ian Dury's 'ampsteads on the cover this week. Well, 'ere's wot 'appened. Mistah Doo-ery 'ad 'is teef capped wiv the old patrotic special courtesy of 'is fun-lovin' dentist. 'E's got anuvver few weeks to go before 'e 'as to decide whevver 'e wants ter keep 'em PERMANENT-like, awrite? By the way, this pic was flicked by happy, healthy CHALKIE DAVIES, and so — for that matter — are the other two.

teazers

A WEEKLY EXCAVATION

IT'S ALL IN *Teazers,* your caring, sharing *Teazers . . .* and welcome to this week's pulse-pounding, drama-drenched edition of *General Hospital,* wherein **Elvis Costello and The Attractions** discover that they definitely *don't* love the sound of breaking glass.

Attractions bass player **Bruce Thomas** was in a more than expansive mood back-stage at Manchester's Rafters Club after a particularly ace gig and decided to demonstrate the classic barroom brawl method of breaking a bottle. Unfortunately, his coordination was somewhat impaired and Bruce messed up his right hand very seriously. The massive gouge required eighteen stitches and a skin graft operation will undoubtedly be necessary.

Nick Lowe deputised for the injured Thomas at a Hemel Hempstead gig on Sunday night, having learned the entire set at the sound check, and according to Them As Was There, Basher performed heroically. However, due to prior commitments, he won't be able to do the rest of the British tour with Elvis, so **Jake** and Co. are hurriedly (not to say frenziedly) hunting down a bass player to deputise. The situation is complicated by the fact the Elvis is setting off for yet another canter round the Americas next week.

For the upcoming Roundhouse dates, Elvis is planning "an experimental show" featuring a lengthy acoustic segment. Those ticket-holders who feel short-changed by this can return their £2 tickets and get a refund plus an extra quid to compensate them for travel expenses. All tickets returned will be sold on the day for £1 each. We here at *Teazers* reckon that you'd have to be some kind of natural-born fool to chop in your tickets, but that's your business.

In the meantime, **Jake Riviera** emphasises that Bruce Thomas is still in the band however long it takes him to get fit again, and on behalf of everyone here at *NME* (and. we hope, all of you lot) *Teazers* extends its very best Get Well Soon hand of friendship to Beleaguered Bruce.

There's more info on the accident and its consequences in the News Pages, so on with the show . . .

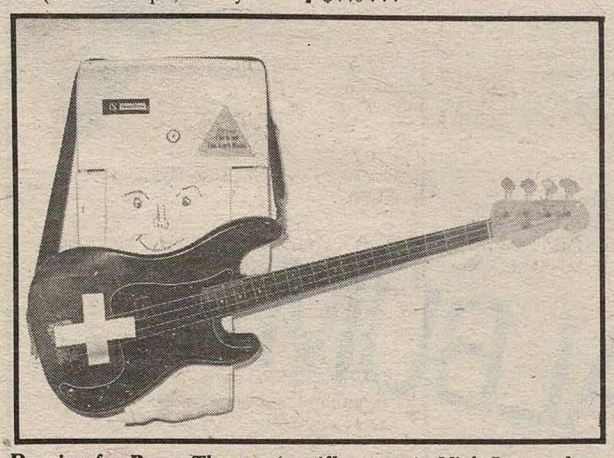
Distressing though it may seem, the fact remains that **Boston's** album has racked up sales of over 6,000,000 copies in the States, making it the best-selling debut album of all time. It's still moving at a rate of 50,000 copies a week. What's wrong with the Yanx, for Chrissake? . . .

Quite a lot, we reply without even pausing for breath. Maddened **Beatle**-maniacs in the States are apparently convinced that **The Rutles'** album is, in fact, a real-life Beatles Reunion Album cunningly disguised as a put-on. Yeah, klaatu barada niktu to the lot of yez . . .

Plus the real **Rutles** (in a manner of speaking) have been invited to do a British and a European tour . . .

Latest progress report on how Our Boys are doing Over There: **Rod Stewart** and **Ronnie Wood** visited **Ian Dury and the Blockheads** backstage at the Roxy in L.A., with Honest Ron inviting Ian and **Kosmo Vinyl** back to his gaff for beans on toast, even scouring Hollywood for a bottle of HP sauce. **Brian Case** describes Our Ron as being "altogether more hospitable than (tour headliner) **Lou Reed,** a chap of limited charm and brisk turnover of roadcrew." While on the subject of Mistah Doo-ery, we learn that the late **Edward G. Robinson** (ask yer mum if you don't know — on second thoughts ask yer gran) was a fervent art collector and owned several of Ian's paintings . . .

Meanwhile, over on the East Coast, **The Jam** apparently blew the punters straight through the back wall of the CBGB Theatre in N.Y.'s Second Avenue, even though they had to put up with some old tart called **Mick Jagger** dancing in the wings all through the gig. After the post-gig party (which Herr Mick did not attend) former **Jimi Hendrix** drummer **Mitch Mitchell** was mugged and ended up $440 the poorer. We here at *Teazers* were surprised that Mitch still had $440 . . .



Depping for Bruce Thomas (a trifle cut up), Nick Lowe relaxes after a hard Elvis set by encoring with "Heart Of The City."

More hot garf: we hear from our usual notoriously unreliable scources that **The Heptones** have split, and that **The Runaways** are contemplating further personnel changes, which may or may not result in Da Goils jacking it in and returning to their previous occupations as brain surgeons and aerospace technicians . . .

Wax fax: **Bob Marley's** next single will be "Soul Almighty" backed with the legendary never - released - outside - J.A. "Smile Jamaica," while CBS plan to release **Gruppo Sportivo's** brilliant (it says here) "10 Mistakes" album very shortly, along with a "New York New Wave Max's Kansas City" drawn from the two Max's compilations previously released by Ram Records . . .

Is there any truth to the rumour that **Radio Stars'** single "From A Rabbit" is a dig at the pulling prowess (or lack of same) of their former colleagues on the **Hot Rods** tour, **Squeeze?** Or are we at *Teazers* reading too much into the fact that several grotesque Squeeze-type bodybuilders adorn the current set of Radio Stars ads and the fact that Squeeze are known to their mates as "rabbits?" . . .

While we're on the subject of small furry animals, last Saturday's **Wilko Johnson Band/ / Blast Furnace And The Heatwaves** gig at St. Albans Civic Hall started late because **Sooty's** roadies took rather a long time to get the little beast's gear out of the hall after his matinee gig the same afternoon . . .

Meanwhile in Hollywood, the roof fell in on **Tom Petty** during mixing sessions for his forthcoming elpee at Shelter Studies (that kind of shelter we here at *Teazers* could personally do without). The toothy one was unscathed, however . . .

Larry Coryell's playing with **Miles Davis'** new band, beret bearers will be pleased to note. Incidentally, why was **Bob Marley** wearing a green track suit and a green carnation on St. Patrick's Day? . . .

We're not sure yet if **Elvis Presley** left *Teazers* anything in his will, but what we *do* know is that he left 242 chairs, cushions and sofas, two tractors, 37 guns including a sawed-off shotgun, 20 pairs of pyjamas with matching hats, eight cars, seven motorcycles, six horses and an infinity of pianos, guitars and television sets. And there was $1,055,173 and 69 cents in just one of his many bank accounts . . .

When Eurovision bores **Coco** were leaving the *Top Of The Pops* studio last week they were shocked to find themselves getting mooned from a passing car. The bums in question were the **Boomtown Rats** — or, alternatively, the rats in question were the **Boomtown Bums . . .**

A **Blondie** billboard proclaiming "Blondie does it on Plastic Letters" was removed from Hollywood's Sunset Strip after complaints from the owner of the building . . .

All together now: awwwwwwwww! A $2000 fur coat was stolen from **Dickey Betts** on his first day back in the States. Louder, we can't hear youse . . .

Despite all the weather that started flying about on Monday night, **George Melly, Mick Jagger, Clash** manager **Bernard Rhodes** and **Lemmy** were among the hardy souls who schlepped out to the highly salubrious Music Machine to groove on **X-Ray Spex . . .**

Extremely contentious double bill up coming at The Nashville: **The Police** supported by **The Crooks.** Or should that be The Crooks followed by The Police? . . .

Different strokes for different folks, or what makes a good football manager? Example One: **Watford** chairman **Elton John,** who saw his team ensure their promotion from the 4th Division on Wednesday night, flew to Los Angeles on business on Thursday, but made it back to Blighty to see his lads clinch the championship in **Scunthorpe** on Saturday. Example Two: **Orient** chairman **Brian Winston,** who deemed his club's first ever semi-final appearance insufficient reason for breaking his holiday in the West Indies. Those of us here at *Teazerz* who aren't particularly crazy about football are still asking, "Awrite, so what *does* make a good football manager?" . . .

Judging by last week's interview on *The Old Bearded Whistling Kettle,* **Grace Slick** didn't seem much more impressed with the dazzling repartee and ferocious ka-rizzz-mah of **Bomber Harris** than the rest of us . . .

Former **Stukas** bassist **Kevin Allen** deputising for **B. Bop** of **Blast Furnace And The Heatwaves** on the **Wilko Johnson** tour as Bop is taking time off from playin' de blooze to take his finals in Economics . . .

Thassit for this week: watch out for black ice *(what label are they on? — Ed)* and don't eat no yellow snow . . .

Basher's good tonight, innee?

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This last week	TOP TEN
Small 20p	1	(2) BLONDIE (B/W)
Sham Army, No Future, Dukes,	2	(1) BUZZCOCKS
Suspect Device, Lightning	3	(7) YELLO COSTELLO
Raiders, Go To Chelsea.	4	(—) F*** OFF (Wayne County)
Medium 25	5	(4) SHAM 69
Dr. Death, Residents, Cuban	6	(6) CLASH—POLICE
Heels, Patti No 4.	7	(5) 999
D/L 30p	8	(3) CLASH CITY ROCKERS
Pattie 'Night', Wreckless,	9	(9) ANARCHY IN THE U.K.
Basher	10	(—) XTC
RGB 20p		
I&I Survive		

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